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REV. CHARLES T. WALKER

PIONEER COLLECTIONS.

REPORT

OF THE

PIONEER SOCIETY

OF THE

STATE OF MICHIGAN,

TOGETHER WITH

REPORTS OF COUNTY, TOWN, AND DISTRICT PIONEER SOCIETIES.

VOL. IV.

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PREFACE.

The favor with which the previous volumes of the Pioneer Collections have been received, and the constantly increasing interest taken in them encourage us to go forward and to make an earnest effort to have the future volumes of still greater value and interest.

From the very nature of the case these collections are fragmentary and miscellaneous in their character, and without any apparent chain of unity. In this consists largely their real value. We are not preparing a history of our noble State, but are collecting material for history.

The earlier historians have to a great extent, filled their pages with narratives of battles and sieges, the rise and fall of dynasties and political revolutions, and have only to a very limited extent, given pictures of the actual condition of the people and their progress, or want of progress, toward a higher civilization and the causes which have been in operation to produce these results.

Modern histories are giving us, and future histories will still more fully seek to give, full and graphic pictures of the actual condition of the people, and of the causes operating upon their welfare.

Such a history of Michigan is yet to be written, giving us an account of its early settlements, the character of the settlers, the hardships they endured, the marvellous development of its material resources through their agency, the school and educational institutions which they founded and fostered, and the progress made in Christain civilization.

We are seeking to gather and preserve the material for such a history. To this end, among other things, we are seeking diligently to have the early pioneers tell their own story of what they have seen, known, and endured.

Many of these persons are yet among us, but they are fast passing away. It is of great importance that we gather this material as speedily as possible. Every citizen of our State who feels an interest in its future should also feel a deep interest in the work of our Society.

Our membership should be largely increased and our books extensively circulated.

C. I. WALKER, *President*,
J. C. HOLMES,
MICHAEL SHOEMAKER,
M. H. GOODRICH,
Publishing Committee.

Lansing, Oct. 10, 1882.

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OFFICERS

OF THE

PIONEER SOCIETY OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN.

ELECTED FEBRUARY 3D, 1881.

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PIONEER SOCIETY OF MICHIGAN.

ANNUAL MEETING, FEBRUARY 2, 1881.

ADDRESS OF JUDGE H. G. WELLS OF KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN, PRESIDENT STATE PIONEER SOCIETY.

Pioneers of Michigan, Ladies and Gentlemen:

To those of this audience who are well advanced in years I tender the congratulations of the officers of the Pioneer Society of Michigan. In leaving your homes in midwinter, in a journey of many miles, you give evidence that you are ready and willing to aid us in accomplishing what the wisdom of legislation intended in 1874 when it provided that this society should be organized for the purpose of preserving "material illustrative of the history of Michigan." The officers of the society holding position by your election have a right to expect that you will give to us facts and incidents at this our annual meeting, in your own way, in such form of talk, and in such form of thought, spread on paper as may suit your convenience. It would be unreasonably exacting to expect of us who lived in the peninsula of Michigan before a school district was organized west of Jackson county, before it was known that any one ever would be graduated at the University, the Normal School, or Agricultural College,—I say it would be unreasonable to expect that we, with our old-style ways, should suddenly change and here in this splendid audience room, indulge in flights of oratory, in measured sentences, in polish of diction, that might be expected from well educated men of the Senate or the rapidly rising men of the House of Representatives. We, your officers, simply ask of you, the venerable ones, such historical facts as you have, in our own loved land of Michigan, garnered up in mind; treasures in reality of a well-spent life. Do this in your own way, to-day or to-morrow as opportunity presents; and if you fail so to do at the present meeting, carry to your homes the idea that it is your duty to put in writing, at some other convenient time, what you may deem important, connecting itself with the history of localities in Michigan, and running back a score or more of years. Send that paper writing to the secretary of the society here at Lansing. It will be examined by the historical committee of the society, its merits and importance carefully measured, and

whatever has worth will be preserved in the "Pioneer Collections." Facts and incidents thus gathered may be deemed of importance by the future historian of our State. The law under which this society is organized and provided for, contemplates "the rescuing from oblivion the memory of the early pioneers of Michigan, thus obtaining and preserving narratives of their exploits, perils, and hardy adventures."

Now, in view of this legislation, it might be expected that your presiding officer should speak of perils, adventures, and sufferings endured by himself as a pioneer. Not one word as to this. My earlier days in Michigan were days of enjoyment. In these latter days I have had a home with what might fairly be considered comfortable surroundings, and yet, with three of my first years, in a log cabin in Michigan, I was as well satisfied as I could reasonably wish. I had sound sleep, a good appetite, most of the time enough to eat, with clothing sufficient to protect me from the inclemency of the weather. All these, with work enough to keep me out of mischief, made me measurably a happy man. I ventured into the county of Kalamazoo under a July sun, in A. D. 1833; I came on a special train, but there was no Pullman or Wagner car on that train; the locomotive which I engineered was a bay horse, a good goer; my father was with me, mounted on a gray horse. He was a better man, of better thought,—in fact, he knew more of books and men than I ever have known, or ever shall know. Of course we did not have as baggage one of those big trunks such as a member of the Legislature might bring to Lansing to carry away his published speeches and public documents. My inventory consisted of a blanket overcoat, a pair of saddle-bags (as they were called in those days), contents, one razor, one pair woolen socks, one shirt (of course I had one on my back); of books, one small type, red morocco bound new testament, which I ought to have read all through life more than has been my practice. When we left our old home on the banks of the Ohio river, we started an ox team and wagon with plows and other farming utensils, two or three boxes, one of them containing my library consisting of Paley's Moral Philosophy, Burns's Poems, Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, Pilgrim's Progress, a half dozen law books, and Robinson Crusoe. I knew more about this novel, if novel it may be called, than I know about any of the text books in the four year course over at the Agricultural College. Libraries were not as valuable in the early days in Western Michigan as now, and for the reason that it was rare indeed that any one could find time to use books; the pressing necessity of the hour was work, manual labor, resolute, active effort to gain food and raiment. Now all is changed. Public libraries are in every town and school district, and books have so far cheapened that they are part of the furnishing of the humblest home, and man or woman, young in years or advanced in life, must know of poetry, history, natural science, philosophy, moral and mental, drawn from books, English and American, or else keep out of society. Go where you will on lines of travel, in the magnificently furnished dwelling of the millionaire, and in the plainest home of the day laborer, books, books, and almost everybody familiar with their contents. Men and women, Pioneers in Michigan, ought to thank Providence that they have been instrumentalities in bringing about this condition of society.

I have a pretty distinct recollection of the day when our train (the old gentleman and myself), came to the south part of Kalamazoo county. We had reached Prairie Ronde—an open prairie—the largest in Michigan, containing but little less than thirty thousand acres. It was all in a state of nature

except a little margin of cultivation adjacent to the timber; the grass at its full growth, waving in the wind, as you have seen a wheat-field as it reaches maturity. I stood up in the stirrups and thanked God that here was a place to breath the pure air of heaven. It was the largest piece of ground that I had ever looked upon; so large that the thought came quickly, "will it ever be cultivated?" You could turn a furrow ten miles in length without being interrupted by tree, stump, root, or stone. On that prairie I made my first venture in Michigan. It is a long range in life from 1833 down to this day, but as a pioneer I have no complaints to make of hardships and sufferings; I have, in the main, been kindly dealt with. One of my worst mishaps I do not charge in account against the County of Kalamazoo; I place it to the debit of Lansing. I came here in 1850, remained two months, lending my feeble aid in getting up the present Constitution of Michigan. I received a per diem of three dollars and a long continued attack of the fever and ague besides. The Constitution which we gave to the people is supposed to be a model; I have a right to take it for granted that is so, as the people have twice refused by their solemn vote to change it. Then, again, it is peculiar in one respect; it contains almost a little of everything. It has one good quality sure: It says to the Legislature you may do this, but you shall not do that. Now, if it had not contained these prohibitory provisions, who knows what the Legislature might not have done? The character which I have imputed to Lansing in my unfortunate fever and ague demonstration, has changed entirely within a few years. It is now a very healthy city; at least it has been so stated in both the newspapers published here, and I don't intend to question, on this occasion, the veracity of the press. My time is about up, but I will go back to Kalamazoo county for a few moments. Our people out there imagine that they are about as good in men and women, bright boys and girls, well tilled farms, cattle and sheep of the best blood, and horses that can go as fast as you will find elsewhere in the State, but I must not be the judge as to this; we have samples from our county here in the Legislature and in some of the public offices, of our men, and of them you must be the judges. A strange idea prevailed among the farmers in our county in 1833, and for a few years thereafter, that clover could not be grown on the prairie and oak opening soils, and that fruit cultivation would prove a failure. These pioneer ideas I think have been exploded; our products in fruit are famed east and west—even across the Atlantic—and our originally rich soil, exhausted to some extent by imprudent cultivation, has been restored to its first fertility by the use of the clover crop.

We, the Pioneers, are undoubtedly entitled to much credit for first efforts in converting dense forests, oak openings, and prairie land, from mere hunting grounds of the Indians to cultivated fields, beautiful villages, and prosperous cities. But let us give much credit to those who have followed us with enlarged ideas of education; with sharp thought for the improvement of machinery; with skill as mechanics; in short, with the ability which has pushed Michigan up to the highest point among all her sister States. There may she stand for generations to come, and when the millennium is reached, may the State of Michigan, with first-class boys and girls, with the best of old ladies and gentlemen, with an honest Executive and State officers, with a Legislature famed for its integrity, stand as they have stood for many years past. May those then alive point with pride to the highest elevation reached by any

of the States and exclaim, "Michigan my Michigan." God save this glorious old Commonwealth.

REPORT OF THE RECORDING SECRETARY.

OFFICE OF THE
"PIONEER SOCIETY OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN,"
Lansing, February 2, 1881.

In accordance with the provisions of the Constitution of the "Pioneer Society of the State of Michigan," I herewith present my seventh annual report as follows:

ANNUAL MEETING, 1880.

The seventh annual meeting of the society was held in Representative hall, commencing at 2 o'clock P. M., Wednesday, February 4th.

OFFICERS PRESENT.

President—Col. M. Shoemaker.

Vice-Presidents—Judge Albert Miller, Dr. Minos McRoberts, H. G. Wells, F. A. Dewey, B. O. Williams, Isaac D. Toll, E. D. Lay, Edwin Jerome.

Recording Secretary—Harriet A. Tenney.

Corresponding Secretary—Geo. H. Greene.

Executive Committee—Judge Albert Miller, T. D. Gilbert, F. A. Dewey.

Committee of Historians—J. C. Holmes, H. G. Wells, Dr. O. C. Comstock, M. H. Goodrich, Harriet A. Tenney.

The President, Col. M. Shoemaker, took the chair. Ex-presidents of the society, Judge Albert Miller, Dr. O. C. Comstock, Witter J. Baxter, and John J. Adams, were invited to seats on the platform.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. H. M. Joy, and the audience joined in singing the doxology, led by Mr. Joy. The President delivered an address on the importance of collecting and preserving an accurate record of the early pioneer days.

The reports of the Recording and Corresponding Secretaries, and the Treasurer, were then read, and on motion of W. J. Baxter, were accepted and placed on file. On motion of Isaac D. Toll, a vote of thanks was returned to the officers for the excellent manner in which their duties had been performed.

The report of the Committee of Historians was read by J. C. Holmes, chairman, and on motion of W. H. Brockway, was accepted, approved, and placed on file. The following resolution, offered by Col. Toll, was adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this society are eminently due to the Committee of Historians for their patient labor, unceasing research and zeal, which has contributed so much to the success of this society, and preserving thereby the otherwise unwritten history of the State.

On motion of Mr. Baxter, the society took a recess in order that members might pay their dues, and others present become members, and purchase copies of the Pioneer Collections, volumes one and two.

Memorial reports were read by the Vice-Presidents of Bay, Kalamazoo, Lenawee, Shiawassee, Washtenaw, and Wayne counties. O. M. Barnes read a memoir of A. M. Chapin, of Ingham county, and W. Johnson, Secretary of Tuscola County Pioneer Society, presented a report for that county. Don C. Henderson offered the following, which was not adopted:

Resolved, That in the call of counties for the names of deceased pioneers, the reading of the obituaries be omitted, and the memoirs be furnished to the Recording Secretary for condensation and publication in the minutes of the society.

Col. Toll moved that the Vice-Presidents be recommended to condense their memoirs of deceased persons. M. H. Goodrich moved that the reports of the Vice-Presidents be limited to five minutes. Edwin Jerome moved to amend, by limiting the time to ten minutes. T. D. Gilbert to amend, so that the name, place of birth, etc., be read only. Edwin Jerome to amend, making the time five minutes for each memoir, which was adopted.

The resolution as adopted, is as follows:

Resolved, That the Vice-Presidents, when making their reports as a Memorial Committee, limit the time for reading each memoir to five minutes.

W. J. Baxter moved that a committee of five be appointed by the chair to nominate officers for the ensuing year, who should report in the morning. The President nominated as such committee, W. J. Baxter, of Hillsdale; C. W. Grant, of Saginaw; T. D. Gilbert, of Grand Rapids; H. B. Shank, of Ingham; and I. D. Toll, of St. Joseph.

The society adjourned at 5 o'clock, to meet again at 7 o'clock in the evening.

The society met according to adjournment.

Prayer was offered by Rev. W. H. Brockway.

The President read a telegraphic dispatch received from Geo. C. Bates, Leadville, also a letter from Governor C. M. Croswell, regretting that they would not be able to be present at the meeting.

The amendment to the Constitution of the society, offered by Col. M. Shoemaker at the annual meeting in of 1879, amending article seven, by inserting after the word "year" in third line the words, "or such other time as the society may determine at any annual meeting," was acted upon and carried.

The song, "Altogether," was sung by a quartette led by W. L. Smith.

H. W. Lord read a paper entitled "The Builders of States."

The "Ship of State," was then sung by a quartette.

W. J. Baxter, chairman of the committee on the nomination of officers, made the following report, which was adopted:

President—H. G. Wells, Kalamazoo.

Recording Secretary—Harriet A. Tenney, Lansing.

Corresponding Secretary—Geo. H. Greene, Lansing.

Treasurer—E. Longyear, Lansing.

Executive Committee—H. G. Wells, *ex-officio;* Judge Albert Miller, Bay City; F. A. Dewey, Cambridge; T. D. Gilbert, Grand Rapids.

Committee of Historians—H. G. Wells, *ex-officio*, Kalamazoo; J. C. Holmes, Detroit; M. H. Goodrich, Ann Arbor; M. Shoemaker, Jackson; O. C. Comstock, Marshall; Harriet A. Tenney, Lansing.

Vice-Presidents—One from each county, as follows: Allegan—D. A. McMartin; Barry—D. G. Robinson; Berrien—Wm. Chamberlain; Bay—Judge Albert Miller; Branch—Harvey Haines; Calhoun—E. C. Cox; Clinton—R. Strickland; Eaton—E. W. Hunt; Genesee—J. W. Begole; Grand

Traverse—J. G. Ramsdell; Gratiot—Ralph Ely; Hillsdale—E. O. Grosvenor; Ingham—O. M. Barnes; Ionia—Hampton Rich; Jackson—H. H. Bingham; Kalamazoo—Henry Bishop; Kent—R. Hilton; Lenawee—F. A. Dewey; Livingston—Ralph Fowler; Macomb—D. B. Briggs; Marquette—Peter White; Monroe—J. M. Sterling; Montcalm—W. Divine; Muskegon—H. H. Holt; Oakland—Peter Dow; Oceana—O. K. White; Ottawa—Henry Pennoyer; Saginaw—C. W. Grant; Shiawassee—E. F. Wade; St. Clair—W. T. Mitchell; St. Joseph—Isaac D. Toll; Tuscola—Townsend North; Van Buren—A. B. Copley; Washtenaw—E. D. Lay; Wayne—E. Jerome.

A duet, "Robin Rough and Gaffer Green," was sung by W. L. Smith and John K. Allen.

A paper, "Journey of Guerdon S. Hubbard from Montreal to Mackinaw and Chicago in 1818," prepared by Mr. Hubbard, was read by T. D. Gilbert.

A solo, "The Laugh of a Child," was sung by Rev. H. M. Joy.

Five minute speeches were made by J. C. Holmes, W. J. Baxter, O. C. Comstock, T. D. Gilbert, W. H. Brockway, E. S. Ingersoll, John J. Adam, M. Shoemaker, B. O. Williams, and Rev. R. C. Crawford. Many incidents illustrating the early times in Michigan were related; among others, one pioneer stated that it was a fact that the first pioneers of Ann Arbor hollowed out stumps, put up poles, making a sort of pestle, and pounded corn in the stumps and made it into samp.

On motion of W. J. Baxter, the society adjourned until 9 o'clock the following morning.

The society met according to adjournment, the President in the chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. R. C. Crawford, and a solo, "The Trundle-bed Song," was sung by Rev. H. M. Joy.

General B. F. Partridge read a paper on "The Early Times and History of Bay County." Remarks on the paper were made by J. C. Holmes, and H. G. Wells. The solo, "Mrs. Lofty and I," was then sung by Rev. H. M. Joy.

A memoir of Harvey Williams, prepared by Dr. J. H. Jerome, was read by Dr. O. C. Comstock, followed by remarks by B. O. Williams and F. A. Dewey.

On motion of Judge Miller, B. O. Williams was requested to prepare a memoir of his father.

A pioneer essay, written by Henry Bishop, was read by I. D. Toll.

"History of an Indian Mission School at Mackinac," by Martin Huydenburk, was read by Dr. O. C. Comstock. Dr. Comstock also read a sketch of the life of Martin Huydenburk.

A pioneer history of Clinton County was read by Wm. Bronson, and a pioneer song, "Michigamia," was sung by Rev. R. C. Crawford.

On motion of Mr. Baxter, the society adjourned until half past two in the afternoon.

The society met according to adjournment, the president in the chair. Prayer was offered by President T. C. Abbot of the Agricultural College. The solo, "Eternity," was sung by Rev. H. M. Joy.

The life and times of John Norvell, by Freeman Norvell, was read by W. J. Baxter. A letter written by Major Abraham Edwards of Kalamazoo, dated May 27, 1851, was read by W. H. Brockway. Col. M. Shoemaker read a paper giving his experience in Libby prison.

After a five minutes' recess, the secretary called the roll of counties, and the names of all pioneers present, whether members or not, as far as it was

possible to procure them, were taken for publication in the Lansing Republican. One hundred and twenty-seven pioneers answered as the roll was called. There were also many others present who were not pioneers.

The following resolution offered by Dr. O. C. Comstock was adopted:

Resolved, That the corresponding secretary of the Michigan State Pioneer Society transmit the kindly greetings of the society, and also to each a copy of volume two of the Pioneer Collections to the venerable John D. Pierce of Ypsilanti, to General Joseph W. Brown of Toledo, Ohio, and to Ezra F. Blood of Tecumseh, members of this society, but unable to attend its meetings on account of the infirmities of age.

Dr. Comstock also offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That Hon. H. G. Wells, W. J. Baxter, and O. M. Barnes be a committee of the Michigan State Pioneer Society to present to the Legislature of the State the claims of the society for increased appropriations, as its object and only object is the preservation of the early history of the State, so fast passing into forgetfulness.

A paper entitled, "Recollections of half a century," written by H. Raymond, was read by J. C. Holmes. The autobiography of Rev. Wm. H. Brockway was read by Mr. Brockway. "Some incidents in the history of the Saginaw Valley" was read by W. R. McCormick.

Rev. R. C. Crawford sang "Michigan, my Michigan," and then the society adjourned till half past seven in the evening.

The society met according to adjournment, the president in the chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. T. H. Jacokes.

The chorus, "Hark the song of jubilee," was sung by a choir led by Mrs. S. L. Roper.

"Incidents in the administration of Indian justice," written by Guerdon S. Hubbard, was read by Rev. W. H. Brockway. A solo and chorus, "Just fifty years ago," was sung by the choir. A very interesting letter received by the president during the day, from Geo. C. Bates, Leadville, was read by Col. Toll. A chorus, "Jerusalem, my glorious home," was sung by the choir.

The president, Col. M. Shoemaker, directed the corresponding secretary to answer the letter of Mr. Bates, returning the thanks of the society to him for his interesting and entertaining letter.

"The law and the legal profession of Kalamazoo county" was then read by H. G. Wells. The duet, "Good Night." was sung by the choir.

Col. Toll offered the following, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this society are gratefully tendered to its presiding officer for the ability, dignity, and impartiality with which he has discharged the manifold duties of his office, and we request that he present a copy of his address for publication; also that the thanks of the society be tendered to the recording and corresponding secretaries for the manner in which they have performed their duties.

The following was also adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of the pioneers of Michigan are extended to the Senate and House of Representatives for their kind offer of the use of either of the halls in the capitol at their annual meetings.

The president, Col. M. Shoemaker, offered the following, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this society be extended to the Rev. H. M. Joy, Rev R. C. Crawford, to Wm. L. Smith and his quartette club, and to Mrs. S. L. Roper and her choir from the Congregational church of this city for their very excellent music furnished during these meetings.

The pioneer song, "Michigamia," being called for, Rev. R. C. Crawford complied with the request, singing the entire song.

Five-minute speeches being called for, Senator T. W. Palmer of Detroit related the early experience of his family in Detroit. Remarks were also

made by E. W. Cottrell of Detroit, S. D. Bingham of Lansing, and Mrs. Mary E. Foster of Ann Arbor.

Mrs. E. M. C. Sheldon Stewart, author of "The early history of Michigan," was present, and joined the society at this meeting.

Dr. Comstock moved that when this society adjourn, it stand adjourned to meet again at the call of the executive committee.

"Auld Lang Syne" was sung by the choir, the audience joining. Rev. R. C. Crawford pronounced the benediction, and the president declared the meeting adjourned.

SOCIAL REUNION.

The semi-annual meeting of the State Society was held August 25, 1880, at Kalamazoo, by invitation of the Kalamazoo county pioneer society. The attendance of the members of the State Society was not as large as the committee on invitation had expected.

DONATIONS AND EXCHANGES.

The donations received during the past year are few in number, but of some considerable value. They consist mostly of the manuscript papers presented at the annual meeting of 1880, and will be published in volume four of the "Pioneer Collections." A miscellaneous collection of county papers of the State, containing historical articles, have been received from Col. M. Shoemaker, Col. Isaac D. Toll, Wm. R. McCormick, D. C. Henderson, H. G. Wells, J. C. Holmes, F. A. Dewey, Levi Bishop, and others. A very few books and pamphlets have been received from the Kansas, Oneida, Rhode Island, and Wisconsin Historical Societies, and from the Illinois Association of the Sons of Vermont.

All articles received are recorded on the historical record book of the society, and the lists giving the names of the donors and the articles donated are published in the Collections.

MEMBERSHIP.

There are now four hundred and ninety-seven names of pioneers upon the membership book of the society. Many members have died since the organization of the society, and their deaths are reported to the society by the Vice-Presidents and the Corresponding Secretary of the society.

Since the last annual meeting thirty-one names have been added to our membership, as follows: E. W. Hunt, Stephen Hill, S. D. Bingham, Mrs. Nancy DeGraff Toll, S. Cutter, Henry R. Naysmith, Riley C. Crawford, Lorenzo P. Halsted, J. N. Sterling, T. B. Wakeville, Mrs. Catherine Haviland, Wm. H. Horton, Marcus Beers, Joseph Warren, T. W. Palmer, E. W. Cottrell, Wm. Bronson, Olive M. Partridge, Mrs. E. M. Sheldon Stewart, Harvey Mellen, Alanson Edgerton, Andrew Howell, Philo Parsons, Ira R. Butterfield, Henry C. Lewis, Kirke W. Noyes, Geo. M. Dewey, Henry Woodruff, Geo. Robertson, Egbert T. Guild, Mrs. Eliza Wiswell.

HARRIET A. TENNEY, *Recording Secretary.*

REPORT OF CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

To the officers and members of the State Pioneer Society of Michigan:

Following the usual custom, I herewith beg leave to submit the file of letters and correspondence received by me during the year ending with the date hereof, all properly filed under their respective dates with endorsements showing the date of answering,—where an answer was required, and although the correspondence has not been very extended, yet over one thousand communicasions, notices, and circulars have been distributed.

I have endeavored to perform the general routine duties of the office with promptness, and hope it has been with satisfaction to all.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

GEO. H. GREENE,
Corresponding Secretary.

LANSING, Feb. 2, 1881.

REPORT OF TREASURER.

To the officers and members of the State Pioneer Society of Michigan:

Your treasurer would beg leave to make the following report:

E. LONGYEAR, TREASURER, IN ACCOUNT WITH THE SOCIETY.

Receipts.

To amount on hand at last report	$133 78
To amount received for fees	81 00
To amount received for sale of Pioneer Collections	200 75
To amount State appropriation, Act 34 of 1879	500 00
To error Feb. 4, 1880, in entering twice the expenses of Dr. O. C. Comstock on account of Committee of Historians	15 79
	$931 32

Disbursements.

By expenses of Committee of Historians	$9 00	
By postage	12 81	
By express	6 95	
By freight and cartage on Vol. 2 Pioneer Collections	16 80	
By paid W. S. George & Co. for printing	75	
By paid Ella Baker for copying and filing Pioneer papers	18 00	
By paid Wm. Graham for printing and binding Vol. 2, Pioneer Collections	813 50	
By cash on hand deposited in State Treasury	53 51	
		$931 32

E. LONGYEAR, *Treasurer.*
Per GEO. H. GREENE.

LANSING, Feb. 2, 1881.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE OF HISTORIANS FEBRUARY 2, 1881.

The Committee of Historians beg leave to report that two volumes, of about 600 pages each, of "Pioneer Collections" have been published, and, since the last annual meeting of the society, your committee have been at work collecting materials for Vol. III., and the package here presented contains the result of their labors, a sufficient amount of valuable and interesting pioneer matter to make another volume of about 600 pages.

Your committee regret to be obliged to state that there are several of the counties from which the Pioneer Society has never received a report. The Committee of Historians would again urge representatives present from the several counties to make it a personal matter to gather up the early history, and all papers, letters, and scraps that they can find, that have a bearing upon the pioneer days of their towns and counties, and put them in shape for a historical sketch of the early days of their towns and counties, and present them here at the annual meetings of the Society, or send them to Mrs. H. A. Tenney, the Recording Secretary of the Society, at Lansing, to be put in shape by the Committee of Historians, for publication, or to be placed in the archives of the Society for future reference. Some valuable pioneer papers have come into the hands of the Committee of Historians within a few days, and others are promised. One of the objects of the Society is to gather up these fragments and place them on permanent record, as all who have read Volumes I. and II. of the publications of the Society will have noticed. The interest in the Society has been steadily increasing from the beginning to the present time, and it is the hope of the officers that it will continue to increase until the whole pioneer history of each town and county in the State has been collected and published.

J. C. HOLMES,
O. C. COMSTOCK,
M. H. GOODRICH,
H. G. WELLS,
M. SHOEMAKER,
HARRIET A. TENNEY,
Committee.

Mrs. HARRIET A. TENNEY.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MRS. TENNEY.

MRS. HARRIET AUGUSTA TENNEY, the eldest daughter of John Leffingwell and Delia (Doud) Edgerton, was born in Essex, Vermont, April 1, 1834. Her father was a clergyman, and a distinguished educator and lecturer. Her parents emigrated to Southern Michigan in 1839, and returned to Vermont in 1847. She received a classical education at Franklin Academy, and taught a district school several terms. On the 29th of March, 1854, she was married at St. Albans, Vermont, to J. Eugene Tenney, a Franklin county attorney, and removed to Homer, Calhoun county, Michigan, where both engaged in teaching. In the fall of 1855, they removed to Marshall, Michigan, and took charge of the Union school in that city, remaining there until April, 1859. Mr. Tenney was appointed State Librarian of Michigan by Governor Wisner, in 1859. She removed with her husband that year to Lansing, where she has since resided. She was appointed State Librarian by Governor Baldwin, in April, 1869. She has been appointed to the same office by Governors Bagley, Croswell, Jerome, and Begole. In every instance her nomination was confirmed *unanimously* by the Senate, and if she survives her present term, she will have discharged the responsible duties of State Librarian for sixteen consecutive years. In 1871, the library was removed from the old capitol to the third story of the new State office building on Washington avenue, and in November, 1878, was placed in the magnificent rooms of the new capitol. These removals and re-arangements required a large amount of labor, patience, and skill, on the part of the librarian.

Soon after the commencement of the late civil war, Mrs. Tenney was elected President of the Lansing Military Aid Society, and continued to hold that position until the close of the war. During a period of nearly four years, she devoted the most of her time in the rooms of the society in the old capitol, looking after the welfare, and providing aid for the soldiers on the tented fields and in the hospitals.

Upon the organization of the Ladies' Soldiers' Monument Association, of Lansing, the subject of this sketch was elected its President, and has held the office ever since. The society has erected a beautiful and splendid soldiers' monument in Mt. Hope cemetery.

At the organization of the Lansing Library and Literary Association, in 1870, Mrs. Tenney was elected a member of the board of directors, and was appointed a member of the committee for the selection and purchase of books, which position she held several years.

In 1874, the Lansing Woman's Club was organized, having for its object the improvement of its members by the aid of literary and historical studies

and scientific investigations. Mrs. Tenney was president of this club five years, and aided materially in its advancement.

The PIONEER SOCIETY of the State of Michigan was organized April 22, 1874. Mrs. Tenney was elected its first Recording Secretary, and has held the position ever since. She has also been a member of the committee of historians ever since the organization of the society, and has aided materially in the publication of the "PIONEER COLLECTIONS."

She has had charge of all the papers, documents, books, and the museum relics belonging to the society. Her constant work to aid in the promotion and interests of the society has been done cheerfully, and without any compensation.

We close this sketch by copying the following from the Journal of the House of Representatives, of the State of Michigan, of June 6, 1883:

Mr. La Du offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we highly appreciate the kindly and polite services rendered the members of this House by Mrs. Harriet A. Tenney, our accomplished State Librarian, in the discharge of her difficult duties during the session of the Legislature, and we hereby extend to her our grateful acknowledgments, and sincere wishes for her future welfare.

DISCOVERY AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE SALT INTEREST IN THE SAGINAW VALLEY.

BY HON. WILLIAM L. WEBBER, OF EAST SAGINAW.

Read at the annual meeting of the State Pioneer Society, February 2d, 1881.

In the act of Congress of June 23, 1836, proposing terms to the Legislature of Michigan for its admission into the Union as a State, in the fourth clause it is provided that all salt springs within the State, not exceeding twelve in number, with six sections of land adjoining, shall be granted to the State for its use. These were to be selected by the Legislature, and the selection was made solely from the surface indications.

Stevens T. Mason, the first governor of the State of Michigan, in his message of January 4th, 1838, to the Legislature, says upon this subject: "The examination of the saline springs has been carried so far as to render it certain that we possess an extensive salt region, and that, with but a comparative trifling expenditure, we shall be enabled to manufacture salt in sufficient quantities not only for home consumption, but that it must become an article of extensive export. The whole number of salines granted by the act of Congress have not as yet been located, in consequence of a want of time to examine the northern region of the State; but such a number have been secured as to justify the Legislature in authorizing preparatory measures for bringing them into public use. I beg leave to refer you to the report of the State Geologist, which will be laid before you, for all the information you may desire on this important subject."

The first report made by the State Geologist on the subject of brine springs is contained in the House Documents of 1838. Dr. Houghton commenced this report by speaking of the importance of the question to the interests of the State, and says:

"Little or nothing of a definite character has hitherto been known respecting either the location or quality of these springs, and nothing of the geological circumstances under which they occur."

He then alludes to the fact that the Indians knew of these brine springs, and mentions several of them. He speaks of the one at the mouth of Salt river as follows:

"On the Tittabawassee river, in Midland county, numerous indications of the existence of brine springs were noticed, extending from near the mouth of Chippewa river as far as I ascended the former stream, being a few miles above

the mouth of Salt river. Upon either side of the Tittabawassee river, between the points noted, small pools of brackish water were observed, as also, occasionally, springs discharging a similar water in small quantities; and although an examination showed the waters to contain large quantities of the salts of lime, and occasionally of iron, they were never destitute of more or less salt.

"Springs of a more decided character, occur in the vicinity of the mouth of Salt river. The first observed occurs in the stream near the right bank of the Tittabawassee, a little below Salt river, and at the time of my visit was covered by some two to two and a half feet of water. * * * *

"The spring was found by actual admeasurement, to discharge about seventy gallons of water per hour. * * * * * *

"Nearly a mile above this spring upon the same bank, and elevated from eight to ten feet above the water of the river, is a second spring, discharging a somewhat larger quantity of water. * * * * *

"Near by, but at a greater elevation, several small springs of brackish water were seen issuing from the sloping bank of the river, which, upon examination, were found to contain a notable quantity of salt. * * * *

"The quantity of water discharged from these springs is small, but when considered in connection with those already noticed, they become matters of considerable interest, since they serve to show that the salines are not confined to one or two springs, but are widely dispersed over a large district of country.

* * * * * * * * *

"Brine springs are known to exist near the mouths of Flint and Cass rivers in Saginaw county, as also in Sanilac county; but as they occur in a flat section of country, the unfavorable season compelled me to defer examining them until some future time."

After speaking of the difficulty of determining with any degree of accuracy from these surface indications concerning what might be found beneath, and giving his reasons, he says:

"For this reason, as also for the others connected with the position of the rock strata, the certainty of obtaining salt water by boring, must be looked upon as less upon the eastern than upon the northern and western slopes of the peninsula."

In accordance with the recommendation contained in the Governor's message, the Legislature, by act approved March 4, 1838, directed the State Geologist to commence boring for salt as soon as practicable at one or more of the State salt springs; and authorized him to employ a chief assistant well skilled in the practice of salt-boring, and other assistants, as might be necessary, appropriating a sum not exceeding three thousand dollars to defray the expenses, to be paid out of the internal improvement fund. The act also required the State Geologist to make report at the next regular session of the Legislature.

The report thus called for was made January 1, 1839. In this report the State Geologist informs us that, with a view to avail himself of the most recent improvements in the method of conducting the work, he visited the principal salt wells of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. He says that the salt springs of New York are so differently situated that a satisfactory comparison with them can scarcely be instituted. "Any attempt to improve the water of our own springs upon the plan there pursued, would most assuredly prove valueless." * * * * * * * *

"The brine springs of our State, like those of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Vir-

ginia, emanate from a rock which lies deep, being covered with a mass of rock and earthy matter, which * * * it is necessary to penetrate. In this respect they differ most essentially from those of New York."

Referring to Ohio and Virginia, he says:

"The salt rock lies at a considerable depth, and is overlaid by strata of sandstone, limestone, slate, etc., and through fissures in these overlaying rocks the salt water, much diluted by the influx of fresh water, originally rose to the surface. In order to procure water of sufficient strength and purity, it has been found indispensable to penetrate the overlaying rocks, as well as a portion of the rock from which the salt water flows. The depth to which it has been found necessary to sink, varies from three hundred and fifty to one thousand feet, the deep borings for the most part, furnishing water of a strength superior to the more superficial ones."

Two points were selected for test wells; one on the Grand river about three miles below the village of Grand Rapids, and the other on the Tittabawassee river, in Midland county, at the mouth of Salt river. Up to the date of this report there had been expended at the works on Grand river $1,767.52, and at the works at the mouth of Salt river $2,118.67, thus exceeding the appropriation something over $800. This excess, with his estimate of a proper appropriation for the current year, he states at $12,350.00.

This report was referred in the Senate to the committee on manufactures, who reported that an act ought to be passed making an appropriation sufficient to enable the geological corps to progress with the improvements that have been commenced at Grand and Tittabawassee rivers, and to pursue them to a final result. They suggest that the reference of this subject to them indicates that the Senate fully anticipate the manufacture of salt and its transportation to its destined market; and therefore they have taken into consideration the saline district of the State, and are of opinion that the salt bearing rock is principally in the northern part of the State, where the remainder of the salt springs will most probably be found.

The Legislature acted promptly upon the recommendations, and by act of January 28, 1839, the State Geologist was directed to continue the improvements, and $15,000 was appropriated for the purpose of defraying the expenses.

The State Geologist, by his report of January 6, 1840, informs the Legislature that immediately after the passage of the act last aforesaid he took steps to carry its provisions into effect, contracting with a mechanic residing at Kanawha, Va., to conduct the practical part of the boring. But the contract was not complied with upon the part of the contractor in consequence of assigned fears as to the health of the country. The other duties of the State Geologist were such as to prevent him from giving personal attention to the work, and progress had not been as satisfactory as he had anticipated. Speaking of the well at the Tittabawassee river, he says:

"In continuing the shaft commenced at this place, much difficulty has been encountered from the influx of water; but the condition is such that this difficulty may now be easily overcome by properly sinking tubes. All is in readiness to proceed with rapidity, and the whole outlay for materials having been incurred, the remaining expense of completing the work will be comparatively small. * * * * * * * *

"At a little less than fifty feet, a considerable vein of salt water was opened, but so intermixed with veins of fresh water as to make it impossible to determine the absolute quantity of saline matter contained in it. * * *

Although this water is not of sufficient strength to admit of its economical use for the manufacture of salt, it nevertheless serves to add confidence to the hope before expressed, of eventual success in obtaining the object sought, if the plan proposed be carried out."

He reports the work as suspended because the moneys appropriated could not be realized.

This report was referred to a select committee, of which Henry P. Bridge was chairman. In the report of this committee attention is called to the fact that seventy-two sections of land, amounting to more than forty-six thousand acres, which, apart from the special value in consequence of the salt springs, are richly worth five dollars per acre, must be regarded as a gift from the United States, in consideration of the testing of their value for the production of salt. * * * * * * * *

"Your committee are fully of the opinion that the prospects of success, offered by a continuance of the improvements in progress, are such as not only to warrant their continuance, but also that the best interests of the State demand it."

The committee recommend an appropriation for that object of fourteen thousand dollars, which was believed to be sufficient to test the value of the springs.

The Legislature, by act of March 30, 1840, appropriated $5,000 for improvements at the salt springs on Grand river, and $5,000 for those at the Tittabawassee river. Under this act contracts were made by the State Geologist in December, 1840, with Lucius Lyon, to sink the well on Grand river, to 300 feet from the surface for the price of $5,000, and with Ira T. Farrand, by which said Farrand agreed to sink the shaft upon the State salt lands at Tittabawassee to the rock beneath, and a well in said rock to the depth of 300 feet from the surface, the price to be seventeen dollars per foot for the first fifty feet, and sixteen dollars per running foot for the remaining 250 feet; and in addition the State to pay for the tubing if any be used. These contracts were submitted to the Legislature by Governor Woodbridge, with a special message, January 9th, 1841.

In the annual message of Gov. Barry, January 4, 1842, he says that there has been appropriated out of the Internal Improvement fund for the improvement of the State salt springs the sum of $28,000, of which $20,134.32 has been expended, leaving an unexpended balance of $7,865.68. The attempt to obtain water possessing qualities suitable for making salt has thus far proved unsuccessful.

The report of the State Geologist of January 5, 1842, relative to State salt springs, says that under the joint resolution of March 16, 1841, the contracts referred to were duly confirmed, and the work, which for eighteen months had been resting, had been commenced. At the mouth of Salt river, where the earth-boring was originally estimated at 100 to 150 feet, after nine months of continuous labor the contractor had only been able to reach a depth of 139 feet. He restates the opinion that to obtain water of maximum strength the shaft on Grand river should be sunk to a depth of 700 feet, and on Tittabawassee river of at least 600 feet, and renews the opinion that both the wells should be prosecuted to completion at an early day.

The Legislature, by act approved February 14, 1842, appropriated $15,000 to be expended upon the two wells already commenced.

By act of February 16, 1842, the Governor was authorized to cause the salt

spring lands of the State to be platted into lots, and to lease the right to manufacture salt, provided that every lease should contain a clause requiring at least four cents per bushel of fifty-six pounds to be paid to the State for the water.

The report of the State Geologist dated January 23, 1843, shows considerable progress in the work on Grand river; but at the springs on the Tittabawassee river no further progress had been made, and no disbursements, except enough to keep the machinery in repair. The reason assigned for not going on with the work implies a doubt concerning the title of the State to the land where the salt well was commenced.

The foregoing comprises, it is believed, the entire action of the State toward the development of the salt springs in the Saginaw valley prior to 1859.

I have thus referred to the several reports and messages upon the subject of salt in the Saginaw valley—and in fact in the State at large—which were made while the subject was engrossing the attention of the people of this State. The wisest geologist can only express opinions until demonstration advises him whether such opinions are correct. The experiments which were made to demonstrate this question at the expense of the State, under the direction of Dr. Houghton, failed to settle the correctness of his opinion as to the existence of brine and the character and depth of the rocks which must be penetrated to reach it. But these experiments had this result,—*they demonstrated that this work was one of no slight magnitude.* And although all had agreed that the object to be attained was one of great public importance, yet after the efforts made, the public faith was so slight in the correctness of Dr. Houghton's position, that the State was content to let it remain as it was left on the suspension of work in 1840.

My object in this review of the history connected with this matter is twofold: First, to show what knowledge, and what want of knowledge, existed on the subject of salt in the Saginaw valley; second, so that those reading this paper may endeavor to divest themselves of all knowledge acquired since 1859, and place themselves in the situation of those gentlemen who first organized the East Saginaw Salt Manufacturing Company, with no greater knowledge; to the end that the full extent of the ridicule they were to draw upon themselves in case of failure, and the strong probability that every dollar expended would be wasted, may be fully realized.

Dr. Houghton was engaged in the geological exploration of the Upper Peninsula until his death, which occurred in October, 1845. All effort to develop the brine springs seems to have died with him. We may fairly infer that his zeal and enthusiasm and faith, communicated to and impressed upon those about him, constituted the moving cause for all the action taken by the State in that direction. That moving cause removed by his death, no one cared to incur the responsibility of advocating the further prosecution of the work by the State. But the confidence with which Dr. Houghton had expressed his opinion of the existence of salt in a salt rock underlying the Saginaw valley had impressed some of the earlier settlers; and although the work was suspended, yet that confidence, or rather the hope, was not entirely destroyed. But the experience of the State had been so disastrous that no individual felt disposed to incur the risk of repeating the experiment. The State seemed to have forgotten the obligations implied by its acceptance of the seventy-two sections of land, to test thoroughly the question of the existence of

salt. In 1859, however, at a session of the Legislature some citizens of Grand Rapids, with whom a like confidence or hope had continued to exist, applied to the Legislature for an appropriation of $10,000 to be applied for further testing the question of the existence of salt at the Grand river well. There was no proposition for a like appropriation for continuing the experiment in the Saginaw valley. Had there been, the bounty bill of 1859 would not have been drawn. It will be remembered that in 1859 the State treasury had no great surplus. The Legislature was not anxious to make appropriation of $10,000 for experiment merely. Knowing that fact, the few at East Saginaw having faith in salt, knew it would be useless to ask for a further appropriation in their behalf; and yet they did not feel as though discrimination should be made against them. A meeting was held in East Saginaw at the office of Charles B. Mott, on the 26th day of January, 1859. Dr. George A. Lathrop acted as chairman and W. L. Webber as secretary. Dr. Lathrop, in stating the object of the meeting, remarked that he had learned from Hon. Norman Little and others, that Dr. Houghton from his examination of the conformation of the country and the surface indications, reached a conclusion that the center of the salt springs in the Saginaw valley would be found at or near the mouth of the Tittabawassee river about opposite the upper portion of East Saginaw; but deeper boring would be required to reach the salt rock; that he had no doubt of the correctness of Dr. Houghton's statement, but as the experiment would be expensive, and as it was a matter of general and public interest, it seemed proper to apply to the Legislature for some assistance. Hon. Norman Little and other gentlemen who were resident at Saginaw during the time the experiment of boring was in progress at the mouth of the Salt river in Midland county, and who had frequently conferred with Dr. Houghton on the subject, had been impressed with his views and believed them correct. After a general discussion the whole matter was referred to a committee consisting of Hon. Norman Little, Morgan L. Gage, Dr. George A. Lathrop, and W. L. Webber, with instructions to petition the Legislature, and also to prepare a bill asking for such aid and protection as in the opinion of the committee the Legislature would be most likely to grant. Considering the then condition of the treasury and the disinclination of the Legislature to make appropriations for experimental purposes, the committee believed that it would be useless to ask for a money appropriation, but it was thought probable a bounty would be granted contingent upon success. A petition to that effect was prepared and sent forward, and a bill proposing a bounty of ten cents on each *barrel* of salt made was sent to the Hon. James Birney, then representing the Saginaw district in the Senate, to be presented. The Legislature seemed to regard it as a harmless bill, and by way of ridicule some member moved to make the bounty ten cents a *bushel*, equivalent to fifty cents a barrel; and the Legislature, willing to carry out the joke, passed the bill in that form, and it was approved February 15, 1859. The act as passed also exempted from taxation all property used in the business of manufacturing salt. Encouraged by this act, and with no more doubt that the State would in good faith observe and keep its promises than they entertained that the State would ultimately pay its bonds, the persons named below,—all of whom were residents of East Saginaw except Jesse Hoyt, who resided in New York, but was proprietor of the plat of East Saginaw,—formed themselves into a corporation under the general manufac-

turing law as the "East Saginaw Salt Manufacturing Company," with a capital stock of $50,000, consisting of two thousand shares of $25 each. The whole amount was subscribed in two days and the articles of association were signed on the 16th of April, 1859. It seems proper to place upon record the names of those to whom the Saginaw valley and the State are indebted for the discovery of brine, and to whose risk and expense this industry, which has proved of such immense value, originated. Wm. L. P. Little, Webber & Wheeler, James L. Ketcham, Geo. A. Lathrop, Dwight G. Holland, Moses B. Hess, Alexander English, John F. Driggs, William J. Bartow, Wm. F. Glasby, Jesse Hoyt, Charles B. Mott, Henry C. Potter, Chester B. Jones, and John Derby each took one hundred and twenty shares; Wm. C. Yawkey, and Geo. W. Merrill took each forty shares; D. W. C. Gage and O. P. Burt took each twenty shares; C. H. Gage and Perry Joslin took each ten shares, making up the two thousand shares of capital stock of the company.

Dr. Geo. A. Lathrop was chosen as president, W. L. P. Little as treasurer, and W. L. Webber as secretary; and these officers, with Messrs. Mott, Ketcham, Hess, Potter, Merrill and Glasby, made up the board of directors. Mr. Jesse Hoyt tendered the use of ten acres of land near the bank of the river on the N. ½ of section 18, T. 12 N., of R. 5 E. for the boring of an experimental well, with an option in case of success to purchase the same at an agreed price; and a committee, consisting of Geo. W. Merrill and Stephen R. Kirby, was appointed to visit the Onondaga salt wells and learn what buildings, machinery and tools were necessary for boring the well.

To properly appreciate the undertaking, it should be remembered that the gentlemen connected with this enterprise had no knowledge on the subject of the geological formation of the valley, and no one connected with the work had any experience or knowledge concerning the boring of wells of this character. They did know, however, that the State, under the direction of Dr. Houghton, had expended several thousand dollars at the mouth of the Salt river to reach a depth of 139 feet, and that the earth-boring was not concluded when that experiment was abandoned. Work was commenced, however, a drill-house erected, an engine procured, which was run under the direction of Sanford Keeler, the present superintendent of the Flint & Pere Marquette Railroad Company, other necessary tools made or purchased, tubing for the earth-boring was secured and the well begun. The want of information as to what was to be done, and how best to do it, was such that what is now the work of sixty days was not completed until the 7th of February, 1860, nor until that date did the board of directors feel authorized to declare the experiment a success. They had been encouraged from time to time by the increased strength of the brine as the well was lowered from point to point; but they knew that until chemical analysis should show that the quality of the brine was such as could be profitably used for the manufacture of salt, it could not be deemed a success.

At the date last named the board made a report to the stockholders, which was published in the *Courier* of February 9, 1860, and as said by that paper, struck the community "like an electric shock." I quote from that report the following:

"We have been aware of your natural anxiety for information during the progress of the work, but the board of directors at an early day adopted the policy of studiously withholding the facts developed from time to time, how-

ever encouraging, lest they might excite hope which the final result would fail to satisfy. We are happy now to assure you that Saginaw possesses salt water second in strength and purity, and we believe in quantity, to none in the United States."

The first well bored was three and one-half inches in diameter. The earth-boring was ninety-two feet, at which point a brown sand rock was reached, and from that down alternating through different layers of rock to a depth of 633 feet, terminating in a fine sandstone known as the salt rock. This well was afterwards sunk to a depth of 742 feet to the bottom of that strata of sand rock, reaching into a red shale. Works for the manufacture of salt were at once erected, consisting of two kettle-blocks after the manner of those in use at Syracuse, using cord-wood for fuel, and the manufacture commenced in the latter part of June, 1860. The production the first year at these works was 10,722 barrels of salt, consisting of five bushels each. The year next following,—that is, July 1, 1861 to July 1, 1862,—the production of this company alone was 32,250 barrels. As soon as the success of this experiment was demonstrated, other companies were formed and wells commenced at Saginaw, Carrollton, and Bay City.

To show the comparative progress of the manufacture of salt at the Onondaga salt springs, it should be stated that the manufacture at that point commenced June 20, 1797, and that there was made the first year 5,095 barrels of salt. After forty years that manufacture had increased, in 1836, to 382,572 barrels, and in 1862,—sixty-six years after the manufacture commenced,—to 1,810,775 barrels. At Kanawha, Va., the manufacture was commenced in 1804, and in 1860 it had reached a production of 700,000 barrels. The first salt was made at East Saginaw in 1860, and in five years it had reached a production of 529,073 barrels. In 1880,—twenty years after the discovery of brine,—the manufacture reached a total production of 2,678,386 barrels, being something over thirteen million bushels of salt.

Experience demonstrated that the mode first adopted for the manufacture was not that calculated to produce the best economical results. Saginaw river was lined with saw-mills producing vast quantities of sawdust and slabs, which could be utilized as fuel, in excess of that required for the use of the mills. It was found, also, that the quality of our brine was such that evaporation in vats and pans was more profitable than in kettles. The heat contained in the exhaust steam from the saw-mills, also, it was found, could be utilized for this purpose; and practically by combining the two manufactures, salt and lumber, the fuel was procured without cost. The East Saginaw Salt Company estimated that the wood used in its manufacture in 1862 cost 25½ cents for each barrel of salt made, and that each cord of wood used in the kettle-blocks gave a product of about seven barrels of salt. Cord-wood at that time could be procured at about $1.75 per cord for average quality, but it has since increased to about $3.50 a cord; from which it will be observed that if we should use cord-wood now for the manufacture it would cost about fifty cents a barrel for the fuel.

This statement shows the great saving which has been produced by combining the manufactures of salt and lumber. For the production of 1880 the saving in fuel alone would amount to $1,250,000. The consumer gets the benefit of this saving. And at the present prices no one could manufacture salt in kettles without loss. The average price per barrel at Saginaw during

1880 was seventy-five cents, or fifteen cents a bushel. In 1870 it was $1.32 per barrel.

Some years after the manufacture had been profitably conducted in the counties of Saginaw and Bay, test wells were sunk in Huron county, and in Iosco, which proved successful; and in 1880 Larkin & Patrick sunk a well at Midland, on the bank of the Tittabawassee river, about six miles from the point at which Dr. Houghton commenced a well for the State in 1838.

For the purpose of comparing the actual results of this boring with the opinions expressed by Dr. Houghton, it may be well to state that this well of Larkin & Patrick's is 1,300 feet deep; the earth-boring before reaching the rock is 195 feet, passing through rock of various kinds to 1,185 feet from the surface, at which point the lower salt rock was reached, and into which the well was sunk 115 feet, making a total depth of 1,300 feet.

The length of this paper,—too long already,—prohibits entering more in detail into the present mode of manufacture, nor does its object call for such details. The official reports of Dr. S. S. Garrigues, who has held the office of State Inspector of Salt since the passage of the law providing for such inspection, in 1869, contain these details. It seems proper here to say that his care and attention to the duties of his office, supplemented by the strong desire of all the principal manufacturers of salt, that the provisions of the law in that regard should be observed, have had a marked effect in giving the salt of the Saginaw valley that predominence which it now has in the markets of the United States as to quality, and which enables Michigan salt to compete in the valley of the Mississippi with foreign salt even as far south as Arkansas and Texas.

Before concluding, however, I desire to say a word concerning the result of the bounty law. The Legislature having passed the act with a bounty greater than was asked, at its session in 1861 repealed the act absolutely. The result was that the East Saginaw Salt Manufacturing Company, at whose risk and expense this great industry was discovered and developed, received from the State as a bounty only the sum of $3,174, which was paid by a compulsory writ from the Supreme Court. But even that payment was but a trifle by way of compensation for the losses incident to the making of this discovery and testing all the experimental questions in the manufacture, competing at the same time for the market with a rival so strong as the Onondaga Salt Association, who, to break down the Saginaw manufacture, sold salt in competition with Saginaw salt at $1.00 per barrel at the lake ports when their retail price at Syracuse was $2.35. The changes in the mode of manufacture were such that the stockholders of the East Saginaw Salt Manufacturing Company (who had paid in on the capital stock, which had been increased to $250,000, the sum of $175,000, and who never received one cent by way of dividend) found themselves practically with a worthless property upon their hands; their competitors, who had profited by their experience, keeping the price so low that no profit could be obtained from the manufacture in that mode. At least $150,000 was sunk by the original company for which no return has ever been received, nor can any be received unless the State shall at some future period feel disposed to do justice to those who on faith in its promises risked their money and lost it by the promise being withdrawn after the money was expended. Until that time they must rest contented with the satisfaction of knowing that to them, and to their expenditure, is the State indebted for this

industry which has assumed such enormous proportions in twenty years, and the future of which can only be demonstrated by lapse of time.

The advantages which the State has received from this discovery and this manufacture after twenty years appear from the following statements:

Beginning with 1860, and including 1880 (twenty-one years), the total number of barrels of salt manufactured is 18,865,369. In this industry everything is produced at home which goes to fit the article for market except the nails to hold the hoops on the barrels, so that all the money received for this product adds so much to the wealth of the State. Counting the price of all this salt thus produced in twenty-one years at one dollar per barrel, it amounts to the sum of $18,865,369 added to the wealth of Michigan. The average price which the people of Michigan had paid for salt prior to this discovery was much greater than paid since. I believe it is considered a fair estimate that each inhabitant uses annually at least one bushel of salt. With a population, say, of one and a half million, that would be equivalent to 300,000 barrels of salt used in Michigan each year. If the saving to these consumers were half a dollar only per barrel (and I think it will average higher), the total amount for say fifteen years would be $2,250,000. In addition to this, the value of the taxable property has been greatly increased, thus lightening the burdens of other portions of the State. These considerations indicate to us the value which this discovery has been to the present time. We have every reason to believe that this supply is inexhaustible. Who can calculate the advantages which the State will receive in the years to come?

REMINISCENCES OF REV. M. HICKEY, CLERGYMAN OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, RESIDING AT DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

Read at the annual meeting of the State Pioneer Society, February 2d, 1881.

In September, 1849, in the city of Adrian, the session of the Michigan Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was presided over by Bishop L. L. Hamlin, who appointed me to labor as missionary on the Nottawa Indian Mission. This Mission was located in Calhoun county, near Dry Prairie, sixteen miles south of Battle Creek. This missionary field took in a very extensive tract of Northern Michigan, Thornapple Lake in Barry county, over to Grand River, down Grand River to its mouth, on north, to Muskegon Lake, on up to Clay Banks on Lake Michigan, up Flat River to Greenville, up Maple River to Maple Rapids near Benedict Plains.

On the Grand River, eight miles above Portland, and twenty miles below Lansing, at Meshimnekahning lived the chief Medayaemack, and his band of Indians. After visiting and preaching to this band a few times, in council, we persuaded the chief and his band to purchase a tract of land located on the north side of Grand River, in the town of Danby, Ionia county. There were, I think, 160 acres. It was on the Ox-bow bend of the river. The purchase was made of Mr. Fitch, who lived in the vicinity of Lyons. In the first payment of the lands he took five ponies, and the balance in specie at the three following annual Indian payments.

I secured a surveyor from Vermont Colony, about twenty miles south, who surveyed and cut up the land into small lots. Each lot had a front on the river for their canoes. A street was laid out through the center of the land, and on each side of the street we had contracts let to Mr. John David to build eleven log houses for these families, the Indians paying for the same in ponies, furs, and money. Other log houses were afterwards built. I myself carried the surveyor's chain to survey and cut up this tract of land for this Indian village. At the lower end of the central street we located the Mission House. Of logs it was constructed. I had to tax my ingenuity to secure the material and labor to erect it. One hundred and fifty dollars per year, out of which I was to board and clothe myself, purchase what few books I could, and also feed and shoe my horse, was the meagre salary allowed me, and had it not been for the hospitality, magnanimity, and generosity of the pioneer settlers through whose neighborhoods I traveled, and in whose school-houses I very often preached, I could not have succeeded in my missionary work. For instance, I preached one winter evening, five miles west of Portland to a

crowded school-house of attentive listeners. This was Thursday night. After preaching, I stated to the audience that on the next Tuesday, we should have a chopping bee to cut the logs for the Mission House at Meshimnekahning, ten miles away, and called for young men to volunteer and meet me on the ground where we were to cut the logs and build the Mission Chapel. Seven young men promised to come. We then asked the women of the congregation to prepare and send provisions for our lunch or dinner, such as pork and beans, bread and butter, etc., which they promptly promised, and duly furnished. On the next Tuesday, at daybreak, we drove our pony and cutter over the ice on Grand River to the spot where the Mission House was to be built, and were met there by seven young men and others. The logs were cut and the Mission House commenced. With two or three more such bees, the logs were raised and the rafters reared ready for the roof.

In the village of Portland one merchant gave a keg of nails, another gave a box of glass for this Mission House. One George Taylor who had a saw-mill at Portland, when I asked him to aid in the enterprise, became very much enraged, and declared that the Indians were a drunken, lazy, and thievish set, and also said it was all useless to try to reform and civilize them, and at first refused to aid the enterprise at all, but finally changed his mind and in the presence of a crowd, in one of the stores in Portland, made the following proposition to me: "Now, though I have no faith in your cause, yet I will agree to give five hundred feet of lumber for your house, if you will preach here a sermon for me to such a crowd or audience as I shall select for you; there shall not be a single Christian, or professor of religion, but I will invite all the Sabbath-breakers, profane swearers, drunkards, and gamblers for you to preach to." I replied: "I will agree to preach the sermon. No matter to me how hard a crowd of sinners you gather, so long as they are one step this side of the pit." We then and there agreed that I should preach the sermon on the next Wednesday night in the school-house in the village of Portland. Mr. Taylor at once wrote and posted notices on the doors of postoffice, grist-mill, and store, that "Missionary Hickey will preach a sermon at school-house, next Wednesday night, to all the sinners and hard cases, and they, one and all, are invited to come and hear him. No Christian or professor of religion is to be present."

Wednesday night came, and I rode unto the village, directly to Mr. Taylor's door. He had my horse cared for, and invited me into his house. I was offered supper, but declined to eat until after the sermon. We walked over to the store, Mr. Taylor purchased two pounds of candles which he took along to the school-house for light. He had already, during the day, prepared pioneer, wooden, hanging candlesticks, which were hung about the school-house. Mr. Taylor had his candles all lighted, which was an exception in those days, for often we had to preach with very few lights. The school-house was crowded with people of all ages. When Mr. Taylor and I were walking up the hill and nearing the school-house, he said: "Now, Mr. Hickey, you will have many of the hardest cases out to-night to hear you, and I want you to preach to them; never mind me, give it to them the best you know how." I replied: "Mr. Taylor, I am to preach this sermon to you and for you, for which you are to give five hundred feet of lumber, and I want you to take the sermon, all of it, to yourself." Mr. Taylor said: "Give me the introduction, and then preach to the crowd." I said: "I shall give you introduction and sermon."

When the house was filled, I asked Mr. Taylor over to the desk, and asked him: "Who will do the singing?" He said: "Give us old fashioned Methodist hymns." We did, and the singing was heartily done. Our text was 50th Psalm, 13th verse. We were then young in the ministry, had only been preaching three years, and while the whole audience were singing, we took in our situation. As we looked out over the assembly and saw the hardest class of sinners in all that region met to hear us preach, our knees trembled and smote together, but during the opening prayer He who called me from the plough on my father's farm, and who eighteen hundred years ago said to his disciples, "Lo! I am with you always," came near with His divine power and took away the fear of man from our heart. We preached with much zeal and the audience were moved to tears. Sermon over, benediction pronounced, Mr. Taylor took me by the hand and said: "Missionary, did you ever see a better behaved congregation? If a dog of them had lifted his tongue I would have threshed the floor with him." While Mr. Taylor was speaking thus to me, Mr. Van Horn, who had not been to any religious meetings for seven years (except funerals), said: "Taylor do you expect to get off by only paying five hundred feet of lumber for such a sermon as that?" "Well," said Mr. Taylor, "what is that to you? I pay for this." Mr. Van Horn then turning to me said: "Well, I myself will give all the brick and lime for the chimneys and to point up that log Mission House." I thanked him. In due time he furnished the brick and lime as he pledged. Mr. William Arms, standing by, said: "Mr. Hickey, I will make all the window sash for your Mission House" (this was before machinery was invented, or at least used in that locality to make window sash), which he did with his own hands. He was a good mechanic, but was said to be the shrewdest card player and gambler in Portland.

The next Sabbath morning I preached in the village of Lyons, nine miles below Portland, and the merchants, and clerks, and congregation raised and donated the shingles for the roof. I rode the same afternoon nine miles and preached at the Session School-house, near the mouth of Fish Creek (now Matherton), and raised more supplies by the voluntary contributions of the people for this Mission House. I personally worked at shingling, laying floors, etc., until my pantaloons were worn through at the knee, and as I had no change of clothes nearer than Battle Creek, seventy miles south, the following Sabbath I had to preach at this mission wearing the self-same pantaloons. The white people from six to eight miles around came in and joined our services, and I had to tie my handkerchief around my knee to cover the hole in my pants, and thus preached with my knee bandaged, but whether I limped or not during my sermon I cannot tell, and as my interpreter is now dead I cannot ask him.

During the month of August, 1850, there was to be an Indian camp meeting at the Bend of the Cass in Saginaw county, about half mile from the since settled village of Bridgeport.

We, that is my Indian guide Peter and myself, left Meshimnekahning Mission early Monday morning with our saddle bags, blankets, etc., our ponies being fresh and in good condition for the journey. Peter, my guide, was a very genial Indian. He could speak some English, and I some Indian, and so between us we were able to converse upon the different subjects and objects of interest as we rode along our journey. The country over which we traveled was mostly timbered land, with here and there a new settler.

Some of the settlers had frame barns, and occasionally one had a small frame house, but most of them lived in log houses. Many of them had small orchards started. We struck across from Grand River to the Looking Glass River, out of Ionia into Clinton county, through the small village of De Witt, and thence on to Rochester Colony. We reached the colony at about 11 o'clock at night, both men and beasts being hungry and weary. We rode up to the Methodist parsonage and aroused the preacher, Rev. William Benson. He was surprised and glad to see us even at that late hour. His genial wife got us supper, and Mr. Benson cared for our ponies. We visited till the short hours of the morning. Finally we retired. In the morning, breakfast over, we held a council as to which route to take from that point to reach the Bend of the Cass. One route was to strike off east and south by Shiawasseetown, through the Miller Settlement, Flint, Pine Run, Birch Run to the camp-meeting; and the other route was up and across the Maple River, thence by Indian trail through the forest to the Forks of Bad River, on to Swan Creek, Indian Village, across the Tittabawassee River, on to old Saginaw City, and thence across Saginaw River to the Bend of the Cass. We resolved upon the nearer route by Indian trail, though I felt a little fearful about crossing Bad River. We bade Mr. and Mrs. Benson good morning, calculating to obtain supplies of food up at the boarding house at the saw-mill, two miles over on the Maple River, but, lo! when we applied to buy some bread, cake, etc., they were out, and had none baked, and as there was no supply store, on we rode to the last house before we struck the Indian trail, and at this house I did finally succeed in obtaining a piece of bread about as large as a quart cup—all that the hospitable pioneer woman had baked in her house. I put it in my saddlebags, and we soon struck the trail for Saginaw. The woods were delightful, composed of many varieties of trees, maple, beech, birch, pine, etc. The pines were mostly on the ridges. Occasionally we would hear the brush crack and a deer or two would bound away through the forest. The runways of the deer were beaten like sheep paths in an old pasture lot. Thus onward we rode, up and down, following the winding, Indian trail, the yellow, wood-deer flies lighting upon our ponies' necks and ears almost like a swarm of bees. These ridges of pine were very fine. The soil in the low ravines was a very rich, dark loam. Occasionally we would come out into a small opening, and here we would find blackberry bushes heavily laden with ripe fruit. It was a very hot day and our ponies sweat profusely. Between 12 and 1 o'clock we rose on a table land of fine hard maple timber, and soon, to our surprise, we rode out into an old opening or clearing. Here we found tall timothy grass, red-top, and clover, growing along an old roadway. Along this roadway on both sides were large numbers of long, square sticks of hewn, hard-wood timber, elevated on skids. Skirting this opening were immense quanties of blackberry bushes with ripe fruit. This tame timothy grass was very inviting to our ponies. We halted, took off the saddles, spanceled the ponies, and they at once took to the feed of grass. Peter and I took to the blackberries, and they were so large, ripe and luscious, that we were not long in making our dinner of them, after which we took the piece of bread I obtained in the morning for our dessert. We counselled about the cause of this opening, the tame timothy grass, and this hewed timber. He told me what the old Indians said—that years ago the white men were going to make a canal from Lake St. Clair to Lake Michigan, and that this hewed timber was prepared for locks on that canal. I also remembered that in 1837 this canal was being worked on and built from Mt.

Clemens to Utica and Rochester. This tame grass was left here by the contractors who got out this timber. Our ponies had a refreshing feed, and we being rested, re-saddled them and pushed ahead; but ever and anon during the whole day the question came up: "How can we cross Bad River?" But, be this as it may, onward to Bad River we crowded our ponies. At sun about an hour high we reached Bad River, and found it was rightly named. The deep blue clay along its banks was so miry that it was dangerous to try to cross this river by riding our ponies or swimming them. We rode up and down the river; saw ponies' tracks in the deep clay where they had crossed, but still both Peter and I were afraid to go forward. After pondering over our situation we concluded to retrace our day's journey and go around by Flint. Having so decided, we turned our ponies to start back. Just then I espied, secreted under a small brushheap, a very small Indian canoe. Peter and I were very glad of this new discovery, and as the sun was going down we quickly unsaddled our ponies and prepared for crossing after this plan: Peter was to manage the canoe. We spliced the halters and lengthened them, then fastened one end of the halter to the canoe, and Peter paddled it out into the river, and I with brush and whip drove the pony into the mire. He floundered and struggled out into the stream till he reached deep water, and then swam nearly directly across, swimming much faster than Peter paddled, and pulling canoe and Peter after him. The banks of this river on the opposite shore were much better, and the pony readily went ashore. After spanceling him, Peter returned, and the other pony was taken across as the first, then the saddles and saddle-bags were taken across; all over now but myself. Peter returns with the canoe, and now comes the tug of war. The canoe was so small, having capacity to carry only one person with safety, I wanted Peter to swim the river, and let me have the canoe and I would take his clothes with me in the canoe; but no, here comes in the Indian of it. He said very decidedly: "You don't know how to paddle that little canoe. You will tip over and get drowned way off here, and we alone." Now Peter became very much in earnest, and said: "I tell you how is the only safe way for us both to get over this river. You, brother missionary, get into the bow of the canoe and lay down on the broad of your back in the bottom of the canoe, put your thumbs together, one on each side of your nose, and put the ends of your forefingers together, then fix your eyes on the ends of your fingers and look right up as though you was going to shoot a gun, and keep perfectly still and I can paddle us over." I said to him: "You may tip us over." "No," said Peter, "You trust me, do as I desire, and we shall go over safely." I looked at the little canoe, the miry clay at the river's bottom, the probability of Peter's skill in paddling us over safely; the sun was setting, our ponies, blankets and saddle-bags were over the river; I took in the situation; the camp-meeting, our arriving there with our clothes muddy and wet, if the canoe sunk with us, or if it was tipped over either by my own or Peter's carelessness, and now I renew again my request for Peter to swim the river and let me have the canoe, but he said: "No, I no swim this river." So, I yielded to his plan, and lay down on my back on the bottom of the canoe with my head about three inches elevated on the curve of wood in the bow of the canoe. My shoulders were squeezed in by the sides of the canoe, my thumbs were placed one on each side of my nose, my index finger on each hand pointed up to the blue sky, my eyes were fixed on the ends of my fingers as though I were sighting to shoot a gun. I then said: "Is my position right?" He replied: "Yes,

keep still." Then with the quiet, sly step which only the Indian hunter can take, he stood erect in the stern of the canoe, and with that paddle he pressed it against the water as quietly and skillfully as though it was made of eagle's feathers. Not a word did either of us speak while crossing. Soon I felt the canoe going through the grass and rushes on the other side, and now it strikes its bow upon the bank, and I take a long breath, and quietly rise up out of my almost watery coffin, for the water had come up to within one inch of running over the top of the canoe. Now across Bad River, onward we push.

At or near the spot where we crossed has since been located or sprung up, the village of St. Charles, on the Lansing & Saginaw Railroad, about eighteen miles from Saginaw City.

Soon after crossing Bad River, we struck into very heavy timbered land, with here and there ravines of marshy spots, then over ridge of pine timber land. Now it is getting dark, and we came to the forks of the Indian trail, and I had to get off my pony, down upon my knees, to see which trail had the freshest ponies' tracks. Soon it is so dark that neither Peter nor I can see the trail, and we concluded that we were booked to lie out in the woods for the night. On rising a small hill we saw a large pine stump ten or fifteen feet high, full of large splinters. With match we set it on fire, and soon its blaze lighted the woods for rods around. We found a few rods away a grassy spot for feed for our ponies. We spanceled them for the night. We had neither gun nor pistol with us, but each had a pocket knife. We had some books in our saddle-bags, among which were our pocket Bible and Indian hymn book. After resting and reviewing our day's travel, by the cheerful light of the blazing pine stump, we read a chapter from my Bible, sang a hymn in Indian and prayed together. The Great Spirit was present to bless, and with our saddle-bags for pillows, and our blankets for covering, each by himself lay down to sleep for the night, and rested as quietly as though we had been booked at the Russell House in Detroit. The singing of the birds awakened us next morning. We were somewhat hungry and would have relished a breakfast of steak and coffee, or even plainer than this, having had no supper, but our only redress in this emergency is to push on to Swan Creek Indian Village, which we concluded was not more than eight or ten miles. Resaddling our ponies, onward we ride a few miles through a pine forest and then suddenly we come to a low, black ash swamp, and the trail leads directly through it. We struck into it, water and blue clay up to and sometimes above the knees of our ponies. Sometimes they would almost mire down. Thus we plodded on and through for three-quarters of a mile, and then we emerge out on hard soil, and soon were in sight of Swan Creek Indian Village. On entering this village we expected to find a few Indians, and from them obtain food. Not an Indian, but three or four wolfish, half-starved dogs met us. Peter drove them off, and we entered a few of the bark wigwams, hoping that we might at least find some maple sugar to abate our hunger, but we found none. We did find, however, at the Indian Missionary's house, a barrel of oats, from which we fed our ponies, and wrote the following notice on the inside door:

"Arrived here this 10th day of August, A. M., hungry and tired. Have searched three or four wigwams for food, but find none. Have taken a half bushel of oats from this barrel and fed our ponies. Call at my office at Battle Creek, Calhoun Co., Michigan, and I will foot the bill.

"M. HICKEY, *Missionary.*"

After resting and feeding our ponies we rode on, crossing the Tittabawassee River in a scow ferry boat, thence on towards Saginaw, calling at the first farm house, and here the hospitable lady cooked and gave us a warm breakfast, for which, when we told her who we were, she would not take any pay, pioneer like. We thanked her for her hospitality, and rode forward for old Saginaw City, which we reached about 2 o'clock, P. M. To cross the Saginaw River we had no bridge, but an old Frenchman ran a scow-ferry. We found the old ferryman in a saloon, half drunk, and after much persuading and parley we finally coaxed the old fellow to take us over. The ferry boat was pulled across, hand over hand, on a rope, each end being fastened to stakes, or stumps, or trees, on each side of the river. When out in the middle of the stream the old Frenchman was so drunk that Peter and I had to lay hold of the rope and pull for life, or the boat, ponies, and ourselves would have gone down stream. Once landed on the other side, we paid him and rode off for the camp-ground, on the bend of the Cass River, only six miles away. Riding forward two or three miles, we met Indians on ponies who said: "Only a little way ahead to the meeting." Another half hour's ride brings us among the pony bells near the camp-ground, for at an Indian camp-meeting their ponies are turned loose in the woods to get their living as best they can from browse and grass, and every third pony has a bell strapped on its neck, so that the owners can find them. The flies torment these ponies as well as the mosquitoes, when thus gathered at camp-meeting. To relieve them their owners built large, log fires to smoke the flies away, and these ponies will gather around the smoke-fires during the heat of the day when the flies are the most troublesome. Now we come in sight of the camp-meeting, and hear their musical voices in songs of praise. We rode to the preacher's tent on the camp-ground, and were greeted by the presiding elder, Rev. George Bradley, and other missionaries. There were 800 to 1,000 Indians encamped at this meeting, from two to three hundred of which were pagans. The Indians gathered at this meeting were from the following counties: Oakland, Lapeer, Genesee, Huron, Tuscola, Mason, Shiawassee, Saginaw, Clinton, Midland, Bay, Gratiot, and Isabella, and some were over from Canada.

These were struggling times between the fur whisky traders and the missionaries. The traders and whisky dealers were determined to keep the Indians wedded to their old pagan religion, and thereby keeping the Indians under traders' control and speculating out of them. The missionaries sought the Indians' conversion to Christianity, establishing schools among them, settling them on lands, teaching them to cultivate the soil and learn to live by farming, and not by the chase. The medicine men and their wives were among the strongest opponents to Christianity in these bands of Indians, but the gospel that Paul preached to the Gentiles, eighteen hundred years ago, was still the power: "God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

There were sixteen Indian chiefs at this camp-meeting. The next morning after my arrival the Presiding Elder invited me to preach (through an interpreter of course), which I did. The singing of an Indian audience of 800 or 1,000 in a tented grove is perfectly captivating. It is the finest vocal music I ever listened to. This was my first sermon preached to these Saginaw Valley Indians, and, as it is customary for the chiefs after they have heard a new man preach to have a council and select an appropriate Indian name and give it to him, and by that Indian name he ever after will be called in that locality, after hearing me, such a council was had, and the following name was given

me: "Ah-ne-me-ke-ah-nine,"—"The Thundering man, or Big Thunder," and I am known to this day by that name among those Indians, and have been for the past thirty-one years. At this meeting occurred some very interesting events. One event was the conversion of an old Medicine Indian—the most potent one in the Saginaw Valley, or even in the region of the Saginaw Bay, who always took his medicine bag with him wherever he journeyed. It held about one bushel and a half of medicine and medicine gods. He was the darkest minded pagan I had ever seen. He had been meditating for two years the question whether he would renounce his heathenism and become a Christian. During these two years he had met very strong opposition from his wife. The first time he heard a missionary preach he walked over forty miles to hear Rev. Geo. Bradley. On his return home his pagan wife had burned up their wigwam and all his effects, except their brass kettles for making maple sugar, and tauntingly pointing to the ashes said: "So much I have done because you went after the white man's religion, and if you go again I will do more," and she did as she threatened. The next time he went to hear the missionary preach, he had a new rifle which he left in care of another Indian; she got it and broke the stock from the barrel across a large log, took the barrel out in Saginaw Bay, in a canoe, and sunk it, and when he returned home, she sneeringly held up before him the broken breech of his rifle and said: "That's the pay you get for following the white man's religion." But he took it all coolly. He evidently came to this meeting with his mind fully made up to embrace Christianity, for he brought his bag of medicine and heathen idols with him, and on Friday afternoon, in the council of missionaries, Christian Indian chiefs, and interpreters, this aged medicine pagan idolator brought his idols in his old sack and laid them down in the centre of the council and said: "I wish to give these all up to you, I don't want them any more, but I do want to take the Christian religion, and I now present myself to you to be baptized with water." The Presiding Elder, Rev. Geo. Bradley, proceeded to read the ritual (and had the same interpreted to him) on baptism, and when the Elder asked him: "Will you renounce the devil and all his works?" he responded: "I will, and the medicine dance, too," thereby showing his candor and earnestness. This was a very remarkable Indian. He had killed twenty-two Indians as a medicine man, for which he had been remunerated by those who had employed him. He kept an account of these by cutting a notch in a stick every time he killed an Indian. So he told my interpreter, and probably this was one reason why his wife was so hostile to his changing his religion; for in renouncing paganism he renounced much of his living. After Mr. Bradley baptized this medicine man he gave him a new Indian hymn-book. At a large prayer meeting held that evening, out in the centre of the camp-ground, there were present five or six hundred worshipers. This prayer meeting was formed by a large ring of Indians forming the outside, and having the serious minded persons invited into the centre of the ring, and the most talented and pious accompany these mourners or seekers into the centre of this ring, and these talented and pious ones taking turns in leading the meeting. These leaders are very zealous, and exhort and invite all who wish to seek the Christian religion to come into the ring and be prayed for. This old medicine man came into the centre of this prayer meeting among the rest. He was the most forlorn and abject sinner I ever met. After a few prayers he seemed to be seized with a mental horror and agony that was beyond description. He fell to the ground and rolled in agony bor-

dering onto the margin of dark despair. When he would come out of these struggles the sweat would come out on his face in great drops. He continued in this deep state of mental anxiety and anguish till sunrise the next morning, when God, for Christ's sake, pardoned his sins, and the change was very sensibly manifested in his countenance. At the eight o'clock public service, the next morning, he came to the preachers' stand and shaking hands with the missionaries said: "The light is come in my soul."

In the year 1872, twenty-two years after this old medicine pagan man's conversion, I was holding a quarterly meeting at Saganing, thirty miles beyond Bay City, and this same Indian came over to this meeting from Indian Reservation in Isabella county, sixty or seventy miles west, and spoke in the love-feast, with deep and profound gratitude to God, and with bright prospects of his home in heaven. This was twenty-three years after his conversion. In a few days after this love-feast he died in great peace.

There occurred another fact at this camp-meeting, that shows the antagonism to early pioneer missionary life in Michigan. On Saturday morning at this meeting an Indian farmer, living at Saginaw city, sent a messenger over to the Presiding Elder, Rev. G. Bradley, that the roughs and irreligious, up and down Saginaw River, were coming over to the camp-meeting Saturday night, with whisky to get the pagan Indians drunk, and disturb or break up the camp-meeting, and suggested that Mr. Bradley take measures to defeat the plans of the rowdies. Mr. Bradley quietly invited the missionaries, the chiefs, and head men, to meet him across the Cass river, as he had a matter to communicate to them. They met as requested, and in council he communicated the message of the Indian farmer, and asked the council what had better be done. After different plans had been submitted, discussed, and abandoned, the following was unanimously agreed upon:

1st. We will close the camp-meeting this Saturday afternoon.

2d. Profound secrecy must be practiced by Christian and pagan men, women, and children; that no notice of the closing of the meeting should be communicated to the people along Saginaw River.

3d. All parties were to leave and go in bands toward their homes, eight, ten, or fifteen miles from the camp-ground, and camp out over the Sabbath, and hold religious meetings, the different bands going in the same direction to keep together till after the Sabbath worship. The missionaries were distributed among these several bands, so that each marching section had a preacher for the Sabbath.

The pagans all joined in this arrangment. The council closed and we all recrossed the Cass River. Soon the camp-meeting was all astir, the bells on all the ponies were stuffed with leaves, or taken off, so that it was very still over the entire encampment, except conversation in a low tone of voice. The tents were packed, the ponies loaded; those who came in canoes very soon had their canoes filled with their effects. Rev. Geo. Brown, from Kaw-kaw-lin had a very large canoe, in which he put his cooking stove, beds, chairs, trunks, etc., and then his feeble, sick wife, with their little girl. This was a sad scene, and it deeply affected me that this good man, with his afflicted and fatigued family, had to pack up and move away down the Cass River from this camp-meeting, on Saturday afternoon, and then build another tent, cut wood, and arrange for the Sabbath, and then he on the Sabbath have religious services to secure the conversion of the pagans that moved down the river with him, and all this change and discomfort to avoid the excitement and trouble that

the roughs and rowdies would bring on the camp-meeting, unless we broke up the meeting. In less than two hours after the council, there was neither pony, child, Indian, or missionary on the camp-ground, but there were the tent-poles, and the smoke of many fires. The Indians from Lapeer, Shiawassee, and Lakeville, journeyed south about twelve miles toward Flint, and camped for the Sabbath. E. D. Tound, missionary, and myself went with this company. We had a very pleasant Sabbath, and religiously profitable, and were not molested by either hucksters or roughs. We learned afterwards that the other companies had very quiet and pleasant meetings on that Sabbath. We also learned that late Saturday night the roughs with their whisky came over from Saginaw to have a time, but, lo! when they reached the "Bend of the Cass River" what a surprise ! there was the camp-ground, the tent-poles, and the smouldering fires, but no camp-meeting. Whether they drank up all the whisky they were going to dispose of to the Indians and break up our camp-meeting or not, I do not know; but this I do know, the Indians were not there to drink with them, and about these days the whisky Indian traders began to think that the Indians, when converted to Christianity, and acting in concert with the missionary, could easily evade the whisky traders' trap.

There was a very old, pagan Indian chief, who lived six miles east of Lansing; his name, O-ke-mos. He was rather an interesting Indian, was in the war of 1812, second in command under Tecumseh at the battle of the Thames. He saw Tecumseh fall, was himself severely wounded, had a scalp wound of six or eight inches from a white man's sword in that battle. He wore a large, silver ring in his nose. He camped with us, and he and I argued three or four hours that Sunday night, while others slept, but I believe he lived and died a pagan. On Monday morning our camp broke up and we parted.

At Me-shim-ne-kah-ning (meaning the little apple-tree orchard) Mission, in the town of Danby, Ionia county, July 4th, 1850, we had one of the finest and most interesting celebrations I ever enjoyed. Here at this Mission we had circulated notices and invitations for miles around that the citizens of that location would have a celebration without whisky, or fire-water, and every person, one and all, were invited to come. I had told the Indians to all be at home and unite with their old white neighbors in a national celebration, and they were all at home with their best outfits on for the occasion. The inhabitants of that location came in for sixteen miles around with their teams and families. The lodge of the Sons of Temperance from the village of Portland, six or eight miles down the river, came up in full force. Really it was a patriotic sight to witness, these pioneer settlers, with their neighbors, responding to our invitation—the aged men and women of the white people, with their gray locks, and their chubby, cherry-cheeked grand-children, driving in full wagon loads, near the Mission House that the young men had helped us chop and erect from the trees, until the woods all around were full of teams and people. They were called to order, a President elected for the day, and short addresses were delivered, both by the whites and Indians, which were interpreted, to the mutual edification of all. After the speaking closed, the wagon boxes were taken apart, stakes and crotches arranged, and a dining table, sufficiently long, was constructed from the boards of the wagon boxes. It was long enough for four hundred or more to gather around and eat, and this table was well loaded with hearty eatables for

the dinner. Tea and coffee were supplied in abundance for the occasion, and the beauty of the dinner was that it was free. We had the arrangement so that all were to take their dinner standing, and the order was that the Indians and the whites were to stand alternately—first a white man and then an Indian, then a white woman, and then an Indian woman, and thus the tables were filled, and one and all dined together, except one old Indian medicine man, whose name was Pashe-nin-nie. He stood off alone by a large log and looked on. We urged him to come up and eat dinner with the rest of the people, but no, he stood and looked on until dinner was over. After all had left the table, he saw a whole loaf of bread lying on one end of the table. This old Indian stepped quietly across the ground to the table, took that loaf of bread and put it under his blanket, under his arm, and walked back. This singular act of this old Indian caused some laugh and criticism from the other Indians. They said: "That is the way pagans do. He would not come up and eat with us, but takes it off alone by himself." After dinner we had more speaking and some singing, and then Mr. Sawyer placed on the ground pipes and tobacco, so that all who desired used the same, visiting in groups. The older white pioneer settlers, from Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, and other Eastern States, who in other years had enjoyed many a Fourth of July celebration, declared that this exceeded all they had ever enjoyed before, in its simplicity, dignity, and individual independence, and that this celebration would always be recalled with most pleasurable recollections, in future years, by one and all present. The influence of the presence and hospitality of these white pioneer families on these Indian families was most salutary in many respects. That celebration in the town of Danby, Ionia county, about twenty miles from Lansing, down the Grand River, to me is one of the brightest spots in my patriot life as a citizen of the United States of America, and my memory reverts to the associations of that Fourth of July, even to this day, with more pleasure than to any other one of my whole life.

BACKWARDS—A GLANCE UNTO THE PAST.

BY JOHN E. DAY, OF MACOMB COUNTY.

Read at the annual meeting of the State Pioneer Society, February 2d, 1881.

In days gone by, our dames and sires,
Free from that pride which wealth inspires,
With zeal which coming days will bless,
Performed their toils in homespun dress.
The rustle of a silken gown
Was to their ears an unknown sound,
Save when some rare occasion fell,
As funeral or the marriage bell.
The rich brocade, the soft cashmere,
The glistening plush, the velvet dear,
Were things of which they heard at times,
By gossip brought from foreign climes.

The matron's costume, clean and bright,
Was homespun linen, blue and white,
Whose scanty folds were held in place
By linen string about the waist;
Whose tidy plaits were kept in check
By linen kerchief at the neck.
Her feet were shod with heavy shoes,
Made less for beauty than for use,
Her bonnet, too, it may be said,
Was *on* and not *behind* her head.

His pants were tow and woolen, mixed
In colors which her skill had fixed,
And made with all the house-wife's care,
Not for adornment, but to *wear*.
His frock was made of heavy tow,
Came to the knees, or just below,
Supplying place of coat or vest;
And hid, like charity the rest.
Uncouth in gait, or form, or looks,
Untaught was he in lore or books;
Unskilled was he in ways to please,
Untaught in all the arts of ease;
Yet he was wise in all his toil,
He knew the secrets of the soil;
He knew where best to plant his corn,
He could presage the coming storm;
He knew where wild fruits grew the best.
He knew where wild birds built their nest;

And, large his heart, the poor confessed
The kindly feelings of his breast.

Yet we confess they had their pride,
Though leaning much to virtue's side.
'Twas his the glittering ax to wield,
Or daily plow the willing field.
And many a rood of fertile land
Confessed the power of his firm hand.
And while he daily swung the ax,
Her pride was in her field of flax;
And in her bright, well-scoured room,
And in her spinning-wheel and loom,
And in her knots of woolen yarn,
Ready to make the new, or darn,
For hung in festoons round the room
Were trophies of her wheel and loom;
And still was heard, for days to come,
The spinning-wheel's familiar hum.
And as their sturdy urchins grew,
'Twas all the music that they knew.
'Tis well-remembered sound to me—
That music of utility.

The houses that they lived in, too,
No rules of architecture knew.
The unhewn trunks of trees supplied
Material for each rustic side,
Laid up each other's ends across,
And chinked between with mud and moss.
On these were poles set up to take
A roof composed of "shanty shake."
Two doors it had, a front and rear,
A window on each side appears,
And in one end—the other graced
A huge, old-fashioned "fire-place,"
Whose fervent heat had often told
Expulsion to the winter's cold,
And whose reflected cheerful light
Oft changed to day the wintry night.

What fun to sit on winter days,
Before that open fire-place,
And see within the embers' glow
Our wildest fancies come and go;
Or hear the crackling fagots sing
The music of the red Fire-King.
What feasts we children used to share,
Acorns and chesnuts, roasted there,
Or, when more sumptuous feasts invite,
The dancing pop-corn, brown and white,
How oft I've thought with childish joy,
When I should cease to be a boy,
When I should reach maturer life,
And mingle in its joys and strife.
That time has come, and taught the boy
Anticipation has the greater joy.

The hearth was stones, large, smooth, and flat;
And in the corner lay a mat,
On which, before the blazing log,
Reposed the drowsy hunting dog.
And in the corner used to stand
The bake kettle and frying pan.

The chimney-flue (for want of bricks)
Was made of plastered mud and sticks.
The floor was made of basswood slabs,
Split out and laid with ax and adz.
The only jack-plane that I knew
Was what the heel and toe could hew.
The only carpet at command
Was daily made of soap and sand.
The door was large, and wide, and hung
On wooden hinge, creaked as it swung.
Which we small youngsters hailed as great,
And vainly tried to imitate.
No plated knob, no shining latch,
Was there the eager eye to catch;
But, if you would admittance beg,
The handle was a hickory peg.
Hard by, a string of wild deer-hide
The place of thumb-piece well supplied.
Not always there as you might see,
It filled the place of lock and key;
For safety it was just the thing,
You'd only to pull in the string.

Outside, a few steps from the door,
With basswood branches arching o'er,
Where pigweeds grew so tall and grand,
The old brick oven used to stand,
Upborne on rugged pillars three,
In rude, uncultured masonry.
And underneath we used to keep
Our treasures rare, in many a heap.
It oft has been my childish care
The needed oven-wood to prepare:
Four honest armfuls, fine and dry,
Ere I could taste of cake or pie.
Our mother then would place these sticks
Within the solid arch of bricks,
In order so the flames might crawl,
With easy access, through them all;
And having fired, gave no concern,
But let the crackling contents burn.
Just twenty minutes by the clock,
The fire was out, the oven hot.
And, having scraped the ashes thin,
The pastry ready to go in,
Each loaf with skillful care was laid
Upon the handy shovel's blade,
And with a firm and steady hand,
In farthest corner made to stand.
The loaves were placed in first of all,
And ranged against the outer wall,
And then, within this outside ring,
In order ranged each smaller thing,
The walls threw out their ready heat,
The baking process was complete.

Sweet mem'ries hover round my heart,
Of myst'ries in the baking art,
Which under our fond mother's care,
Were every week enacted there.
We knew when came the grand array,
For Tuesday was the baking day.
Long years have come, and swiftly passed,
Since Tuesday's fare was tasted last,
And we may eat of viands rare,
And sumptuous entertainments share,

Partake of all that warms or cheers,
May live to see an hundred years,
Yet ne'er will taste such pie or cake,
As that old oven used to bake.

Within that arch we oft would look,
And think how in the "Holy Book,"
We sometimes heard our father read,
How three just men of holy deed
Were cast into an oven hot,
And yet the flames had harmed them not.
We wondered much, yet failed to see
How such strange story true could be,
And, comforting each other, said,
That we were glad that king was dead.

Oh, childhood! fraught with joy and pain,
Thy years will never come again.
The joys of youth no more we see,
Save in the light of memory.
Yet let us keep, as best we may,
These visions of the bygone day,
And think how in the times far back,
We've wandered from the narrow track,
The path our infant feet have trod,
Forgetful of our fathers' God.
Let's find once more the hopes, the fears,
And fervency of early years,
And mingle with life's sterner truth,
The "Everlasting Flowers" of youth.

Between the oven and the road,
Beside the path, the well-curb stood.
On tiptoe raised, we used to peep
Into the dark mysterious deep;
And think how one poor, foolish elf,
Not long before had drowned herself.
Above the curb the "sweep" was swung,
On which a cedar pole was hung;
With skill contrived a snap and nail
Arranged to take the oaken pail;
On farther end a block of wood,
To keep the even balance good.
What joy 'twould be to-night to share
The very best of liquor there.

Beside the well on either hand,
Large, branching elm-trees used to stand;
And from the lowest, largest limb,
With ropes and bark we made a swing;
And there on days when out of school,
And when the sultry sun grew cool,
Such joyous pastimes oft we had,
As makes the heart of childhood glad.
Yet sometimes, ere the play was done,
Would sadly pause to think of one
Whose tired feet had left the way
In which we trod, one summer day,
Had gone to find the hither shore,
Where childish grief could come no more,
And roam at will the happy fields,
Which unmolested pleasure yields.

Not dead to us, we thought that when
Some days had passed, he'd come again:

And sometimes, in the heat of game,
We would forget and speak his name;
And then in hushed and solemn way,
Would sit us down forgetting play.
And every day his merry plays,
His golden hair, his gentle ways,
His ringing laugh, the clothes he wore,
Came back upon us o'er and o'er.
Oh, memory! living o'er the past,
Thy joys be mine while time shall last;
And when time's latest course has run,
Thy deathless life has just begun.

Back from the house, not many rods,
Were barn and sheds, built up of logs,
Whose ample floor and well-filled bay,
We thought were just the place for play.
On one side were the stalls, where stood
The meek-eyed cattle, fat and good;
The other was the ample bay,
Well filled with nicely salted hay.
A row of boxes placed above,
Sheltered a flock of rattling doves.
And outside underneath the eaves,
Were swallows' nests, of mud and leaves.

Not all the arts which poets sing,
Not all the lore which ages bring,
Could suit our varied wants so well,
Or form a play-house with such skill.
Such places in its holes to creep,
Such chance to play at "hide and seek;"
Such room our many games to play,
Or jump upon the springing hay.
We knew of every place where best
The cunning hen could hide her nest.
What joyous shout and sparkling eyes,
When her shrill voice proclaimed the prize!
With hasty step and merry din,
We took the glistening treasures in.

Down on a corner of the street,
Where four right-angled highways meet,
A few steps distant from the road,
The little old log school-house stood;
Where in the days long since gone by,
We youngsters used to meet, and try
To con our various lessons o'er,
The foretaste of a world of lore.
The walls were low and washed with white,
Four wide, low windows gave it light.
No "patent stove" the building graced,
But a wide, stone-built fire place,
Whose fervent glow and steady heat
Toasted our heads and froze our feet.
Long desks along the walls were fixed;
No passage ways were seen betwixt
The seats, pine slabs, with iron-wood pegs,
Which answered in the place of legs.
While "beating up" the lesson's track,
We to the teacher turned our back;
At recitation, or when school was out,
We'd only just to face about.
The boys could easy make the change,
But for the girls 'twas "passing strange."

The little urchins seated there,
Seemed high upborne into the air,
From which their small feet dangled o'er,
In vain desire to reach the floor.

I mind me well, how fared the school,
When under certain schoolma'ams rule;
How oft for switches we would go,
How oft the chalk-mark forced to toe,
How oft the open palm extend,
And feel the walnut "rule" descend.
And yet, what varied fun we took,
When she was busy with her book;
What skillful pictures we would make,
Or draw her profile on the slate,
With awful look and peaked nose,
And hand upraised, as if for blows;
And sometimes, so engaged were we
In this rare sport, we failed to see
That the sharp schoolma'am's restless eyes
Had seen and marked it for a prize.
It pleased her worst of all we knew,
Because they sometimes were so true.

Well, I am glad that in those days
My feet were turned to learning's ways;
Those early tasks I plainly see,
Were worth a world of wealth to me,
Because they proved this precept true,
How little of the world I knew,
And gave a quenchless thirst for more
Than shallow draught of learning's lore,
And made my wakening soul aspire
To something better still, and higher.
That "old log school-house," rough and tried,
The place of meeting-house supplied;
Where weekly gathered old and young,
With sober face, and silent tongue,
To hear the thrilling story told,
Which oft repeated grows not old,
Forever new because divine,
Of Christ, the "Prince of David's" line.

These little temples here and there,
Along the public thoroughfare,
Are hot-beds, where the feeble plant
Of learning gets its earliest start.
'Neath education's morning sun
The budding process is begun,
Till in its stretch of higher growth
It reaches to sublimer truth,
Throws out the bud, the flower, the seed,
Of holy thought and noble deed,
The mind of childhood cannot be
A long continued vacancy.
There is no waste, or barren soil
Within the garden of the soul;
For, if we fail to sow the seeds
Of virtuous thought and manly deeds,
The wildest flowers will bloom, within,
Of bitterness, and woe, and sin.

Where are they now, those girls and boys,
Who shared with me life's morning joys?

Alas for some, their forms are laid
Beneath the churchyard's willow shade;
Their footsteps now are heard no more
Along times rocky, sounding shore;
They've gone before to pluck at will
The flowers that bloom on Zion's hill.
Some hasted at the country's need,
With willing heart and loyal speed,
To help maintain the nation's laws,
Or perish in the righteous cause.
All honor to the "Boys in Blue,"
Who faced the breech for me and you;
The dear remembrance of the brave
Lives like the pine above their grave.
Green be the grass, and sweet the flowers,
That wave above these friends of ours,
And soft the sighing winds that surge
Above their graves at Fredericksburg.
Some plow in learning's classic soil,
Some feel the sweat of farmers' toil,
Some drive a country doctor's cart,
Some drive a lawyer's plastic art.
All hail! whatever be your share
In life of labor or of care;
Fresh courage take, and ne'er forget
That we are near each other yet.
And as we gladly journey on,
Be this our purpose, bright and strong,
That when life's days and nights are passed,
We all may meet at home at last.

Now all is changed, no more we hear
The sturdy stroke of pioneer;
No more we see, on morning breeze,
His blue smoke curling through the trees;
No more in hazel brush is heard
The shrill notes of the forest bird.
Gone from the hut are dame and sire;
Quenched on the hearth their cheerful fire.
Gone is the cabin and the wood,
Gone are the elms from where they stood,
Gone is the nicely sanded room,
Gone is the spinning-wheel and loom.
Sweet be their rest, since closed the strife;
They heroes were in humble life.
And wealth has brought, in place of these,
The ways of luxury and ease.
The thirst for fame, the love of self,
The power of pride, the greed of pelf,
O'ershadow worth, and gain control
O'er nobler feelings of the soul.
And thus we mourn that coming days
Drive out the old, more simple ways.
We wish not for the hut again,
Nor share of back-woods toil and pain;
Yet much we wish that all might live
Those simple rules which wisdom gives—
Might see *true worth* more surely great
Than all the flimsy pride of State;
And then how surely should we be
A race of true nobility!

REMINISCENCES OF PIONEER LIFE IN MICHIGAN.

BY REV. R. C. CRAWFORD, OF MICHIGAN CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Read February 2d, 1881.

Preliminary to what I desire to say of my pioneer life in Michigan, I will inform you how I came to be one of Michigan's pioneers.

I was born in Richmond, Ontario county, New York, January 27, 1817, and soon after my arrival, my father went into Upper Canada, now called Ontario, to provide for himself and little family a home. During the winter of 1819, soon after my second birthday, my mother, with myself and baby sister, took up her line of march for the "king's dominions," as the Canadas were called in those days. Our home in Canada was upon a rented farm near what is now called "Port Stanley," then known as the "Mouth of Kettle Creek," where it empties into Lake Erie. Here we remained for six years, when my father, not quite satisfied with British rule, and having no farm of his own in Canada, concluded to try his fortune in Michigan, which at that time seemed nearly outside of creation, and was then an unbroken wilderness, inhabited mainly by Indians, bears, and wolves.

In the autumn of 1824, my father, with a few other families from the States, commenced preparations for a move to Michigan, expecting that sometime between November and April there would be snow enough to afford them sleighing that would enable them to move on runners. But in this they were disappointed, and after waiting until March came in they packed their goods and started for Michigan on wheels.

After a tedious journey of 150 miles, we reached Detroit river, opposite the famous city, which then numbered between one and two thousand inhabitants, not quite as large as she is to-day, yet small as she was she was quite inclined to put on city airs, especially when strangers from the "king's dominions" put in an appearance. We had a grand time in crossing the river, our mode of ferrying being of the ancient style, viz.: a large flat-bottomed boat, called a scow, and rowed by six stalwart Frenchmen.

This scow was long enough to admit a yoke of oxen and wagon, and wide enough to afford room for the men with oars to work without let or hindrance. I well remember how faithfully they plied their oars, keeping time to the tune they all sang, as they said:

"Yaw petta yaw, petta yaw, yaw dana,
Yaw petta yaw, petta yaw, yaw da."

It was wonderful how perfectly they all kept time and stroke, and with what force their twelve strong arms would send their ill-shaped vessel up and across the current of that rapidly flowing stream.

After two days of hard toiling, our whole caravan was safely landed at the foot of Woodward Avenue, and we bowed our graceful farewell to the king, shook hands right heartily with "Uncle Sam," and told him if he would forgive us for running away we would stay with him the residue of our days. We then took up our line of march for our place of destination in Troy, Oakland county, eighteen miles northwest from Detroit.

We had a fearful time in getting through, as the frost was all out of the ground, and there was but one mud-hole between Detroit and our new home in Troy.

The "Saginaw turnpike" had been surveyed, and six miles of the road was built, but it was a hard matter to determine where the mud was deepest, on the pike or in the ditches.

Near the end of this newly built turnpike, and close beside it, was an apology for a hotel, built of logs, and kept by an old lady known throughout the country by the title of "Mother Handsome." Here we stopped for refreshments; and as I looked upon the face of the homeliest woman I had ever seen, I wondered why they had given her such a beautiful name. This old lady had a peculiar nasal twang when she spoke, which was not easily forgotten by a boy of my disposition, especially when her conversation was directed to me.

Laying her hand upon my head, she said to me: "My boy, what's your name?" "My name is Riley Crawford," said I. "Was you named after your Uncle Riley Crooks?" said she. "Yes, ma'am," said I. She then replied: "Well, my boy, if you make as likely a man as the man you was named after, God knows you needn't be ashamed to show your face anywhere in this world." I thought the old lady told me the truth, as I had profound respect for my uncle, after whom I was named; and I can never forget the sorrow of my young heart as the sad news came to our ears, one beautiful day in the spring of 1830, that he had been killed instantly by the fall of a tree, while chopping to increase the acres of improvement upon his new farm. It was a sad day for us all. He was the first clerk of the township of Troy, and had been reëlected to that office a few days before his sudden death.

Having reached our place of destination, the first hard work was the building of a log house in which to live; and when this was done, without waiting for doors, or windows, we moved in, and a happier family than ours never moved into a marble palace. It was *our* house—parents and children *joint owners*. Not my house, nor your house, it was our house, our own "home, sweet home." If it was made of logs and covered with shakes, there was no other place on this green earth that had such attractions, for us *children especially*. During our first year in Michigan our fare was not as fine and luxurious as falls to the lot of some who reside in Michigan to-day. Our principal food was corn-bread, buttered with meat gravy, some pork, some venison, occasionally a wild turkey, and for those who enjoyed the luxury, now and then a taste of bear meat.

Wheat bread was a luxury when it came, which was kept for Sabbath eating, and was usually baked on Saturday in order that it might be fresh and moist.

Sometimes in place of the bread baked on Saturday, an old fashioned "short-cake," would be made on Sabbath morning, which, with a good supply of maple molasses, made for us a delicious feast, I can assure you. And even now, after fifty-six years are passed, I can almost taste that old fashioned short-cake of my mother's baking in her big spider, seated upon a bed of live coals, drawn out upon the new clay hearth in front of the fore-stick that stretched from "andiron" to "andiron," standing in the great "Dutch fire-place," with a large back-log against the wall of the chimney.

O the merry days, the merry days, when I was young!"

Our first school-house was built of logs, the roof was made of shakes, the floors, seats, and writing desk, were not of rosewood or mahogany, but were built of basswood logs, split in the centre, and then resplit, so as to resemble plank of from two to three inches in thickness, but instead of being smoothed with plane and jointer they were dressed as smooth as possible with my father's broad ax.

My father, if you will permit me to introduce him here, and who is now in his 87th year, was a practical farmer, and yet had such a mechanical genius that he must keep a kit of tools sufficient to build all of the "ox-yokes," wood all the "plows," build all the "harrows," and "sleighs," mend all the "wagons," and make nearly all of the "barrels," "sap buckets," and "water pails," for all of our neighbors; they in turn sometimes helping him in his farm work, so as to keep him even with them in improvements upon his farm, and in his farm work.

My father put the beam and handles to the first cast iron plow introduced into Oakland county, and I think the first introduced into the territory of Michigan. The castings were "Wood's patent," cast at Lockport, N. Y., and brought to Michigan by one Mr. Gammon, and it was some time before the farmers would venture to purchase them, for they had the impression the castings would break in pieces when put to any severe tests, and it was not until some severe tests were made that he could find sale for them after they had been supplied with beams and handles.

Our first school teacher was "Deacon Cole," a very excellent man, and though a little slack in discipline, he had a faculty of helping us on in our studies, and we did make rapid improvement in spite of our disadvantages.

Here several of us commenced our first efforts at penmanship, in the way of straight marks, pot-hooks, and trammels, followed with coarse, and then fine hand. But O, what times we had in the manufacture of pens! The goose-quill especially was in great demand, as were also pen knives; and the boy who could make the best pen was the greatest favorite with the girls, as girls could no more make pens than they could sharpen pencils.

I always carried a good pen-knife, and could always make a splendid pen for *one little girl*, who was just six months my senior, but I did not marry her if she was my first love.

In those days the school-teacher was the schoolmaster, and when a boy got his jacket nicely tanned, in good old down-east style, instead of going home and reporting to pa and ma and asking their sympathy, he would hire his big sister to keep the matter a profound secret, and threaten the little ones with a flogging if they dared drop a hint as to what had happened. Results: Good order in school, and good government at home (as a rule).

As the years sped by, improvements were made; the log school-house was

torn away and a neat frame building took its place; and when in 1836 we removed to Shiawassee county it seemed like leaving an old settled country, so many and so great had been the improvements made since 1825.

One incident occurred during these early days which I deem worthy of record here, which shows something of the material of which those pioneer women were made.

Our new house stood in the midst of a forest of heavy timber, a spot having been cleared off sufficient for a small door-yard, while outside the door-yard fence, and about two rods from the corner of the house, was a trough provided for the hogs to feed from.

Near by this trough was the root of a large oak tree which had some day been blown over, and was lying with its great trunk extended towards the south, and from the house.

On the day referred to, my father was away from home, and mother had sent myself and two sisters on an errand to my grandfather's, who lived just one-half mile south of us, across the woods, as we termed it. Meanwhile, mother had fed the pigs by placing some food in the trough, and they were enjoying it hugely, when she turned her eyes to the south to see if her children were coming, when she was surprised by the appearance of a huge bear, marching deliberately up on the trunk of the fallen tree, with his eyes fixed on the pigs and seemed blind to everything besides, for, as he approached, my mother tried to frighten him into a retreat, by clapping her hands together until they were nearly blistered, to which Mr. Bruin paid no attention, but kept marching forward until his fore paws rested on the elevated mound at the roots of the tree, where he made a halt, with his face within ten feet of my mother, who caught one end of a log-chain in her hand, and swung the chain towards him, nearly reaching him at every swing, and screaming as she did so as only a woman can scream.

This seemed a little more than his bearship had bargained for, and he beat a retreat, starting off in the same direction from which he came, following the trunk of the tree nearly to its top when he left and took the foot-path leading towards grandfather's. Seeing this move on his part aroused her fears that possibly he might meet her children and so make his supper of one of them, and, without fear of danger to herself, she caught an ax and followed him closely, until seeing himself pursued by a woman, he changed his course, left the path and took to the trackless forest, in a westerly course, leaving our pathway clear of danger, while our dear, good mother pressed on, ax in hand, waiting not until she had found her children all in safe quarters at grandfather's, and with ax in hand escorted us home in safety.

We used to have some fearful times in those days with bears and wolves, but I'll not weary you with any additional tales touching our experience with them.

It was fashionable and customary in those days to furnish whisky at all raisings, loggings, corn huskings, and shindigs; and the first barn we raised in our township without whisky was for Deacon James Hall, and in derision of his temperance principles they named his building "The Michigan Drouth."

But public sentiment has changed since then, and men who still cling to their cups are obliged to hunt for their cherished beverage in some more secluded place, where dealer and drinker can shelter themselves behind some screen or frosted window, through which no eye but the eye of Omniscience can penetrate, and they never stop and think: "Thou God seest me."

Then they licensed men of "good moral character" to sell whisky and other spirituous liquors by the drink, and the rule was three cents per glass for whisky and six cents for brandy, rum, gin, and port wine, the customer being his own measurer of the amount he should take from one glass, also to use sugar or take it clear, according to his own taste.

The boys generally used sugar, while some of the older heads laughed at our folly, insisting that sugar spoiled the drink, causing it to taste like medicine, which they could not endure except it was in the form of *pikery*.

Under this law regulating the traffic in strong drink, one of these good, moral character men opened a home for travelers on the Chicago turnpike, between Detroit and Dearborn, and, I should judge, carried on a thriving business for awhile at least, until one fatal day he fell from grace, I think, for he killed his amiable wife, who was evidently one of his most faithful customers, as to the drinking part, for she was gloriously drunk, as well as himself, at the time he killed her.

Now for this offense of backsliding and killing his wife this man was convicted of murder in the first degree, and he was hung by the neck until he was dead; and this was the last case of hanging by order of law on Michigan soil, and my impression is it was the first after the organization of the territorial government.

I saw the old man hung, and have no desire to see another human being launched into eternity under sanction of law, and I trust I never shall while I have my senses.

Public sentiment touching the question of capital punishment, seemed to change very suddenly and radically, and I could only account for it upon the principle of conscience, for in the eyes of the law they had hung a man of good moral character, and they began to fear for their own necks.

Be this as it may, from the day that Simmons was hung a majority of the people have gone against hanging, and I trust the day is far distant when the people of the State of Michigan will return to the barbarous practice of killing men under sanction of law.

In those days all able-bodied males between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years were required to perform military duty, and all such had their names enrolled, and were required twice a year to spend one day in hard military drill, not knowing how soon our knowledge of military tactics might be of great service to our country; and there soon came a time when we found it out, for in the summer of 1835 our little Michigan had some "onpleasantness" with her big sister "Ohio," which resulted in a fearful war, and the destruction of many lives of chickens and honey bees, and occasionally a turkey.

Being myself of a military turn of mind and fond of excitement, I cheerfully obeyed my country's call and started out "with humble knapsack on my back," "a poor but honest soldier," and as I did all my military drilling and must do all my fighting with my little boxwood fife, I therefore went forth playing cheerfully, "The girl I left behind me." Our march lasted the best part of four days, traveling most of the time at good speed, and occasionally sitting down to a lunch of fresh chicken and a bunch of well filled honey-comb, brought in by some foraging party who had been straggling off in search of some fresh water to drink and on a skirmishing expedition.

But what grieved us most of all was the fact that after marching all the way to the banks of the Maumee, we found Governor Lucas had stayed away

with all of his forces, and left us to do our fighting with the only man we could find, who was ready for the fight, and he preferred sending out his pigs and chickens to the slaughter rather than to come out himself.

We spent two nights and one whole day in drill, under the leadership of General Brown, of precious memory, showing the Buckeyes what Michigan troops could do in the matter of fight, if they could find a "foe worthy of their steel."

Satisfied with our achievements and glorious victories, our worthy "Commander in chief," our "Boy Governor," as we all called him, Stevens T. Mason, ordered "a right about face," "shoulder arms," and a "forward march, homeward," which we were all, by this time, quite ready to obey. So we were soon formed in line, and our martial band struck up the "Soldier's Return," and as we thought of "home, sweet home," and the "girls we left behind us," we were soon moving off in rapid march, disgusted enough with war, and fully resolved "we would beat our swords into ploughshares," and our "spears into pruning hooks," and never "learn war any more."

We were soon home, and our weapons of warfare were laid aside, and we were all soon regarded as citizens again, instead of being looked upon as bloodthirsty soldiers, as they considered us a few days before.

A few weeks later we were called out for general muster at Pontiac, and at the close of the day we were dismissed, and returned to our homes, and thus ended my military career, as I was never called out again for military drill.

By this time several of the first settlers in Troy, having heard of the fine lands in the western part of the State, conceived the thought that they could do better by selling out and pushing westward, to commence anew, as they had done when they first came to Michigan; and so several of our neighbors pulled up and started out, purchasing lands and making for themselves new homes, some in Clinton and others in Ionia county.

My father, having a good span of horses and wagon, was employed to assist in moving some of these families to their new homes; and while making one of these trips, in passing through Shiawassee county he became captivated with some portions of its lands, and came back with his mind fully fixed to try pioneering again, his main excuse being the want of more land, as he had but 120 acres in Troy.

Fearing the results of delay in purchasing the tract that pleased him most, he hired the money and made the purchase early in the winter of 1835, and in March, 1836, he started out with myself, my oldest sister's husband, whose name was Joseph Leonard, and a neighbor of ours by the name of Samuel Joslin, for the purpose of building a new house on his newly purchased land in Shiawassee county. We spent the first night at "Dibbleville," where there was one house, owned by Mr. Dibble, who also had a saw-mill in running trim. The place is now called Fenton and contains a population of some 3,000 inhabitants.

On the morning following we pushed on towards our place of destination, where we arrived about noon, on the banks of the Shiawassee River, about one and a half miles below where the village of Byron now stands. Here we found, close by the bank of the river, an Indian wigwam in pretty good condition, into which we moved, bag and baggage, and commenced housekeeping in good Indian style, myself being "chief cook and bottle-washer," while the rest played the part of boarders. Our fire-place was in the center of the wigwam, and having no crane upon which to hang my kettle, I found it a

matter of some difficulty to get the hang of the barn, so as to do up my cooking in good New England style, so as to afford satisfaction to my boarders. But I succeeded beyond my expectations, and when we broke camp, I had the pleasure of knowing my boarders were all satisfied.

A few days of hard toiling and our new house was up and covered, floors made of basswood plank, prepared by the same process of splitting and hewing as those referred to in connection with our first school-house in Troy.

We then returned home and waited the opening of spring before moving any of our effects to our new quarters on the banks of the noble Shiawassee, in the southeast corner of Shiawassee county.

In the month of June following, father sold his farm in Troy, and moved with his family to our new home in Shiawassee county, where we commenced pioneer life again, not having quite forgotten our experience of 1825.

In the township of Burns, where we settled, there was one family claiming to be of Yankee blood, and two families claiming to be of French blood, living on the Indian reservation, and were known as Indian traders. They were known as Knaggs and Beaubien. The name of the first-mentioned was Rathbun, familiarly called "Uncle Diar."

The Indian traders bought their goods and wares in Detroit, where they disposed of their furs, etc. It was a matter of surprise to me to see what an enormous amount of whisky these Indian traders brought on from Detroit, and sold those wild sons of the forest, and selling at just such figures as they were disposed to ask.

We had not been long in our new home before we were thronged with parties in search of land, some for homes, and others for speculation. Being young and full of vigor, I became an expert in piloting these land hunters, as I could lead them to every section corner and quarter post, and trace every section line by the old survey marks upon the trees, and in this way rendered valuable assistance to many an Eastern man who knew nothing of pioneer life, except as a matter of theory. Among those who came and spent several days in land hunting were a Mr. Boutell from Massachusetts, and Franklin Moore of Detroit, and I just enjoyed the fun of tramping through the brush and wading the marshes with those men; and when coming in at nightfall you ought to have seen us eat our meal, prepared for us as only my now sainted mother could prepare such a meal. O how those fellows would eat! After supper I would bring out *my violin* and play them a few of my favorite airs, when we would seek our place of rest, and pass over to the land of dreams and wait the coming morning, when we could go forth again in search of lines, quarter posts, and section corners.

We had not been long in our new home when other families came flocking in, and before the winter was upon us we had quite a population of whites as well as Indians in our township. In the month of June we had a remarkable fall of rain, which continued for three days and nights without intermission, which caused a great rise in the streams, and filled to overflowing all the swamps and marshes, providing musquito manufactories in abundance, furnishing a superabundance of these musicians, whose music was everywhere and all the day and all the night. If you succeeded in getting to sleep they claimed the honor of singing you away into dreamland. They were so plenty that when you were moving through the woods you needed a bush in each hand with both constantly swaying up and down, right and left, over and under and every other way imaginable, and then they would beat, and get

their fill of flesh and blood, especially blood. They were of the *bleedopathy* school of physicians, whose race is nearly extinct at present.

In the month of July the "Byron Mill Company," consisting of five men, whose names were Prevost, Derby, Goodwin, Calvin, and Pierpont Smith, came on and laid out the village of Byron at the junction of the east and south branches of the Shiawassee River, where was a very good water power which they intended to utilize.

It was just fun to see those fellows, fresh from the plains of Washtenaw and Livingston counties, trying to survey their lands and plat their village, with millions of mosquitoes pouncing upon them, and bleeding them at every pore where they could find an unprotected spot of skin large enough for a mosquito to stand *on one foot*. As a means of protection they provided themselves with veils made in form like a flour sack, sufficient in size to drop around the shoulders, and fastened at the hat crown. These veils were made of a species of white lace, and formed quite a protection to face and ears, while for the protection of the hands they used gloves, and by means of these they were enabled to proceed.

The village plat was soon completed, and but a few days had passed when a picture of our magnificent village appeared, with its broad avenues, fine brick blocks of stores and private dwellings, with a splendid four-story flouring mill, a fine saw-mill, and a splendid sidewheel steamboat sitting gracefully at the wharf back of the mill, as though just ready to steam away for Saginaw, with the water averaging a depth of at least two feet.

Everybody was delighted with our new village, and we all expected the county site first, and then the State capital, and the only reason why our expectations were not realized was simply because the *lucky* men got hold of the lands where Corunna and Lansing are located. But for this misfortune, there can be no sort of doubt but Shiawassee court-house and Michigan's magnificent State-house would to-day adorn the banks of Shiawassee River hard by that magnificent sidewheel steamer, which has never been able to supply herself with steam sufficient to make even her trial trip to Saginaw Bay.

There were several incidents in connection with the early history of this village which I deem worthy of mention in this paper.

The company brought on a lot of Irishmen to do their digging, wheeling dirt, etc. They were as jolly a set of fellows as I ever met, and when I *tould* them "Me mither was a small part Irish and me faither was more nor a small part Irish, and that meself was more nor all Irish, and the rist of me was Scotch, shure," they just adopted me, and I found a warm reception by them whenever I put in an appearance, which was quite often, I can assure you. I used to spend many of my evenings with them very pleasantly, if not profitably. One of their number, known as "Big Patrick," was a good singer, and he and myself used to sing songs by the hour, alternating regularly, while the rest of the crowd would sit and listen, sometimes until the clock struck twelve, then I would sing, "I won't go home till morning," and we would all turn in and enjoy the balance of the night resting upon *feather-beds* made of marsh hay.

There were others at these evening soirees besides these jolly Irishmen and myself. Often the whole five of the "Byron Mill Company" would be on hand. It was seldom they would all be away at the same time.

There was one chap they had imported, who was to be their head sawyer, and

who became such when their saw-mill was finished and commenced running. He was a Frenchman and as shrewd a chap as often turns up, and I think I never knew a man so chuck full and running over with mischief as he was, or who enjoyed playing tricks on his fellows any more than he did. I will give one of his pranks as a specimen:

He was spending the Sabbath at the Indian Reservation some five miles west of Byron, where the old Grand River trail crossed the Shiawassee River, where there was a fine fording place, the water in the deepest place being about to a man's waist.

About noon a stranger on foot came up from the west and was very anxious to pursue his journey eastward, but how to cross the river and not wet his feet was to him a great mystery, as there was no canoe or boat of any kind on hand, as the Indians were all away with their vessels.

The weather and water being warm, Case offered to carry the fellow across upon his back for a shilling, and he was green enough to try it on, and so mounted the Frenchman's back, who waded in, and when about half way over he stumbled and went down with his freight upon his back, but all went fairly to the bottom before he could rally and get upon his feet.

He made a handsome apology to the stranger, and said he was welcome to his ride as far as he had carried him, and hoped he would suffer no inconvenience from the little wetting he had received.

The company employed a man by the name of Mosher and his wife to keep a boarding house, for the accommodation of themselves and their men while they were getting things in shape for future operations. Mosher was not inclined to be religious nor at all superstitious, and at that time there was little in my conduct or appearance to indicate that I had ever had, or would ever have a serious thought, and yet, one evening while I was playing some pranks for the amusement of my Irish crew, the spirit of prophecy came upon Mosher, and he declared himself ready to bet quite a sum of money that I would yet be a Methodist preacher; and, as strange as it may seem, in less than ten years I was a member of the Michigan Conference, and preacher in charge, upon Shiawassee circuit, for two years, with Byron for one of my preaching places, and Mosher for one of my regular hearers; and although not at all religious, I believe he was as true a friend as I had in Shiawassee county, outside of my own kindred. I have often thought of his prediction, and wondered why he should have cherished such a thought.

Our first winter in Shiawassee was a pretty severe one, with plenty of cold weather, and plenty of snow. But our fare was much more in keeping with our appetite than it was during our first winter in Oakland county.

There was plenty of wheat for those who had plenty of money. My father paid as high as eighteen shillings per bushel for the last load he purchased, to help us through to harvest, and when our first crop came and was ready for market the price had dropped to four shillings per bushel, which was quite a tumble to take place in so short a time.

The Shiawassee River abounded in fish of several varieties, and the Indians used to catch a great many with spears, and they would frequently pass up the river during the day to some point a few miles above our place, and starting in at dark would float leisurely down with the current, provided with a good head-light, enabling them to see a fish at some distance; and when an Indian

got his eye on a good sized fish, he was quite sure to gather it in, with his two-tined spear.

At first I thought it wonderful how they could stand erect in one of their bark canoes and send them kiting up the strong current so rapidly; but after owning one a few weeks, I became master of the situation, and could manage one with pole or paddle, equal to any Indian in the county.

But I started to say that these Indians would let their canoes float down until they reached our landing, when they would haul ashore, and if they saw a light in *Chemocomon's* wigwam they would make for it, and beg permission to make their beds on the floor, a privilege never denied them except when they had whisky aboard.

In the morning they would bring up their fish and want to swap for *quash-e-gun* (bread), or *ko-kush* (pork). We found them a kind-hearted set of fellows, full of life, and fond of fun; and I used to enjoy their sports, such as running, jumping, and shooting with bow and arrow.

They were always elated when they could get ahead of me, but terribly mortified when I was too much for them. In those days I was quite fleet on foot, and seldom found a boy of my age who could get away from me when I set out to catch him; and I have often laid down my implements of husbandry for a few minutes, to take a race with some young Indian. I cannot run as fast now as I could then, and think I should hardly dare to bet very heavily on my own head.

Many of the men were excellent marksmen with the rifle, and were quite anxious to try me in shooting at a mark, but I would always refer them to my father for that sort of game, and in him they always found a champion.

But there are a hundred subjects I would like to present, but I have already extended my paper to such length that I fear to touch another, lest I weary you with my prolixity, and render myself in your estimation a regular bore. But there is one incident I must here relate, or prove myself guilty of disrespect for my departed sister.

In the spring of 1837, my second sister, a girl of sixteen years of age, was attacked with erysipelas, commencing just over the right eye. At first we thought it a boil, and would not prove anything serious, but after a few days, it assumed an appearance which gave us alarm, and it was decided we must send for a physician as soon as possible, and I accordingly mounted a horse and rode sixteen miles to Dibbleville, for Dr. Patterson, who was the only one within our reach at that time.

I was not many hours in making the distance and returning with the doctor, who upon examination pronounced it a case of putrid erysipelas, and that there was but a slim chance, if any, for her recovery. This was a terrible blow to us, and was so unexpected that it seemed almost too much for us to bear; for she was the idol of our household—the best and trustiest child my mother had reared.

We did all in our power to stay the hand of the destroyer, but 'twas all in vain, for on the night of the 24th of May her life went out, and it seemed as though the light went out of our home, it was, O, so desolate! and it seemed as though all nature was robed with gloom, and desolation was everywhere. A new grave must now be opened, and a place for a new cemetery must be designated, and the lifeless remains of my angel sister must be the first to be laid to rest in the village cemetery.

The place was selected, the new grave was opened, a prayer was offered by Deacon Cole, and a few of our new neighbors carried her remains and laid them to rest in that new-made grave.

There was no clergyman within our reach, in that hour of our deep sorrow. Not even the Methodist itinerant had yet found his way into our new settlement. It was a sad burial, and yet I don't know but I needed just that experience to give me sympathy for others, and cause me to go whenever and wherever the hand of sorrowing hearts is stretched towards me for words of comfort when death strikes down some loved one and desolates the home. Be this as it may, I know that during my forty years of ministerial labors, I have never failed to respond to these calls when it has been possible for me to go, no matter how great the distance, or how bad the weather, or how poor and obscure the family afflicted.

I must here relate an incident to show you in how tight a spot I sometimes find myself. I was called to attend a funeral at a private house where a child had died. The family were strangers to me, and I had traveled several miles to reach their dwelling, and was on hand just at the hour; found the congregation all ready for the service, a table set out, upon which lay a Bible and hymn-book, and with a heart full of sympathy for the bereaved, I proceeded with my service, giving out my hymn, then engaged in prayer for a few moments, gave out my second hymn, and while this was being sung, took up the Bible and opened for my text, when there dropped from between the leaves a number of playing cards. I should think at least one-third of a pack fell upon the table before me, and in sight of the whole congregation. You may judge of my embarrassment as well as my surprise, but as great as it was, I saw in the face of the sorrowing parents evidence of embarrassment far greater than it were possible for me to feel, and mortification so keenly pictured in their faces, that I sincerely pitied them, and I felt quite certain it would be a long time ere they would get caught in such a trap again. I closed my service, saying as many comforting words to the dear, sorrowing ones as I could find to say, and left them weeping as I rode away, and know not as I have ever seen one of them since.

To return to Shiawassee pioneer life: I desire to mention a few names of those who settled in our township in the summers of 1836 and 1837—Aaron Welman, Stephen Jennings, John Barnum, Peter Kanouse, Thos. Green, Ezra D. Barnes, Roger and Barney Haviland, Mr. Chaffee, Samuel and Joseph Leonard, Edward and Edmund Foster, Messrs. Drake, Botsfort, Baird, Westbrook, Welch, Whiting, Morse, Gilbert, Nicholas, Braden, Daniel Kitson, and so on to the end of the chapter, while to the north and west of us they poured in to the adjoining towns by the scores, until the county was pretty well occupied by an intelligent and industrious set of inhabitants, and the county that was almost an unbroken wilderness in the spring of 1836, by the fall of 1837 was blossoming as the rose, with several thriving villages, not upon paper but in actual existence, such as Owosso, Corunna, Shiawasseetown, Newburgh, and Byron. Others have since sprung into being, as the result of railroad enterprise, such as Gaines, Durand, Vernon, and Bancroft.

In those days, as I have intimated, the country was wild, inhabited with wild beasts and wild Indians, and it seemed in keeping with natural law that there should be some tendency to wildness on the part of youthful specimens of human nature of the white species, and if I manifested a little of the wild element now and then, it was easily accounted for, and the apology offered

on the part of my friends was: "He is sowing his wild oats now, but he will become tame in due time."

My impression is that the taming process came much sooner and more suddenly than any of my friends expected, but was greatly to their satisfaction, if it was a surprise. In the summer of 1838 I became a changed young man. I claim that I was converted, but I will not discuss that phase of the question in this paper, but I have this to say: My habits were changed, my life-plans were changed, my air-castles of fine construction and beauty burst like bubbles, and in a few months I was laying my plans and preparing myself for the work of preaching the Gospel, as an itinerant minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in the fall of 1841, at the session of the Michigan Conference held at White Pigeon, I was received on trial in said Conference, and appointed to my first circuit, and have continued in this work without let or hindrance, ever since.

Having been a pioneer in the settlement of Michigan it seemed quite natural that they should select me to do some pioneer work in the line of preaching the Gospel. Hence my first circuit embraced all of St. Clair county, and a portion of Sanilac, and a large share of this territory was as new and wild as was Shiawassee in 1837.

Our extreme northern point was where the village of Lexington now stands, or near there. The village at that time consisted of two log houses. One of them was an apology for a hotel, the other a private dwelling. One mile south of these was a frame school-house, where we held our meetings on some one of the working days of the week, and generally in the evening, except in the longest days of summer, when we would meet late in the afternoon.

Near this school-house was the home and shop of the jolly Mark Carrington, whose great heart was always open to welcome us to his hospitable home. When weary with a long and tedious ride on horseback, and hungry with a fast from early morning until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, we would rein up in front of his shop door and sing out: "Hello, Mark! Got any room for Billy in the shingle shanty to-day?"

You would have laughed could you have seen him spring from his seat, throw down his drawing-knife, and bound towards the door, crying out: "Hello, Old Boy! Come again to try and get us sinners converted, hey?"

He was not a professor of religion, and always seemed to enjoy himself best when playing some of his practical jokes on us preachers, as there were two of us, myself and colleague, Lovell F. Harris, who only lived a few years after this. But no man, living or dead, ever treated me with any greater kindness than did Mark Carrington; and his wife was quite as kind as himself, and always made me feel that I was welcome. I know not whether they are still living, as I have lost all trace of them.

Another point of interest to me, of which I desire to speak, ere I dismiss this subject: We had an appointment on Belle River, twelve miles west of Newport (now known as Marine City), called "The Lindlay Appointment." In this neighborhood I found a comfortable home with a venerable widow lady who was endeavoring to keep her family together and give them a fair start in the world. She had three sons, living at home, two of whom were about my own age, and although not much inclined to be religious they made me welcome, and treated me with great kindness and respect. These two they called Tif. and George, one of whom is a lawyer in Detroit, the other a wealthy business man in Saginaw.

The youngest of these was about ten years of age and has since grown to manhood. They then called him Dave, without any title to his name, but now everybody is calling him *Governor David H. Jerome.*

Thus you see that our new Governor is not a stranger to me, and it is not wonderful that he has a distinct recollection of me, and how he used to follow me out to get my horse and help me off when I was starting out on my four weeks' trip ere I should make my appearance at his mother's again.

There are many other incidents of interest I would like to add to this paper would time permit, but I must stop short. Thanking you for your attention and patience, I will now relieve you by saying "good night."

PIONEER GREETING, BY R. C. CRAWFORD, FOR 1881.

I.

Brave pioneers of Michigan,
I greet you all once more!
I'm glad to meet you all again,
To talk of days of yore—
Those many days when we were young,
When Michigan was new,
When hearts were brave, and hands were strong,
To plan, to dare, and do!

II.

Those many days of long ago—
How sweet their mem'ry yet!
Do you remember? Yes, you do;
You cannot well forget.
Our fathers brave, our mothers true,
Who mingled with us then;
They are not here to greet us now,
They'll never come again.

III.

With thankful hearts we here recall
Those names to mem'ry dear;
We loved them then, we love them still,
Those friends of by-gone years;
'Twas only when their work was done
They laid their armor down,
Then went to join the ransomed throng,
And be with glory crowned.

IV.

We're not as young as we were then,
Our locks are turning gray;
But Michigan, my Michigan,
Grows handsome every day.
Where once her mighty forests grew,
Now waves the ripening grain;
Her cities grand appear in view,
Adorning hill and plain.

V.

I cannot sing to you of all
The changes I have seen
In Michigan, our Michigan,
Since we were in our teens;

So many and so great have been
These changes, year by year,
That but for some old landmarks seen,
I'd scarcely know I'm here.

VI.

To live in such a State as this,
I'm glad that I was born.
I'm glad our fathers thought it best
To come in life's bright morn
And clear away these forests wild,
And make for us bright homes;
Reaping the fruit of their own toil,
Until their task was done.

VII.

It seems to me, brave pioneers,
As here we meet to-day,
We ought to pause and drop a tear
For those who've passed away;
And then resolve, with hearts sincere,
Whate'er we find to do,
We'll do it well with right good cheer,
And wait our time to go.

VIII.

One year ago there were some here,
Who are not here to-day;
And some of us, the coming year,
Like them may pass away.
We'll cross the river one by one,
And when we're all safe o'er,
I hope to greet you all with song,
Upon the farther shore.

PIONEER DAYS.

BY W. L. COFFINBERRY OF GRAND RAPIDS.

To the President and Society of the Pioneers of Michigan:

DEAR FRIENDS,—Although I hardly feel myself entitled to the honored name of "pioneer" in this glorious State of Michigan, yet I am inclined to claim some rights in the State, having lived in the State as my home ever since June, 1844; and notwithstanding my personal absence from your present re-union, I am with you in heart and spirit.

Permit me here to state that I have been a citizen of Centerville, St. Joseph county, two years, and of Grand Rapids, Kent county, nearly thirty-five years. I have the honor (if there is any honor in doing hard work in a new country, and I claim there is) of surveying some of the government lands of our State, and surveying a State road from Kent county to Northport in Leelanaw county, on which survey every man had to carry his knapsack on his back, and his working tools in his hands, and we had a cook who carried our tent and household culinary apparatus, and three men who acted in the capacity of biped pack-horses; and under these circumstances we averaged six miles per day, beginning on the 20th of April and ending the 20th of May, being a month on the road. This survey was made in 1859, and the next year I and a partner took a contract of cutting and clearing forty miles of the same road north from the village of Newaygo. We worked all summer on that road, living in our tents; and the next year, 1861, I enlisted in the army and spent a year and a half in the service of my country.

Permit me now to go back and mention what I claim as my greatest title to be called a pioneer of Michigan.

In the year 1829 I was a single man, living with an older brother who was married and had one child, and lived in central Ohio. My brother was ambitious, but poor, and wanted, as many other young men do, to make a strike for himself; and with that desire uppermost in his mind, he made up his mind to go to Michigan territory, get a hold and grow with the country. I concluded to try my luck in the same direction, and we left Ohio in the latter part of November, 1829, passed through Detroit and Lake St. Clair and landed at Cottrelville in a severe snow storm, and were obliged to remain there for the winter. We had intended to go to Saginaw; but the ice was now running in the river so we could not go any further.

We staid in Cottrelville until February, and my brother and his wife and a sister of hers all became dissatisfied to stay there any longer, and there was no possible means of getting away from there but to go on foot on the ice of the river. So we made up our minds to that, and like the "prodigal son" of Scripture, we concluded to "arise and go to our father," who was then living

near Mansfield, Ohio; and for the purpose of carrying what little baggage we had, I builded a small, light hand-sled, wide enough and long enough to lay a small-sized straw bed on it, so that the wife and child could sit on the sled and ride, the sister walking most of the time; and with sufficient preparation and some provisions to keep soul and body together, we started on the ice to make our way in mid winter from Cottrelville to Sandusky City. We averaged about twenty miles per day, my brother and myself drawing the sled by hand, passing through Detroit and Pleasance Bay by the lighthouse, to within a short distance of Maumee Bay, and there we learned, to our dismay, that we could not pass the bay on account of a large breach or crack in the ice which we could not pass.

We then, for it was near night, made the best arrangements we could for a night's lodging on the icy beach of Lake Erie, without fire, matches being unknown, and our Indian spunk, or punk, having given out, and the night growing cold, we began to feel somewhat discouraged; but it does not do, when prospects before us begin to look blue, to throw up our hands, and say we can do no more; but I remembered an old story in Dilworth's spelling book, with an illustration of a man with his shoulder to a carriage wheel stuck in the mud, and the moral was—"Put your shoulder to the wheel, and then call on Hercules."

We passed a long dreary night on the beach, and when morning dawned we aroused us from our "downy bed;" yes it was *down* on the cold ground, with very slight covering; but we, like people of that age of the world, were hardy, robust people, and although our supper was very small and our breakfast less, we kept up our courage, hoping for better days to come.

On the beach where we stayed that night was a strip of timbered land, from ten to fifteen rods wide. We were on the west shore of the lake, and immediately west of this strip of timber are extensive marshes; and at this time the water in the marsh had fallen sufficiently to let the ice break down and the water was above the ice, so that, looking across the marsh, it had the appearance of a lake of half a mile wide, bounded on the west by extensive grassy marshes. The snow had left the ground, having had several clear, sunny days, and we had to leave our sled and go all hands on foot, and standing on the east side of this wide, and partly water-covered marsh, we could see a small house on the west side of the marsh, which appeared to be about a mile and a half from where we stood, and the first half mile all water; but judging from the make of the surrounding country, we thought the water was not very deep, so we concluded to start for the house.

I led the way, for I could swim, and if I should get past wading deep, I could swim back and the others need not come in where it was so deep. My brother carried the little boy, eighteen months old, on his back, and each of the women carried small loads of our bedding, etc., and we all waded through that water for about half a mile, which was about three feet deep on top of the ice. We all reached the house in safety without the loss of a man.

The Frenchman, who lived in the house that we came to, received us very cheerfully, and then proposed to take his horse and cart and bring our baggage which we had left behind, and take all up to the State road, leading from Toledo to Detroit, and leave us at a hotel on the road, which he did. I left all at the hotel and started alone for my father's home.

There were many incidents in that little trip that might be interesting to relate, but I have already exceeded my intention, and beg pardon for so long a story without much in it.

PIONEER SCHOOLS AND THEIR PATRONS,

OF THE TOWN OF NANKIN, WAYNE COUNTY, MICHIGAN.

BY MELVIN D. OSBAND.

Read at the annual meeting, February 2d, 1881.

The writer of this paper was not only a pioneer, but the son and grandson of pioneers. My grandfather, Weaver Osband, emigrated from Rhode Island to Palmyra, N. Y., in 1791, when the country of the "Genesees" was young. There my father, William Osband, was born June 1, 1796, and from thence he emigrated to Michigan when it was beyond the outskirts of civilization.

In the spring of 1825, Rev. Marcus Swift, whose wife was sister of my father, and Mr. Luther Reeves, a brother of my mother, two citizens of Palmyra, N. Y., came to Michigan to purchase land for their future home. Landing at Detroit, they penetrated the forests by the aid of the Indian trail, up the banks of the west branch of the River Rouge, to what is now the town of Nankin, being T. 2 S., R. 9 E. Mr. Reeves located 160 acres on section 3, and Mr. Swift located an equal tract on section 11. Returning to Detroit they purchased their lands May 10, 1825. In the following August, William Osband purchased of Mr. Reeves his Michigan land, and on the morning of Saturday, October 1, 1825, he and Mr. Swift, with their families, started for the far off Michigan by the Erie Canal. The Erie Canal was not yet completed, and at Lockport they were compelled to transport their goods seven miles by land and re-ship. They landed at Detroit on the 8th of the month, having consumed one week on the passage.

Mr. Swift's family consisted of himself, wife, three sons, and one daughter. Mr. Osband's consisted of himself, wife, two sons, Luman Fowler, a young man in my father's employ, and Amy Burgess, a young girl then a member of the family. The writer of this was then but one and one-half years old. The transit from Detroit to their land was made in a small boat down the Detroit River, and up the River Rouge to the Thomas settlement, about ten miles from Detroit, and from thence by a wagon drawn by three Indian ponies owned by Mr. Alanson Thomas. The little colony found accommodations with a Mr. Benj. Williams, in what is now the town of Dearborn, on section 6, till they could build on their land.

The town of Nankin was originally covered, with slight exceptions, with dense forests of large growth. Two branches of the River Rouge traverse the town from west to east about four miles apart. They run in narrow valleys less than twenty feet below the surrounding country. The land not in, nor adjoining these valleys, is so level that in its wild state, the water of storms

requires weeks or months to pass off to the rivers, which fact seemed to justify its reputation of being all swamp or swale. None but the lands bordering these rivers were considered fit for agricultural purposes, and little or none was purchased elsewhere till all the river lands were taken. A few pieces were purchased along these rivers previous to 1825, though little or none of it was settled. Mr. Osband moved into his house on the 5th of January, 1826. When he moved in, the doors and windows were what mathematicians would call minus quantities. A pack of wolves took possession of the house the night before, and dug in the ashes in the fire-place, and gnawed the bones left from the workman's dinner. Mr. Swift moved into his house the following March. These two families were among the first in the town.

I think my brother, Luther R. Osband, born March 14, 1826, was the first white child born in the town.

A large proportion of the pioneers of this section were of New England descent, and where a Yankee goes he takes his schools with him. They were all of very limited means financially, and their children were often poorly and uncomfortably clad, but these circumstances were insufficient, in their minds, to justify a neglect of school privileges.

The first school within the limits of the town was taught by Miss Paulina Fullerton, who resided in what is now the town of Redford. It was taught in the west half of a double log house that stood a few rods west of where Mr. Friend Perrin's house now stands, on the N. E. ¼ of section 1. My recollection of this school, though distinct, embraces but few incidents. Among its patrons were William McCarty, and James Abbott, of Dearborn, who settled in 1820. Rev. Marcus Swift, and William Osband came in 1825. Geo. M. Johnson came in 1826. Also Mr. Johns, Mr. Brewer, and Mr. Fowler.

While this school was in progress, or very soon after, the project of building a school-house was set in motion. It was located near the S. W. corner of the E. ½ of S. E. ¼ of section 33, of what is now the town of Livonia, but was then a part of Nankin. It was known as the Schwarzburg school-house. It was a frame house on the north side of the territorial road leading from Detroit to Ann Arbor, and has been a conspicuous landmark until recent years, though long since abandoned as a school-house.

The size of the house was eighteen by twenty-four feet. It was built by tax under the territorial law of 1827. I have been unable to determine the bounds of the district, but my recollection is, that children came to the school a distance of fully three miles both east and west. William Osband, Henry Wells, and Ebenezer Smith constituted the building committee. William Osband laid out and raised the frame. Ebenezer Smith and James Buckland (the latter from Dearborn) finished the woodwork on the inside, ceiling the walls as high as the windows. Norton Noble did the plastering, and when nearly finished, it was found there was a deficiency of mortar, and as there was no lime short of Detroit, a large proportion of clay was mixed with the lime, and with this the south half of the ceiling was plastered. This proved superior to the other, remaining on after the rest fell off. Marcus Swift built the chimney with brick taken from an old chimney owned by Alanson Thomas in the eastern part of Dearborn. The house was clapboarded on the outside. The writing desks were made by fastening a board in an inclined position against the walls. The seats were made by driving legs into auger-holes in the corner side of soft wood slabs. These with a chair, pail, cup, and a whip, constituted the entire furniture. The whip was sometimes quite conspicuous,

for in one instance it was of such dimensions that the teacher could reach with it, from his chair, every part of the house.

The first school in the new house was taught by Miss Eunice Whitney, a sister of the late Mrs. Martin Frasier of Livonia, and afterward the wife of Mr. James Patterson of Nankin.

In the autumn of 1833 another school-house was built and a school established in the N. W. corner of section 11, of Nankin, on the land of Marcus Swift. The house was built by subscription, but the principal part of the expense was borne by four persons—Marcus Swift, William Osband, Abraham Perrin, and Thomas Dickerson. The size of the house was sixteen by eighteen feet, and very cheaply and roughly made. It was a frame house, with board and slab roof. Its sides were made of boards a foot or more in width, nailed to the studding horizontally. It had no chamber floor. The inside was finished and furnished in a style similar to the Schwarzburg house.

In the year 1835 a district organization was effected. The house was then plastered and generally improved. This was known as the Perrinsville school-house.

The first school in this house was taught by Miss Elizabeth N. Swift, sister of Rev. Marcus Swift, and afterward the wife of the late A. L. Chase, of the village of Wayne. She taught two successive winters. She came to Michigan in 1833. She died within the past year (1880).

The following table exhibits the names of the several persons who taught in the two houses respectively and the years they taught:

IN THE SCHWARZBURG SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Miss Eunice Whitney, summer	1830
Dr. Micah Adams, winter	1830–1
Miss Jane Lewis, summer	1831
Mr. Tillotson Munger, winter	1831–2
Miss Abby Goodspeed, summer	1832
Mr. John D. Corey, winter	1832–3
Miss Polly Noble, summer	1833

IN THE PERRINSVILLE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Miss Elizabeth N. Swift,	winter	1833–4
Miss Elizabeth N. Swift,	"	1834–5
Mr. Sylvanus Goff,	"	1835–6
Mr. John D. Corey,	"	1836–7
Mr. William Foster,	"	1837–8
Mr. Dudley L. Van Akin,	"	1838–9
Mr. Almond Reynolds,	"	1839–40
Mr. John D. Corey,	"	1840–1
Mr. Glode D. Lewis,	"	1841–2
Mr. William H. Gregory,	"	1842–3

I am unable to give the names of persons who taught the summer schools in the Perrinsville house. I can name a few, but cannot tell the years they taught, nor the order of their teaching. Among them were Mrs. Almira Moore, wife of David Moore, and her sister, Miss Sarah Griswold, Miss Sarah Stafford, daughter of Moses Stafford, a resident of the district, and Miss Harriet Burbank, a resident of Livonia, who taught two terms.

Of these teachers, Dr. Adams came from Ohio in 1826, and settled in the

vicinity. He is favorably known by the older portion of the community, as the pioneer physician, for many years, of that whole region of country, and was a valuable citizen. He moved to Plymouth about 1833, and died there many years ago.

Miss Jane Lewis was daughter of Rev. Judah Lewis, of Livonia, and sister of Mrs. Dr. Adams. She subsequently married Mr. Daniel Barlow of Livonia.

Mr. Munger was a pioneer of the town and a resident therein till recently.

Miss Goodspeed was sister of Hiram Goodspeed, a merchant doing business a little west of the school-house. It was during her term that the school was thrown into frightful emotions by rumors of the Black Hawk war. The scholars believed themselves in imminent danger of a hostile visit from the savages. But better councils prevailed, and they were pacified. One day about 300 militia from Plymouth and the vicinities west of us passed by in military order, led by martial music, on their way to Ten Eyck's tavern in Dearborn, to stand a draft for the war. The teacher gave us a recess to enable us to see them. The most of us had never seen such a vast army before, and it was one of the grandest sights we had ever beheld.

Mr. Cory taught three terms in the two houses, and is remembered as a pioneer of 1832, and a professional school teacher. If living, he now resides in Isabella county.

Miss Noble was daughter of Norton Noble of the district, and subsequently married David McFarlan. She died many years ago.

Mr. Goff had relatives in the district, and now resides in Portland, Mich.

Mr. Foster came from Canton and was a clear-headed and energetic teacher. He subsequently served in the Union army during the rebellion, and died in Eaton county in recent years.

I know little of the history of Mr. Reynolds.

Mr. Lewis afterward settled in Calhoun county.

Mr. Gregory was a young man from Plymouth, and taught a private school. The school-house had become so much dilapidated that the district decided they would have no school during the winter. Some of the citizens were stongly opposed that a winter should pass without a school, and Marcus Swift, William Osband, and Isaac F. Perrin, entered into a contract with Mr. Gregory, by which he agreed to teach a private or select school. He was to occupy the old school-house a short time, till a room could be prepared by Mr. Perrin, in a building recently erected for the cloth-dressing business. The sequel proved that the new rooms were never prepared and the old school-house was occupied during the whole term. Mr. Gregory was a man of fine culture, and a superior teacher. He subsequently served several terms in the lower house of the State Legislature, and became an influential member thereof. He was also an ordained minister of the Baptist denomination. He died many years ago in Plymouth.

The following are the names of some of the patrons of these schools, and the years they severally settled in the vicinity, as near as I can determine: Marcus Swift, William Osband, and Joseph Kingsley, all in 1825; Dr. Micah Adams, Martin Frasier, and Geo. M. Johnson in 1826; Ebenezer Smith, in 1827; Joseph Keller, Elias Davenport, and Norton Noble as early as 1826 or 1827; Isaac Wilkinson in 1828; James Kipp, Lawson A. Van Akin, and James Ferguson in 1830; Thomas Dickerson, Rev. Reuben Armstrong, Benj. Marshall, Walter Norris, Selden Williams, William Dean, and Silas Barker in 1831; Abraham Perrin and Isaac F. Perrin, about the same time; Luther Dean,

Samuel Millard, Job Sherman, and John D. Corey in 1832; Alexander Tait and Josiah B. Barker, and probably Gilbert Cooper, in 1833.

As a patron of schools and a member of the community, the Rev. Marcus Swift occupied a conspicuous place.

He was a minister of the M. E. Church, and for some years the only resident preacher in the vicinity. As such, he did the preaching for the people, performed the ceremony at marriages, gave consolation to the sick and dying, and buried their dead. He was twice appointed justice of the peace by Governor Cass, and for a series of years was the supervisor of the town. He was a man of large ability and of uncompromising principles. In his extensive labors for the good of others, he is justly entitled to a credit of a large amount of unrequited toil. He died in Northville in 1865.

I have been unable to learn the wages paid to the several teachers. Dr. Adams received $12 per month and boarded himself, and Mr. Gregory received $40 for teaching three months, and was boarded. Mr. Munger and Mr. Corey boarded themselves; all the rest "boarded round."

Both school-houses were used for religious and other meetings, and the Schwarzburg house was also used for a town house, while the two towns were combined in one. The terms of school were usually, and I think invariably, of three months' length.

The principal books used in the schools were Webster's American Spelling Book for a speller and elementary reader. In the earlier of these schools, the young reader passed from this to the Testament as an intermediate reader. This was a pure case of the Bible in schools, though in none of them did religious exercises constitute any part of the school programme. From the Testament the reader graduated into the English Reader. This spelling book was superseded by Webster's Elementary Spelling Book during Miss Swift's second term, and Porter's Rhetorical Reader superseded the English Reader during Mr. Gregory's term. Dabol was the standard arithmetic in all these schools except the last, when Adams' New Arithmetic took its place. Kirkham, Smith, and Murray were authorities in grammar, and Woodbridge and Olney in geography.

The schools were never well classified. A multiplicity of text-books was a constant annoyance to the teachers. Except in reading and spelling, the instruction was individual rather than class. No blackboard was ever used in any of these schools except the last, and there only to a limited extent. Steel pens were unknown. The goose, turkey, and turkey-buzzard furnished the raw materials for all the pens used.

Writing paper came unruled, and no student's outfit was complete without a rule and plummet, which latter consisted of a piece of lead in the shape of a narrow and much elongated wedge, to be used in ruling the paper. Lead pencils, if not unknown then, were so little used as to be unknown to the students.

I have no recollection that any teacher or any scholar was ever expelled from school, and hence I think every teacher taught the full term of his contract.

Teachers' wages were always raised by rate-bill.

The wood used in warming the school-houses was generally furnished by contribution. If one person failed to provide his due proportion, as was frequently the case, somebody else would supply the deficiency. The wood was generally unseasoned, and from that cause the school-house was sometimes very uncomfortable. In one of Mr. Corey's terms in the Perrinsville school the green wood fire was insufficient to make the house comfortable, and an

iron kettle was placed in one end of the room and all the coals from the stove that could be spared placed in it. By this means the temperature of the room was made endurable if not comfortable. The noxious gases from the burning coals passed out through the open crevices of the house so freely that the children were not appreciably injured thereby.

I have written the above very largely from my own personal recollections. There are but few persons left that were conversant with those early times, and the number that are able to relate the history of them is still less. I am under great obligation to the Hon. Geo. W. Swift, of the village of Wayne, son of Rev. Marcus Swift, for many of the facts herein stated. He is the only person I have met among that little surviving few whose recollections are sufficiently clear to be of value in giving specific information on these points. I wish he could be induced to give his recollections of the pioneer times of that section in a tangible form, for unless recorded they will very soon be lost forever.

SILVER ISLET.

HOW A REMARKABLE MINE WAS DISCOVERED—SOME PECULIARITIES OF SUPERIOR SHORES—A ROOF WORTH HALF A MILLION.

From the Sunday Herald, Boston, Mass., Dec. 4th, 1881.

It is not unusual, in these days of speculation and marvelous financial operations, to listen to stories of the wildest recklessness in these directions, confounding to the inexperienced and astounding to the conservative mind. Almost always it is the transactions in stocks or securities connected with mines, railroads, and different forms of corporate interests, rather than the physical appearance of these interests, that attract attention. Thus a copper mine, situated in the midst of a region which abounds in these manifestations, is a commonplace affair enough, and may present but few features which will render even the most graphic description interesting. But the story of the operations of a giant manipulator, in connection with the securities of this mine, may command the attention of the world.

Occasionally, however, there are peculiarities in the situation, character, or development of these interests which are equal to, or perhaps overshadow, any financial transactions with which they may become associated. Such instances are usually worthy of special scrutiny and investigation, as belonging to the class of things in this world some knowledge of which is worth having. To this class the writer believes the "Silver Islet" mine to belong, and something of its history and description will be here given, not so much as illustrating the financial operations to which it has given rise, as to call attention to the features of this morsel of natural production, and become better acquainted with one of the wonders of North American possession.

DISCOVERY.

The shores of Lake Superior long since became a wonder to geologists, and the seekers after mineral wealth have been often confounded no less at the abundance of precious ores secreted there than by the unexpected conditions under which it has been discovered. Especially is this true of portions of the north, or Canada, shore of this great inland sea, although, as yet, the investigations seem to stand only upon the threshold of the immense storehouse existing.

In July, 1868, a party of mining engineers cruising along the shores of Thunder bay, when just off the point of Thunder cape, sailed along by a little islet of rock, close in upon the shore. This island was about three-quarters of a mile from the mainland, and measured about ninety feet each way across, and rose out of the lake only about eight feet in the highest part.

It may be noticed that the members of this exploring party were not extremely sanguine as to discovering rich ore deposits in the Thunder bay region, because they had noted that the rock about was mostly composed of grayish flags and red and white sandstones, lying in a horizontal position, and they had been accustomed to expect valuable finds in highly inclined and crystalline rocks. However, it was also remembered that some unusually fine copper deposits had been found in the horizontal formation of the Superior shores, and they kept their eyes open in consequence, willing to be convicted by the logic of facts of making a mistaken valuation.

Numbers of the party landed upon this rocky islet, and began picketing for a line of mining operations which had been established on shore. A vein of ore and galena was soon noted, and nuggets of metallic silver were found, close to the water's edge. A single blast detached all the vein rock above the surface of the water which carried ore; but farther out, where the rock was submerged, black patches with a greenish tinge could be plainly seen following the vein. In short, this vein was soon proved to abound in silver of extraordinary richness. At once this rock was christened "Silver Islet," an appellation which it has proved to merit.

THE SITUATION, ETC.

Silver islet is much exposed to storms from the west, southwest, and east, and the storms of that region are storms indeed. The course of the vein discovered traversing the island proved to be about north 35° west, and its dip about 85° southeast, its greatest width being on the northwest side of the islet. The metallic minerals of the vein and branches were found to be silver, silver glance, tetrabedrite, donacykite, galena, blende, iron and copper pyrites, cobalt bloom and nickel green. The rock intersected by the silver vein is a chloritic diosite, forming a dike, differing somewhat from other dikes of this location, among which are corsyte and anorthite porphyry.

In the year following the discovery of Silver Islet (1869) the summer was very stormy, and not much progress was made in excavating the rock. In August of that year the sinking of a shaft was begun, from which it was intended to cross-cut to the vein as the shaft descended. During this year buildings were erected in the islet and all mining operations were established. The sinking of a shaft was for a time discontinued on account of the influx of water. Blasting under water was successful, and extended over about thirty feet of the vein. In the winter of 1869–70 there was taken from Silver Islet by ten men in fourteen days of actual work, $16,000 worth of ore, a fact which attracted much attention wherever mining operations are noted, as it signified a mine of unusual richness.

In September, 1870, operations were begun to establish a permanent mine at Silver Islet. Extensive breakwaters were built, part of the vein inclosed by a coffer dam, the area within the latter pumped dry, considerable mining done, and seventy-seven tons of ore were shipped before the close of navigation, or in about four weeks of running. The winter of 1870–1 was very stormy. In February severe gales were experienced, and the floating ice tore away cribwork for 250 feet in length, chafed the ends of large logs so that they looked like brooms, and iron bolts two inches in diameter were twisted off. The coffer-dam was filled up in a very short time after the cribbing was destroyed, but the dam itself sustained little damage. By the 1st of May, 1871, an excavation had been made in the rich part of the vein inclosed by the coffer-

dam, leaving a length of sixty-five, depth of thirty-two, and an average width of eight feet. At the close of navigation in November this depth had increased to ninety feet. The total production of Silver Islet from time of discovery until close of navigation in 1871 was $763,400.59.

VICISSITUDES.

In the winter of 1873–4 the terrible storms again made their appearance. On December 1 a southeaster tore away 350 feet in length of submerged cribs, caused a loss of 20,000 feet of timber and seven and one-half tons of bolts, and carried away the upper portion of the main breakwater. The breakwater had an altitude of nearly twenty feet above the level of the lake. Eight feet in hight of the top and sixty feet in length of it was carried away. Rocks were hurled around the islet like hailstones, and the buildings were considerably damaged. The ore produced from 1872 to 1875 was of estimated value $1,195,718.45.

From the time of discovery to the present, considerably more than $3,000,000 worth of silver has been taken from Silver Islet, and it has paid to proprietors upward of $1,600,000, beside all the expenses of its development and working. Ten "levels" now intersect the main shaft of the mine, and these extend for hundreds of feet, even far out under the lake bottom. But the finding of the "bonanzas," which seem to constitute the principal deposits of this mine, have been at intervals often of considerable time, and there have been singular alternations of tremendous outlay and hope almost given up on the part of the owners, and rich finds which would recompense almost in a single day the outlay and labor of years. Some of the operations necessary in developing this mine have been singular enough.

In excavating the mine below the surface of the island a portion of rock was left intervening between the lake and excavated portion, which formed a barrier or roof, the only means of keeping the water of the lake from flooding the mine. This roof or canopy, as viewed from within the mine, presents the appearance of a vast vaulting or arch of silver, so thickly is it strewn with the pure metal. It is estimated that $500,000 worth of pure silver is thus in sight of the upward looker in the top of the mine, all included in a comprehensive gazing upon the inside of this roof. It was determined at one time to remove this roof, and appropriate the silver to the further development of the mine. To accomplish this without destroying the mine, it was decided to construct an artificial roof, sixty feet below the surface of the lake, to be built of heavy brick arches, spanning the drifts or excavations of the east and west veins throughout their entire length (132 feet at that level) with a brick chimney or shaft enclosing the present shaft, and giving means of communication with the mine below. When these arches and shaft should be completed, and proven by the hydrostatic test of permitting the intervening space to be filled to the lake surface, it was intended to withdraw that water, and "stope" or excavate from underneath, thus securing the rich material of the roof.

COUNTER DEVELOPMENTS.

But this proceeding became for a time unnecessary, in consequence of the discovery of another "bonanza," no less than $700,000 worth of almost pure silver being taken out of one pocket, Thus it has been with this mine. Bonanzas and pockets are discovered at intervals, rivaling in richness any

known silver mines in the world, while the great expense of working the mine and the peculiarities of the situation render the history of the enterprise a curious alternation between long continued and exhaustive labor and outlay, and unbounded success. And these conditions promise to return with more marked emphasis in future. Meanwhile, parties directly interested in Silver Islet have most unbounded faith in its excelling any other silver mines known in the future, while the uncertainties connected with the matter, and the element of probable success connected with the certainty of great outlay, renders the enterprise a favorite investment even with capitalists not inclined to be fanciful or misled in financial matters.

Another physical peculiarity of Silver Islet is worth recording. On December 28, 1875, while a party of men were engaged in drilling a hole in the end of the drift on the eighth level the drill broke through a crevice, or "vug." Water at once flowed through the aperture, and one of the miners took a candle to look into the drill hole, not being aware that there was a large escape of gas with the water. The gas instantly took fire, sending out a flame into the drift for more than forty feet. The men threw themselves along the bottom of the drift, and remained uninjured, and the flame soon subsided when they escaped by the shaft. Returning again into the drift, when within forty feet of the end, the gas again ignited, filling the drift with flame to within three feet of the bottom, the flame extending along the back of the drift 150 feet towards the shaft. Some time after the men walked through the drift without a light, and filled the drillhole with a wooden plug. On the following day no gas was discovered in the drift until a candle was brought close to the plug, when the gas again took fire, giving a jet about a foot long, which has been burning ever since. This probably indicates, say the geologists, that the rocks near Silver Islet are of much more recent age than has been generally supposed.

FIRST TRIP BY STEAM TO LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.

From the Detroit Post and Tribune, March 26th, 1882.

I noticed a communication from your Marquette correspondent some time ago, in which he referred to the old hulk of the steamer Julia Palmer, now lying at that place, and made the remark that she was the first steamer that ever plowed Lake Superior; which is an error, and he has been misinformed. I have waited thus long to see it corrected, but I don't think it has met the eye of the other survivors of that trip—if there are any left. Therefore, before I too, pass away, and while my memory yet serves me, I will correct the statement and give a short history of that memorable first trip by steam on Lake Superior.

My memory carries me back to the spring of 1845, or more than one-third of a century, and I have a vivid recollection of standing on Dorr & Webb's dock in Detroit early in that spring, watching the process of transforming a little tub of a sloop of about fifteen tons, into a fore-and-after called the Ocean. Said sloop had a history, she having capsized once or twice and drowned part of her crew. They thought they could disguise her so as to get a crew to man her. My funds being rather low I determined to ship if I could, and ship I did. We took in a cargo of fish for Sandusky and Milan, Ohio, and in due time sailed for those ports, and returned without any serious mishaps. We then received orders to fit up for Lake Superior, which we accordingly did, but I, being slightly indisposed when we got ready, could not proceed with the vessel, which sailed without me.

Some time in June, I think, the same firm that owned the Ocean bought and fitted up the topsail schooner Merchant of about seventy-five tons, Captain John Watson, for the same trade, *i. e.*, Lake Superior, and I, being determined to visit that famous lake, shipped on her, with the understanding that I might join my own ship (the Ocean) at the Sault if I felt so disposed. In due time we took on board all the necessary materials for taking both vessels over the rapids, *i. e.*, the Ocean and Merchant, and reached the Sault, where we found the Ocean waiting for us. We fell to and jerked her over in short meter, and then tackled the larger one, the Merchant. They were both taken over on rollers the same as buildings are sometimes moved. When we had the Merchant about half way across, word came that a steamer had just arrived from Chicago, with all the rigging on board, to be taken over the rapids. A few days after, a misunderstanding arose among the crew of the Merchant, and a part of them quit and left her. Hearing that they were in want of a porter on board the newly arrived steamer Independence, then lying at McKnight's dock

getting ready to be hauled over, I applied and got the berth of porter and immediately began my duties as such. Everything being in readiness the ship was hauled out of water, and began its transit across the neck of land forming the rapids. In the meantime I was promoted to head waiter in the cabin. No mishaps occurring, the process of hauling progressed slowly but surely, and in about seven weeks we were again launched in the river at the head of the falls. In the meantime the schooner Napoleon of about 150 tons was being put together (her whole works having been got out and shipped there ready) and she was launched a short time before the Independence, and so was the Merchant, she having stuck in the process of launching, which caused considerable delay. By this time it had got to be quite late in the fall and it began to be feared that we would not be able to make the trip before we were froze in. On the strength of this the steward and cook, both belonging in Philadelphia, quit and went home. I was then left alone to do the cooking and see to the cabin, for two or three days. We then found a cook and everything went lovely again, and I had to fill the place of steward and waiter for the balance of the trip. In due time we got a mixed cargo and were ready to sail for up the lakes, but we didn't just then. The passengers came on board, and among them was a family named Spencer with a very sick child, who lingered a day or two and died, on whose account we delayed sailing until after the burial. We again got ready and this time sailed with a crew of fourteen all told, composed of the following, as near as I can recollect them: Albert Averill, captain; Samuel Moody, chief mate; Thomas Richie, chief engineer; Rufus Durham, assistant engineer; Captain Stannard, pilot; myself as steward, and Stafford (forget given name) as cook, two firemen and six deck hands of mixed nationality, comprised of Greek, Scotch, Irish, Yankee, and English. Only one of these I remember by name, a little Englishman, James Bendrey, who afterwards became well known on the lakes. I do not remember how many passengers we had, but distinctly remember that C. C. Douglass was one of them. He was then in charge of the Cliff mine at Eagle River, the only one of them that was then being worked to amount to anything, and also the Spencer family in the employ of Mr. Douglass.

As was before stated, we steamed up the lake and the first place we touched at was Copper Harbor, or Fort Wilkins (no such place as Marquette being thought of), where we found a small garrison and two or three log huts. The next in order was Eagle Harbor, where there were a few prospectors, and then on to Eagle River, where we discharged the most of our cargo, but before we could throw off some fifty kegs of powder the wind raised from the northwest and kicked up such a sea that we had to weigh anchor and leave. We shaped our course for La Pointe, but made poor headway, the wind being almost ahead. We, however, persevered till we got within sight of the Apostle islands, when the wind freshened into a gale and we had to turn about and run before it and make for the lee of Keweenaw point, the nearest harbor that we dared enter with safety. In the meantime the seas got running so high that it tossed our little steamer like a shell and rolled so heavy that the stoves broke loose from their moorings and tumbled all over the cabin, scattering fire all over the floor. When it is remembered that it was not generally known among passengers and crew that we had 50 kegs of powder aboard it made rather lively work for us straightening things up. We succeeded in reaching our objective point in safety, where we cast anchor and laid by for three or four days, waiting for fair weather, repairing and laying in a stock of wood, which we had to chop

and take off in our yawl boat—rather slow but sure work. We again set sail, and this time having favorable weather, we succeeded in reaching Eagle River, where we bade good-by to our dangerous cargo (powder) and where some of us strolled up to the Cliff mine and there saw the first stamp mill (rather a primitive one) in operation in that now famous region. Returning on board we again steamed up the lake to La Pointe, our final destination (no such a place as Ontonagon then being thought of), which we reached in safety and gave the natives a dreadful scare with the appearance of our craft, and the noise of our steam whistle.

Our trip up the lake being now accomplished, we started on our return to the Sault, which we reached in safety. The season being now far advanced we immediately proceeded to dismantle the steamer and laid her up for the winter, in company with the following named crafts, which then constituted the available fleet of that greatest of all great lakes: The Ocean, about fifteen tons, the Chippewa, about twenty tons, the Algonquin, about thirty tons, the Swallow, about forty tons, the Merchant, about seventy-five tons, the Napoleon, about one hundred and fifty tons, and the Independence about three hundred and sixty-five tons. The first steamer that ever ploughed Lake Superior thus ended that memorable first trip by steam to the mining regions. We found below the falls the steamer Baltimore, which was either hauled over in the winter or early spring. The Napoleon was also fitted up the next summer with engines.

So you see that the Julia Palmer was not the first nor second, and I doubt the third, steamer on Lake Superior. We were fortunate to find a small top-sail schooner, the very last of the season, on which the most of us took passage for Detroit and civilization.

LEWIS MARVILL.

Parkville, St. Joe County, Mich.

OLD FRENCH TRADITIONS.

BY MRS. M. CARRIE W. HAMLIN, OF DETROIT.

Read before the Wayne County Pioneer Society in 1878.

The following incidents, like little waifs, have drifted down the current of the past into our family history. I have gathered them, for time with its bird-like rapidity will soon sweep along with its wings these souvenirs of the courteous, generous Canadians who came to colonize our beautiful city.

These glimpses into their domestic life become more valuable, as our knowledge of their manners and customs is limited. It is to be regretted that we are indebted to the pen of the Englishman for the few written records that we possess. They came as conquerors with but little sympathetic feeling for the vanquished, nor just comprehensiveness of the character of the gay, pleasure loving Canadian. They thought "nothing good could come out of Nazareth," especially when that Nazareth was so far removed from civilization, and in the wilds of a new country, peopled by the French, their hereditary foes.

NATIONAL PRIDE.

The old French pioneer clung with great tenacity to the traditions and customs of La Belle France; they were the link connecting him with the shores of his sunny home.

The French language was spoken with all the purity and elegance of the time of Louis XIV. After the conquest it lost much of its purity, by the mingling of the two languages. It was the polite language of the upper class, English officers and their wives always speaking it fluently.

No people piqued themselves more in pride of ancestry whenever there was any ground for it. Many of the first colonists belonged to the *Ancienne Noblesse* of France, retired officers and soldiers. Several of their descendants still preserve their name and tradition. The commandants of Fort Pontchartrain all belonged to distinguished families, and many bore historic names. I find in every branch of the *Navarres*, whether in Florida, Canada, New York, or Michigan, the tradition of a descendant from a king of France. It is probably too late to verify it, but I mention it to show as a legacy; these old traditions were handed down from generation to generation and can still be found in the remotest branches.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

An old custom in the past times of Canada, which still exists and has several times been revived in Detroit and Grosse Pointe even within late years, is la

d' Ignolee. On New Year's eve a number of young men mask, go from house to house singing a peculiar song suitable for the occasion; the host and hostess bring out bundles of clothing, provisions, and sometimes money, and fill the cart of the minstrels. These contributions are afterwards distributed among the poor. The custom is traced to France, and by fragmentary history and tradition away back to the Druids, who administered law and a form of religion to the Celtic nations of Gaul, Britain, and Germany. The exchanging of presents was very universally followed, also the making of calls. The fair hostess always presented her rosy cheek to be saluted by the caller; the right of precedence was strictly observed, the oldest person always being first, and officers according to rank. The wives of English officers at first objected to the custom of being thus saluted, but soon adopted the style, though in trying to improve upon it, rather vulgarized it by kissing on the lips. The respect paid to the aged, to parents, and superiors was admirable. If we have made such wonderful advances on the primitive simplicity of our forefathers in some matters, the shadow of the just reproach which once fell on the Athenians of old may rest upon us; "we may know and approve of what is right but leave it to others to practice."

New Year's morning every child knelt to receive its parents' blessing, and even when married hastened with husband and little ones to receive this coveted benediction. The children were always sent on this day to visit all their relations. On entering a room "Bon Jour Monsieur," "Bon Jour Madame," was the usual greeting of every French child to its parents. Children constantly seeing the respect and deference their parents paid to their elders, soon acquired that graceful courtesy and affability of manners which is so distinguishing a trait of the old French habitan.

MARDI GRAS.

Mardi Gras evening was one of unusual mirth and enjoyment with the easy-going, fun-loving habitans.

The tossing of pancakes (flannel cakes), or, as the French express it, *virez les crepes*, was an old custom handed down, and even to-day is still observed in my family. A large number of guests were invited to the house of one of the wealthier citizens, and all repaired to the spacious kitchen. The large, open fire-place with its huge hickory logs brilliantly illuminated the immense room, and rendered everything effective by its Rembrandt play of light and shade; revealing the gay, careless, insouciant faces, sparkling with life and vivacity, and whose piquant tongues kept pace with the flashing eye, the expressive gesture and the inimitable shrug of the shapely shoulder.

Each guest in turn would take hold of the pan (*la poele*) with its long handle, while some one would pour in the thin batter, barely enough to cover the bottom of the pan. The art consisted in trying to turn the cake by tossing it as high as possible and bringing it down without injuring the perfection of its shape. A deft and skillful hand was required, and many were the ringing peals of laughter that greeted a failure. The cakes were piled up in pyramid shape, butter and maple sugar placed between each layer and formed the central dish in the substantial supper which took place later.

After supper dancing commenced, and at the first stroke of twelve all saluted the host and hostess, and took farewell of pleasure until Easter. Lent being more rigidly observed than now, sometimes at the *mi-careme* (mid

Lent) tossing of pancakes and other festivities were indulged in for a brief few hours.

THE CHRISTENING OF THE BELL.

Far remote from the old world, entirely dependent upon his neighbor for comfort, amusement, and sympathy, the old habitan became attached to his new home and invested everything with peculiar interest. Wherever we go we carry the image of our early surroundings, and unconsciously a new place appeals to us by the resemblance it bears to this revered picture. The imagination, like a skillful diplomat, catches its clue from the heart and weaves its alluring network of magic enchantment; even inanimate objects contribute to this deception, for we remain attached to the down in which our prosperity has slumbered, and still more to the straw on which we counted the days of our adversity.

To the old habitan the bell of his church had a charm of individuality; it was a sweet messenger summoning him from fields and woods. It was his faithful sentinel, giving him the first note of warning; joyfully its triumphant peals swept across the blue waters, awakening the slumbering echoes of the primeval forests as it proclaimed a marriage. Tolling melancholy its suppressed, mournful notes, whispering to each heart its solemn words, "Another year has gone, *memento mori*."

When a bell was presented to the Church its christening ceremony was of peculiar interest. After vespers the bell was gracefully draped in silk and placed near the railing of the sanctuary, blessed and baptized; a godfather and godmother standing near, the latter generally exquisitely dressed in some handsome light silk, the same material and color as the drapery of the bell which she generally presented. On one occasion the honor of godmother devolved upon an ancestor of my family, Madame Dufrene, nee Godet de Marentette, and Monsieur Jacque Baby being godfather. It is a tradition still preserved in the family that her dress was of pink silk, consuming thirty yards, not much for these days, but sixty years ago was considered immense. The dress and the silk decorating the bell were afterwards given to the Church for vestments.

DES PAINS BENITS, OR BLESSED BREAD.

The distributing of small pieces of blessed bread at the *Credo* during high mass is one of the oldest customs, and to within a few years was practised in Sandwich, Ontario. The bread was supplied by each family of the parish in turns, the *cousins* (a kind of small cake) was added on fête days; five loaves of bread and twenty-five *cousins* was the number used on great occasions. On solemn feasts, such as the national one of St. Jean Baptiste, *La Fete Dieu* (*Corpus Christi*), Easter, or Christmas, the bread was distributed by one of the ladies of the congregation, and was followed by the beadle bearing in a basket the small pieces of the cut bread. His dress consisted of a long blue coat, edged in red, three little capes, something like the coachman's cape of the present day, each little ruffle bound in gold. The lady thus honored was invited sometime before; she was also expected to take up the collection and was called *la queteuse*, acknowledging each offering by a sweeping courtesy, the perfection of which was attained by many an anxious hour of practice. This custom of blessing the bread and eating it in church commemorated the *Agapes* (love feasts) of the early Christians, and was also a symbol of the

peace and unity that should reign among people that they were members of the same family.

It is related that the same ancestor who had been godmother for the bell was selected on a grand feast day to be the "*queteuse,*" and that she made a distinguished toilet on the eve of the feast and remained sitting in her chair in state all night so as to be ready in time the next morning. So the Canadian lady was not so far back of the English dame who on some great court levee had her hair arranged days before, and was consequently deprived of the luxury of sleep.

THE HOME.

The homes of the French habitans of the wealthier class, were generally of logs hewn square, the interstices chinked in with clay; the roof was of over-lapping strips of bark, usually one story high, with a garret. Dormer windows were of more recent introduction and gave extra room. Ladders were always placed on the slanting roof to be used in case of fire. The ground floor was divided into four parts, *La Grande Chambre* (parlor), *La Salle a Manger* (dining room), *Le Cabinet* (sleeping room), and the kitchen.

The chimney was in the center of the house and occupied the space of a room. An immense log reposed cosily on its andirons, and the bright, glowing fire gilded with its magic touch the grim brass dogs and polished fender. The Yule log was kept half burnt from Christmas to Christmas; fragments of it were thrown on the fire during a severe storm "to prevent the thunder from falling."

The ceiling and walls of the garret were decorated with festoons of dried fruits, garlands of pumpkins, bags of savory and medicinal herbs, bunches of onions, and sprigs of garlic. The latter was held in high esteem and was considered an infallible preventive in times of pestilence and cholera; people always carried it about them, used it freely in their food, and to-day many an old habitan still rubs her crust of bread with the fragrant herb.

The furniture of those days was very simple, but it answered every requirement. In the bedroom a four-post bedstead on stilts, with a deep valance of dimity, an immense feather-bed on a rope network, replaced later by wooden slats, huge, round bolster, large, square pillows, a gaily colored patch-quilt which was an ingenious record of all the dresses of the female friends. Sometimes a canopy from which dimity curtains hung, inclosed this unique bed, no carpet save small mats, one near the bed, and another at the door; a wardrobe of fine wood, painted a color to suit the taste, though some were of cherry with brass handles; a small dressing table with drawers and handles of brass or glass; a narrow mirror with a gilt frame and divided in two; sometimes a picture was put in the upper part; a trunk perfectly square and covered with horse-hide or deer-skin, and resplendent with shiny brass nails and handles. No fire in the bedroom, it being considered unhealthy. If the rosy hues that nestled on the Canadian's cheeks, and the many snows that rested on his head without diminishing his strength and vigor, be the result of this measure, we must admit the wisdom of the arrangement. The parlor floor was covered with mats, the usual number being eight, as they varied from one to two yards in length; they were woven by the Indian maidens from rushes and swamp grasses, and dyed; the instincts of the sex crept out in the artistic blending of the colors; the chairs were of whitewood, sometimes oak, the seats of rushes, the backs were very high, straight, and painted: they were

frequently embellished with paintings of flowers and even landscapes, though with little pretensions to artistic merit. Curvature of the spine and rounded shoulders were unknown then, perhaps they owe their birth to the refined, luxurious taste of the modern sybarite; the sofas were square boxes that could be opened at night and answer the purpose of a bed; they were upholstered in straw and chintz; in the center of the room was a cherry table in shape of a half-moon and covered with a flannel cover of red or blue. The ceilings were low, occasionally but rarely, the walls were papered. It is related that a few favored ones had thus been able to add the charm of novelty to their houses; this so animated the ambition of a Canadian woman that she determined that if she could not purchase the coveted article ingenuity should supply it. Even in the wilds of a new world the instincts and aspirations of her race and sex still clung to her; taking a cat she dipped its paws in a pan of thick blueing and applied these novel and refractory brushes at intervals on her whitewashed walls.

In the *salle a manger* (dining room) was hung the square clock, twelve by eighteen inches, of solid brass, the face being white, the pendulum and weights hanging down; a large, square table; the stove was (*en murailer*) in the wall; that is, half in the parlor and half in the dining room, the door being in the dining room, so that no dust or ashes from it could enter the best room. The kitchen was very spacious, clothes lines were always stretched across it on which the towels used for the dishes, etc., were dried. Neatness and order reigned supreme in these domicils. The hearth was immense, the andirons were of iron, and the kettles the same.

Adjoining the kitchen was the bakehouse (*la boulangerie*), the oven, built of brick, was generally plastered over with mortar; in the center of the floor was (*la huche*) a wooden trough, in which the bread was kneaded.

The front door opened into the parlor, the latch was raised by means of a long strip of buckskin hanging outside. Whenever the inmates were out no one, not even an Indian, would enter; to do so being considered a breach of hospitality. The windows were separated in two, swinging open; the panes were very small and of poor glass; the center vent (shutters) were of plain wood, painted green, and fastened back with large hooks.

During the winter the meats were kept salted, also the fish, as the ice was seldom broken. Game was very plentiful.

Rum was much used, but the most universal and favorite beverage was a cordial called L'Eustrope—distilled peaches in rum. Water was brought from the river in buckets. They had large wells with hooks around the inside; from these were suspended the pails with cream for butter, and baskets of fresh meats, this well answering the purpose of an ice-house.

The clothes were taken to the river to be beaten with a mallet (*la lessive*). Moccasins and list-shoes were much worn. The spinning wheel was constantly used by the women: they made a sort of linsey-woolsey which was the principal cloth used by the habitans for their dress; the making of straw hats was the principal occupation of the children and maidens during the winter evenings.

The horses, better known as Canadian ponies, were degenerate scions of a fine stock descended from a cross between a noble stallion, caught wild on the prairies of Mexico, the breed half Spanish and half Arabian (having been introduced there by Hernando Cortes in his conquest of that country in 1520, and brought here by the Indians in 1750) and a splendid Norman mare brought.

to this country by General Braddock and taken from him at his defeat near Duquesne (Pittsburg) in 1755. Ten years later Captain Morris mentions seeing this milkwhite steed in possession of the Indians. The habitans were passionately fond of racing on the ice, on the Rouge and up at the Grand Marais; the calashes were the summer carriages, consisting of a sort of one horse chaise, capable of holding two persons besides the driver, who sat perched upon a low seat with his feet dangling on the shafts. This vehicle had no springs, but the body was hung upon two broad leather straps which were secured behind by two iron rollers by which they were tightened when too loose. Plated harnesses were very much used by the ultra fashionable, some of them were made very cumbersome by being studded with a number of brass nails. The cariole resembled the body of the calash placed on runners; between the driver and the horse was the high dashboard that reached to the driver's breast. Persons belonging to the *jeunesse doree* of the day had this dashboard artistically carved, representing the beak of a bird, or some fanciful or grotesque design.

THE WEDDING FEAST.

The Candians of old dearly loved a wedding, and kept up its festivities for several days. The marriage bans were published for three successive Sundays in church and formed the all-absorbing topic of conversation among the habitans, especially those living outside the fort, who, not having time to return to vespers, would bring their meals with them. Nothing could be more picturesque than these groups, with the tall, shadowy, swaying trees, at whose feet the table cloths were spread and whose dazzling whiteness contrasted with the carpet of verdure.

A marriage was a very serious thing, divorces were unknown. At the betrothal the marriage contract was signed by both parties and their relatives and friends. A copy of one of these contracts has been preserved in our family. I will give it in full, as it may be interesting to many to compare the old French mode with the present:

[Translation.]

Contract of marriage between Monsieur Jean Baptiste Cicot and M'elle Angelique Poupart La Fleur, July 27, 1770, before Philip De Jean, Royal Notary, by act of law, residing in Detroit; were present Monsieur Jean Baptiste Cicot, Merchant, eldest son of Monsieur Zacharie Cicot, also merchant, and of the dame Angelique Godfroy de Mauboeuf, his father and mother, natives of Detroit, on the one part; and the Sieur Joseph P. Poupart La Fleur, also merchant, and Dame Agathe Reaume, residing in the same place, stipulating for the Demoiselle Angelique Poupart La Fleur, their daughter, accepting and of her own consent for herself and in her name of the other part, the said parties in the presence and by the advice and the counsels of the Sieurs and Dames, their parents, and having assembled their friends as follows: On the part of the aforesaid Sieur Jean Baptiste Cicot, the Sieur Zacharie Cicot, and Dames Angelique Godfroy de Mauboeuf, his father and mother; Pierre Chesne de Labutte, Major Jean Baptiste Chapoton, Jacque Godfroy de Mauboeuf, his uncles; Medar Gamelin, his brother-in-law; Ignace Boyer, and Jacque Gabriel Godfroy, his cousins; Dame Widow Trottier de Ruisseax, his aunt; Charles Rivard, Antoine Gamelin, etc., on the part of the Demoiselle Angelique Poupart La Fleur; Sieur Joseph Poupart La Fleur, Dame Agathe Reaume, her father and mother; Mr. John Hay,* her uncle; Jean Poupart, her grandfather; Nicholas La Salle and Hyacinthe Reaume, her great uncles; Charles Rivard, Pierre Barrois, Pierre des Comptes Labadie, Baptiste Reaume, her uncles; Duperon Baby, her cousin; Mesdames Hay and Barrois, her aunts; Sieurs Antoine and George and Madame Baby. Their friends

*Appointed in 1764 one of Sir Wm. Johnson's Sub-Agents, and acted as Lieutenant Governor from 1784 to 1785.

and parents have made a convention and agreement of marriage as follows: That the said Sieur Joseph Poupart La Fleur and Dame Agatha Reaume have promised and do promise to give their daughter, Madamoiselle Angelique Poupart La Fleur to the said Monsieur Jean Baptiste Cicot, who promises to take her as his future and legitimate spouse by law of marriage, and to have the same solemnized in the face of our Holy Mother, the Church, and this as soon as can be done, or whenever one of the two parties shall demand of the other; they shall be the future espoused couple, one and common in their goods, movable and immovable, and their acquisitions according to the usage and customs of Paris, in express derogation of all other laws and customs contravening, appropriating to themselves the said Sieur and Demoiselle, future husband and wife, jointly and severally, the goods and dues to them appertaining, whatever they may consist of without there being any necessity of making a designation. The future husband has given and does give to the said Demoiselle, his future spouse, the sum of three thousand "livres tours," to be paid in one stated payment, to have and to take so soon as the dower shall become a lien upon all the goods of the future husband, which are hereby hypothecated to furnish and make available the same dower which the said future wife shall enjoy and become seized, without being held to make a demand in her own right in a court of justice.

The aforesaid dower shall belong to the children who shall be born of the said marriage, and in default of children, in her own right to the future wife. Arriving at the dissolution of the same marriage by the decease of the aforesaid future husband, the said Demoiselle, future wife, shall have and shall take for her marriage settlement the sum of two thousand livres tours. To her it shall be lawful, and to her children if there are any, and in default of children, to the next heirs, to accept or refuse a community of goods, and in the latter case the said Demoiselle, future wife, will take all that she brought to said marriage with her wardrobe, her jewels, her furnished apartments, as well as any goods that have fallen to her by inheritance. And in consideration of the sincere affection which the future husband and wife bear towards each other, they have made and do make by these presents to the survivor two free gifts, equal, mutual, and reciprocal of all their goods, furniture, acquits, gains, movable and immovable, which shall be found to belong and appertain to the one first deceased; to enjoy at such decease all such sums and quantities as said goods may amount to, or consist of, and wherever they may be situated; and for making a registry at the clerk's office of the aforesaid city of Detroit, and wherever there may be any need, the said party have appointed their attorney general and special the bearer of these seals, giving him full power, thereby relinquishing and promising the things done and agreed on at Detroit in the hands of the Sieur Joseph Poupart La Fleur, seized and situated in the Fort, in the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy, and the seventh day of June after mid-day; and the said future husband and wife, after reading the same, have signed with us also their relatives and friends.

Signed, JEAN BAPTISTE CICOTE,
ANGELIQUE POUPARD,
JACINTH REAUME,
PIERRE DESCOMPS LABADIE,
PR. BARRON,
DUPERON BABY,
ANTOINE GAMELIN,
CHAS. REAUME,
JOHN HAY,
BAP'TE CHAPOTON,
GEO. ANTHON,
JACQUE GODFROY.

Signed, P. DE JEAN, *Notaire.*

The health of the newly betrothed couple was drank in many a bumper. The marriage took place shortly afterward. This signing of names and stating profession on the marriage certificate and church register was a most usual custom; by it we are enabled to trace the relationship, and judge of the social position of the parties. As soon as the marriage ceremony was over, each one got into his cariole, calash, or berlin, according to the season, and, headed by the newly wedded pair, formed a procession and passed along the principal streets, then racing up to the Grand Marais, on whose banks stood a long, one-story building with a stone chimney at each end, rudely furnished with

chairs and tables. Sometimes dancing and the grand supper took place here, but more generally the feast took place at the home of the bride; she opened the ball with the most distinguished guest, the stately minuets and graceful cotillions, Fisher's hornpipe, and the Reel à Huit, concluding by filing into the dining-room by twos. Their menu seems strange to us to-day. A spoon, knife and fork of silver were laid at each place; in earlier times knives were brought by each guest, either a spring one that could close and be carried in the pocket, or a dagger knife suspended from the neck in a sheath of morocco or silk, sometimes in birch bark artistically embroidered by the Indians. The handles were sometimes riveted with silver, and they were frequently made of mother of pearl for the ladies; the goblets were of silver, and many are still preserved in the old families.

The *coup d'appetit* was passed around, brandy for the gentlemen, some mild cordial for the ladies; then followed the repast. Soup, *poissons blanc* (whitefish), *poisson doree* (pickerel), pike, roast pig, with its dressing of potatoes, blood pudding, partridges, wild turkey, ragouts, venison larded, pates of *pommes de terre* (potatoes), *sagammite*, a dish of porridge made of cracked corn, eaten with cream and maple sugar,—this dish was mentioned by Charlevoix as early as 1722,—*praline* was dried corn, pounded fine and mixed with maple sugar, also carried by the French voyageurs; *galettes au beurre, crocque-cignole* (a sort of doughnut), *omelette soufflee*, floating islands, pears, apples, raspberries, grapes in summer. Coffee ended the feast.

The *charavari* was then in vogue; whenever a widower or widow, somewhat advanced in years, married for the third time, a band of young men, masked, and dressed in the most barbarous manner, armed with every kind of instrument that could produce a howling, dismal sound, would assemble around the house of the unfortunate groom or bride, each trying with a zeal worthy of a better cause to extract the full measure of sound from his tin or iron instrument; it was a grand jubilee of discord; no police force—noise reigned supreme. The miserable recipient of this infernal serenade was obliged to capitulate by paying a certain sum of money which was given to the poor.

The deeding away of the entire property by persons advanced in years to the eldest child was of frequent occurrence; a stipulation being made for the comfortable support of the aged couple during their life, and the having said a certain number of masses for the repose of their souls after death. An instance of this may be found in the American State Papers, in the deed of Jacque Godfroy de Mauboeuf to his son Jacque Gabriel Godfroy, of the private claims, number 727 and 729 (farms lying between Twentieth and Twenty-first streets, in Detroit). Portions of this farm still belong to his descendants, five generations removed:

COPY OF A FRENCH DEED RECORDED IN LIBER 1, PAGE 247, COUNTY RECORDS, AT DETROIT.

Recorded in my office 27th of March, 1798:

PROVINCE OF UPPER CANADA, DETROIT,
DISTRICT OF THE WEST.

Before Francis Desruisseaux Bellecour, Notary, residing at Detroit, and the undersigned witnesses, was present Mr. Jacques Godfroy, Sen., residing at the southwest quarter of the Parish of St. Anne, of this district, who acknowledges by these presents to have of his free will granted, conveyed, transferred, and released, henceforth with guaranty against all troubles, gifts, dower, debts, hypothecations, evictions, alienations, and all other obstacles generally, of whatever sort, to Mr. Gabriel Godfroy, his son, living also in the above mentioned quarter and parish, now present and

accepting, to enjoy in usufruct, during his natural life only, one acre of land in front, by forty in depth, seized and situate at the north of said River Detroit, bounded on the one side, upon the east-northeast, by land of Alexis Bienvanu, called Delisle, deceased, and on the west-southwest by that of said grantee; together with two slaves, seven oxen and cows, two horses, four hogs, a cart and trappings, a complete plough, two hatchets, two pickaxes, a complete harness, two furnished beds, a frying pan, a dozen plates, six silver spoons and forks, a silver goblet, and many other household articles, the said Jacques Godfroy desiring and intending that his said son Gabriel shall enjoy the said acre of land with its buildings, as well as the other articles above mentioned during his life as they say, without the power to either sell, encumber, or exchange the said property upon any pretext whatever, nor in any possible manner; and after the death of the said Mr. Gabriel Godfroy the said acre of land and the other property above named shall belong to the children of said Gabriel, to whom the said Jacques Godfroy, their grandfather, donates the whole, as well as a farm situate on the left in ascending the River Rouge, bounded on one side by Meniche Labady, and on the other by Toussaint Chesne, and in rear adjoining St. Cosme's land, to be divided between them equally, wishing that they and their heirs may enjoy and have the disposal of the same as they may choose immediately after the decease of their father; their said grandfather, the donor, transferring to them with this intent, all proprietary rights, appointments, equities, titles, actions, and all other claims, which he has or may possess in the said property hereby granted, and that they may be placed in full possession and seizin as may be effected by virtue of these presents: This donation and release thus made is conditioned that said Gabriel Godfroy, in return for the usufruct of said property, shall lodge, feed, attend, and furnish fire and light to said Mr. Jacques Godfroy, his father, so long as he shall live; shall treat him well, both in health and sickness, and in case of such sickness to give him such attendance as is suitable, and furnish all necessary nursing, and when it shall please God to dispose of him, to bury him decently and cause to be said fifty low masses for the repose of his soul, which the said Gabriel charges himself to execute punctually, for thus it is expressly agreed between the parties in good faith, promising, etc., obliging, etc.

Done and executed at Detroit, in the province of Upper Canada, at the residence of said donor and grantee, the fifteenth day of June, in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-five, in the forenoon; and the parties have signed and sealed after reading, in pursuance of the law.

GODFROY,
G. GODFROY.

In presence of—
JEAN BAPTIST CICOT,
CHABERT DE JONCAIRE,
JACQUES GODFROY, JR.

F. D. BELLECOUR.

A SKETCH OF THE MARINE OF LAKE ERIE PREVIOUS TO THE YEAR 1829.

BY FRANCIS A. DEWEY, OF CAMBRIDGE, MICH.

January, 1881.

A BRIEF NOTICE OF THE SAIL VESSELS AND STEAMBOATS THAT NAVIGATED LAKE ERIE MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS AGO.

My father owned and kept the tavern called the "Canal Coffee House," situated near the harbor in the village of Buffalo, N. Y., for several years previous to the autumn of 1829. He sold out in 1829, and joined the emigrants then moving to the distant west, Michigan. The writer of this sketch, who at that time was eighteen years of age, has a vivid recollection of many scenes and incidents that occurred during the few years of his residence in what was then a small village, but now the large city of Buffalo. One of the pleasant pastimes of my leisure hours was to watch and notice the staunch and trim built schooners as they departed from, or entered the harbor of Buffalo.

My father was the owner of a coasting vessel named the "Niagara." I took much pride in being one of the number to assist in navigating this craft over the well remembered and oftentimes stormy Lake Erie, where many pleasant days and weeks were passed with wholesale winds, wet decks, and cheerful sailors.

It was my good fortune to know a large number of the sail vessels and steamboats, and their captains, that sailed Lake Erie between the years 1820 and 1829. It is a pleasure to me now, after a term of more than fifty-one years has passed away, to bring the cheering memories of the lake vessels to view; for by their aid, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin received many of their early settlers. The first sail vessel that navigated the lakes was the Griffin. She was built on the Niagara River, in 1679, by La Salle, a Roman Catholic missionary. The Griffin was sixty tons burden, and on the 7th of August, 1679, she started out on her first voyage for the northwest. She arrived at Detroit on the 11th of August, 1679, and passed on for Mackinac, where she arrived in good order. La Salle left Mackinac in the Griffin on the 2d of September, 1679, for Green Bay. He there loaded the vessel with a valuable cargo of furs and dispatched her eastward. On her way east she touched at Mackinac, and that was the last ever known of her. She was lost, and this may be regarded as the first marine disaster upon the lakes. The first steamboat that navigated the lakes was the Walk-in-the-water. She was built at Black Rock in the year 1818, and arrived at Detroit on her first trip, on the 27th day of August, 1818. Captain Job Fish was the com-

mander. Her speed was about eight miles an hour in fair weather. For about three years she made successful voyages from Buffalo to Detroit and back. Mr. Slocum, who was one of the officers of the boat, told me that on the last trip of the Walk-in-the-water, on a dark night, with a terrible gale of wind, the boat came to an anchor at Pointe Abino, twelve miles from Buffalo; there was a heavy swell, the rudder struck a rock and was unshipped. The captain, having no wish to lose his vessel on Canada rocks, ordered all steam up, the cable was slipped, and with two long hawsers run out aft on the starboard and larboard quarters, to aid in steering, made headway for the sandy shore of Buffalo Bay, where this wonder of the lakes was successfully beached; a sailor took a line ashore and made it fast to a tree. No lives were lost. This was the last of the Walk-in-the-water.

The second steamer on the lakes was the Superior, of 400 tons burden, launched at Buffalo, in the year 1822. Captain Rogers was master. Afterwards Captain Sherman had charge. In 1823 the Chippeway, of sixty tons, was built, Captain Armstrong in charge. This boat was unfit for rough weather. In the year 1826–27 the Niagara, of 250 tons, Captain William S. Pease, and the Henry Clay, of 300 tons, Captain Norton, were built at Black Rock; the Enterprise, of 300 tons, built at Cleveland, Captain Wilkinson; the Pioneer, of 100 tons, Captain Miles, built at Buffalo; the William Penn, of 300 tons, built at Erie, Captain Wilkins; the William Peacock, of 200 tons, Captain Hanson, built at Barcelona in 1828. They were all side-wheel steamers, steering with a wheel at the stern of the boat.

There were eight steamboats for freight and passengers on Lake Erie before the year 1829. The above mentioned boats had no cabins or state-rooms on deck. They usually carried twenty to thirty cords of wood for fuel. All but one sailed from Buffalo, stopping at every port, weather permitting, until they reached Detroit. The first steamer with state-rooms or cabins on deck was built by Oliver Newberry, at Detroit, in 1833. She was called the Michigan, of 475 tons burden. Captain Chesley Blake was in command.

The first propeller to arrive at Detroit was the Vandalia, of 138 tons. She arrived in the year 1843.

The first ship on the lakes was the Julia Palmer, of 300 tons, Captain Robert Wagstaff. She was built at Buffalo in 1836.

In continuation I will name some of the vessels that were in commission on the lakes between the years 1820 and 1829. The three largest were the Erie, the brigs Union and Michigan. They rated less than 100 tons each. In 1827 the Michigan was sent over the Niagara Falls with a collection of animals on board, in view of 5,000 spectators. There was the Canadian brig Wellington of Moy, the Commerce, Constitution, Red Jacket, Nucleus, Austerlitz, United States, Bolivar, Amaranth, William Tell, Marengo, Louisa Jenkins, Andrew, Governor Cass. The Good Intent was wrecked twice and the crew drowned. The Lady-of-the-Lakes, of 75 tons, Captain Tim. Walker, was a clipper-built, top-sail schooner. Every part of this vessel was in the best of order. The Captain was a gentleman sailor, who took as much pride in navigating Lakes Huron and Michigan, with the imperfect charts, as any other seaman. His system of management was very complete.

I will not omit to mention a trim built vessel with black hull, painted ports, long raking masts and black yards. Her cabin was ornamented and decorated on all sides with cutlasses and swords, and around her masts were boarding pikes. On her main deck was the monitor gun, on the quarter deck

was the swivel gun, mounted for use. The complement of men in uniform was sixteen. This was the successful United States Revenue Cutter "Alexander J. Dallas." She was built at Erie, Pennsylvania, in the year 1816, and was commanded by Captain Keith. The writer hereof, as ex-midshipman, had charge of this gallant monitor of the lakes for the term of five months, when she was laid up in winter quarters in Buffalo harbor.

I will now mention some of the dauntless and heroic captains who navigated the lakes fifty years ago, omitting those whom I have already named: Captain John Fellows, Captain Rogers, Simeon Fox, Captain Jordan, Seymour Whitaker, Captain Burnham, West, Whitaker, Captain Miller, Harry Whitaker, Captain Wells, John Fleeharty, Captain Reed, Gilman Apleby, C. C. Burnet, Samuel Chase, Morris Hevyard, Augustus McKinstry, Captain Napier, Zephaniah Perkins, Judah Ransom, J. W. Webster and C. C. Stannard. The above named gentlemen were of a class of men, for intelligence, integrity, faithfulness and nautical skill, fully the peers of those who have paced the quarter deck in the last thirty years.

In the autumn of 1826, in one of the occasional gales of Lake Erie, a Canadian schooner, named the Dauntless, of Walpole, ran into Buffalo harbor for safety. The marshal of the district was notified to arrest the Captain for some misdemeanor. He went on board the vessel to take the captain into custody. The skipper said he had some orders to give to his men before he left. He went up the rigging to the masthead; he then gave orders to his men, and the close reefed jib and the double reefed foresail were hoisted in sailor style, the lines were cast off right in the teeth of that fiercely blowing gale of forty miles an hour. The vessel gracefully careened on her side and headed for the lake. The marshal not being a sailor, it was afterward told that he gladly gave twenty-five dollars to be landed on the breakwater of the harbor. The captain held his course for the British possessions.

It would not be just, in this brief sketch, to omit one of Michigan's own pioneers from the catalogue of sailors, one who rendered valuable services to the army in the war of 1812, in furnishing supplies with his boats, especially to Commodore Perry's fleet both before and after the naval victory on Lake Erie. It is a pleasure to me to record the name of our esteemed friend and historic pioneer of Monroe county, the dauntless Captain Luther Harvey, who in 1824 sailed the "Fire Fly," and often made the trip to the then almost unknown harbors of Lakes Huron and Michigan in safety. With his skill and care all seemed to be safe on his ship. For nearly thirty years he was a captain on the lakes, and with his management in the most fearful gales seldom did an accident or loss occur. The last harbor of that patriot and noble-souled pioneer was at Monroe, Michigan. There, at his quiet and memorable residence, at the age of eighty-six years, he laid down to sleep his last, long sleep, and then and there was entombed, a pioneer of the lakes and Monroe, the esteemed citizen, the cordial and genial friend of the writer.

WHEAT IN NEW YORK AND MICHIGAN.

REPORT OF JONATHAN SHEARER OF PLYMOUTH, ON THE GROWING OF WHEAT FROM 1824 TO 1861, IN THE STATES OF NEW YORK AND MICHIGAN.

Read before the Farmers' Club of Plymouth, February 2d, 1865.

NEW YORK.

YEAR.	Number of Acres.	Number of Bushels.	Average Yield Per Acre. Bushels.	Variety.	Price Sold for.
1824	8	150	18 6-8		$0 75
1825	4	80	20		70
1826	9	170	18 8-9		85
1827	5	20	4		75
1828	10	200	20		90
1829	12	180	15	Flint	68
1830	15	225	15	"	63
1831	22	330	15	"	1 47
1832	20	400	20	"	1 00
1833	18	450	25	"	1 25
1834	22	600	27 1-3	"	1 12½
1835	34	1,100	32 1-3	"	1 25

The above crops were grown in Arcadia, Wayne county, New York. During the same time I kept a dairy of from twelve to fifteen cows, from which two tons of cheese were made annually, and sold invariably for 6¼ cents per pound. Butter sold at 12½ cents per pound.

MICHIGAN.

YEAR.	Number of Acres.	Number of Bushels.	Average Yield Per Acre. Bushels.	Variety.	Price Sold for.
1836	7	70	10	Flint	$2 50
1837	7	84	12	"	1 25
1838	8	96	12	"	1 00
1839	9	107	11 8-9	"	1 38
1840	10	150	15	"	1 00
1841	9	126	14	"	80 cts. to 1 00
1842	14	280	20	"	63 cts. to 75
1843	12	196	16 1-3	"	75 cts. to 80
1844	16	409	25 9-16	"	1 00
1845	20	400	20		1 00
1846	16	304	19		77
1847	12	240	20		75 cts. to 1 00
1848	20	400	20		1 00
1849	25	583	23 1-3		80 cts. to 90

In 1850 I raised on my home farm in Plymouth 350 bushels, and on my Ingham county farm, 583 bushels. It sold at from 75 to 90 cts. During the above years there has been grown on the Ingham county farm, on shares, 3,000 bushels of wheat that sold at from 63 to 87½ cts. per bushel.

YEAR.	Home Farm. Bushels.	Ingham Farm. Bushels.	Variety.	Price Sold for.
1851	253	400	Soules wheat	75 cts. to 87½
1852	310	600	" "	70 cts. to 86
1853	300	500	" "	$1 05
1854	310	580	" "	1 63
1855	350	550	" "	1 50
1856	400	800	" "	1 35
1857	200	700	" "	$1 10 to 1 35
1858	230	721	" "	1 00 to 1 05
1859	300	300	" "	1 05 to 1 60
1860	150	400	" "	1 00 to 1 25
1861	283	250	" "	1 00 to 1 15

The above prices varied according to supply and demand, and have changed yearly and sometimes several times in the year. I have seldom sold all the crops at one time, and from my books I have given as near an average price as possible.

February, 1878, since the war, the price of wheat has been as high as $3.00 per bushel. Between 1861 and 1870, the price ranged, generally, from $1.50 to $2.50 per bushel. The above gives the number of bushels of wheat raised by Jonathan Shearer on his farm in Plymouth and on his Ingham county farm, during thirty-seven years, to be 17,677 bushels, and during the years not recorded above, viz., from 1861 to 1877, sixteen years, the number of bushels raised is 12,423—amounting in all, to 30,100 bushels.

SKETCHES OF A PIONEER MINISTRY.

WRITTEN IN MAY, A. D. 1877, BY REV. JEREMIAH PORTER.

In 1831 a student in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J., was seriously asking what field in the ministry he should occupy, as that was the last of his three years' course of theological study, his first two years having been passed at Andover, Mass.

In the same year Mr. E. O. Hovey, at Andover Seminary, was asking the same question for himself.

At that time Dr. Absalom Peters, first secretary of the American Home Missionary Society, visited each of these Seminaries to find missionaries. The Andover young man was first told, and afterwards the one at Princeton, that the Hon. Henry R. Schoolcraft, U. S. Indian Agent, and officers of the army, at Sault Ste. Marie, Northwest Territory, were asking for a missionary at that point.

In case the first should decline going, the other was ready to listen to this important call.

When the lot is cast into the lap the whole ordering is of the Lord.

Mr. Hovey was to be married, and he feared the parents of his intended bride would object to her going to that wild country and so far from home.

No such drawback hindering the other, Dr. Peters gave him a commission to repair to Sault Ste. Marie, Fort Brady, as soon as his course at Princeton ended; requesting the Hampshire county, Mass., Association, which in the previous April had licensed him to preach the gospel, to call a meeting in his native town, Hadley, Mass., and ordain him as an Evangelist. This that body did on the 3d of October, 1831. Rev, Justin Edwards, D. D., afterwards President of Andover Seminary, preached the ordination sermon.

Starting the next day by mail stage for Albany, and going thence by canal-boat, except fifteen miles to Schenectady by railroad, to Buffalo, and by steamboat from Buffalo to Detroit, he daily thanked God and took courage. Buffalo had then about 4,000 inhabitants, and Detroit 3,000.

At Detroit he tarried a week for the last schooner of the season to take him to Mackinac. While in Detroit he enjoyed the hospitality of that noble gentleman, Eurotus P. Hastings, and preached on the Sabbath for Rev. Noah M. Wells, pastor of the First and only Presbyterian Church in the city. Michigan was then a territory, and Mr. Wells, in fact, its Bishop. Mr. Wells is still living (1877), in his ninety-fifth year. It is said that he is the oldest Presbyterian minister in the United States.

Taking that last schooner of the season, the Marengo, the young man, after a slow voyage of some days, making a call at Fort Gratiot by the way, reached the island of Mackinac. There he found a foreign mission of the A. B. C. F. M., prospering under the management of Rev. William M. Ferry, whose name for half a century has been as precious ointment poured forth, and whose noble sons made glad a father's heart. One of these sons died in the army, defending our Union, and another has lately retired from the (acting) Vice Presidency of the United States.

On that Island, enjoying the Christian society of the generous Robert Stuart and family, and the Mission household, the missionary remained until Mr. Schoolcraft could send him a bark canoe ninety miles to take him to Fort Brady.

Mr. Stuart was the managing partner on the Island and the great northwest of John Jacob Astor's American Fur Company. Two years previous he had been converted, and with Mrs. Stuart had joined Mr. Ferry's church, and was then an elder in it.

The canoe at length arrived, manned by three French voyageurs, and with the God-speed of his newly found friends, including Miss Eliza Chappel, a teacher of an infant school in Mr. Stuart's family, who had greatly cheered him by their prayers and faith, as well as provided him with a traveling basket well filled for his voyage of several days, he embarked with his library in that frail vessel on the 24th of November, Thanksgiving day, the lateness of the season forbidding further delay. They crossed the straits to the north shore, the main land, six miles only the first day. The voyageurs finding their canoe leaking, stopped early to *gum* it that night, and there by a fire of logs they partook of a frugal meal and slept, an army officer's colored servant acting as cook.

The next day, coasting along the north shore of Lake Huron, they rowed forty miles and encamped at the mouth of St. Mary's river. The third night their tent was pitched in the snow,—winter storms had come. The fourth afternoon brought them safely to Sault Ste. Marie. Ice had formed out some distance from the shore through which the canoe must run before landing.

This was the last arrival that fall, and only three times were mails brought from the States in the next four months, and then on a dog train and snow-shoes.

Mr. Schoolcraft's Indian Agency dwelling, built by the United States, standing in a beautiful lawn, bordered on one side by the river, received the missionary—that was to be his home so long as he dwelt at Sault Ste. Marie.

WORK AT SAULT STE. MARIE.

A Baptist mission to the Indians had been established some years; its missionary, Rev. Abel Bingham, invited the stranger to preach in his school-room chapel the first Sabbath, which he gladly did, to an attentive audience of those from the fort and agency who had called him. There was no other house of worship in the place. Soon a vacant storehouse was changed into a convenient chapel, into which the families of the officers and soldiers were gathered to hear the gospel.

A missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions had a short time previous arrived there, and was studying the Ojibwa language with John Tanner, a white interpreter, and Dr. Edwin James, Post Surgeon of the United States Army, who was to join the mission, with Rev. Sherman Hall, at La Pointe, Lake Superior. With the aid of these missionaries,

Bingham and Boutwell, shut out from the world and shut in to the gospel, he was greatly encouraged. Finding three gentlemen there from the Mackinac mission church, and the wife of one of these, Mrs. H. R. Schoolcraft, a communicant in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and one Methodist lady, he saw the nucleus of a church, and entered earnestly into revival work.

All things seemed to the young man auspicious, as there was a cordial coöperation with the missionaries previously there.

Preaching, Sabbath School, Bible Class, Prayer Meetings and a Temperance Society took the place that winter, of the balls, and billiards, and carousals of previous years. All but one of the officers of the post took the temperance pledge; and the sutler, who was one of the three Christians from Mackinac, said: "I will get my living by selling potatoes rather than sell whisky to soldiers." That great hindrance to the gospel being out of the way, it was easy to work.

The sutler, a brother-in-law of Mr. Schoolcraft, entered heartily into revival work, and was one of the seven of whom the chuch was composed at its organization in January, 1832. Union prayer meetings were held with the Baptist Mission friends. The spirit of the Lord attended the labors of ministers and people that winter, so that before spring all the officers and their wives of the two companies at the post, except that family that would not take the temperance pledge, seemed to become Christians; also many soldiers and their wives, also some citizens of mixed blood, and Indians. Of these about twenty-five united with the Presbyterian Church, which had increased from its original seven to thirty-three members. The Baptist Church received about the same number.

The commander of the post, Major De Lafayette Wilcox, one of the earliest converts, was made one of the elders of the church at its organization, Mr. H. R. Schoolcraft another. Major Wilcox went east to be married in 1832, and was succeeded in command by Major John Fowle, who brought to the post his wife and only child, an infant daughter. Major and Mrs. Fowle immediately joined the Bible Class. Mrs. Fowle was a member of the Presbyterian Church in Alexandria, D. C. A colored man, servant of Major Fowle, became converted the following winter.

THE BLACK HAWK WAR.

In 1832, the summer that the Asiatic cholera first appeared in America, a steamboat came up the Ste. Mary's river, and the fear that the cholera might be brought to the fort by the ship, led the commander to plant a cannon on the wharf and forbid its coming near the post. General Winfield Scott's troops, on their way to Chicago by way of the lakes, were attacked by the cholera and many of them died.

Black Hawk was then attracting the forces of the United States to Illinois and Wisconsin, as Sitting Bull was in 1876 to the Black Hills and the Yellow Stone.

One of the companies of the 4th Infantry was ordered from Fort Brady to join General Scott at Fort Dearborn.

In the spring of 1833 Major Fowle was ordered to relieve Captain Seth Johnson at Fort Dearborn. Mr. Schoolcraft had been removed with his agency to Mackinac; the church was consequently to be almost totally removed, the few remaining could find Christian care in Mr. Bingham's mission. So when Major Fowle invited Mr. Porter to go with him to Chicago,

where John H. Kinzie was laying out a town about Fort Dearborn, he was pleased to go, especially as the American Home Missionary Society wished to know where their missionaries were needed in Illinois and Wisconsin.

Our troops under Gen. Scott, and the Illinois volunteers under Captain Abram Lincoln, had driven the Sac, the Fox, and Winnebago Indians across the Mississippi, or into Northern Wisconsin, and the prairies of Illinois were attracting immigration.

INFANT CHICAGO.

On the arrival of Major Fowle at Fort Dearborn on the 4th of May, 1833, in a schooner direct from Fort Brady with his missionary pastor, they found, including troops of the U. S. army, about four hundred people at Chicago, but they could not learn that any minister or priest had ever visited the place except Father Jesse Walker, who, as an itinerant Methodist preacher, had come once a month from their Indian Mission on the Fox river, and gathered a few Christians in a log school-house on the west side of the river, but Philo Carpenter had preceded the army chaplain by a year, and had established a Sabbath school and prayer meeting. He is still living (1877), and from that day to this, a true and noble philanthropist, he has been a pillar in its schools and churches, and the Cary Theological Seminary. Mr. John Wright and his son, John S. Wright, were associated with Mr. Carpenter in these incipient Christian efforts.

The elder Mr. Wright, by writing had tried for months to secure a minister for Chicago; and when, to his surprise, on that Monday morning, as he was going to his dinner in his log boarding-house, he met the minister whom he had known eight years before, a student in Williams College, and learned from him that he had come with a part of his scattered church, he exclaimed: "This is like the bursting out of the sun from the darkest clouds. Yesterday was the darkest day we ever saw. We were to lose one of our praying officers, and were expecting in his place only godless men with the new troops, and Mr. Carpenter has gone to New York for his spring goods."

With the aid of Major Fowle and his men the carpenter's shop of Fort Dearborn was changed to a house of worship. The first sermon, however, was preached in Father Walker's log school-house, west of the south branch, just over the bridge. The first text of the new minister was: "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples." John 15th–8.

No minister of any church, or priest, except Father Walker, was found within one hundred miles of Chicago, north, south, east, or west. Niles, Michigan, east; Danville, Illinois, south; Galena, Illinois, west; Princeton, southwest, and the Stockbridge Indians, north, on the Fox river, Wisconsin, were the only near churches.

The Sabbath school begun by Mr. Carpenter was at first held in the log house just mentioned, and the library was carried from Sabbath to Sabbath in a pocket handkerchief by Mr. John S. Wright from his log store near the fort. Mr. Charles Butler, of New York, coming to Chicago to invest in lands with Mr. Bronson, seeing the paucity of the library, kindly sent to it fifty dollars worth of books. From these small beginnings grew the immense libraries of to-day.

In the course of that first summer Mr. Joseph Meeker and family came to Chicago from New Jersey, and interesting himself in the Sabbath school at

once was made its superintendent. The school was removed from the log building, first to the shop in the fort, and then to the loft of P. F. W. Peck's store. There were then but three stores of two stories. In the Peck building was the Pastor's study, and in the rear of it, separated from it by a curtain, was the Sabbath school room. That unfinished loft was kindly furnished by Mr. Peck for the double purpose of study and Sabbath school. He had come from Rhode Island and commenced trading on the Du Page at Naperville, from which he had been driven to Fort Dearborn by the Black Hawk war. For many years that store on the northwest corner of Lasalle and South Water streets stood, the relic of early Chicago, till the burning of the city in 1871. Soon after that, Mr. Peck died suddenly, leaving his wife (a niece of the Rev. Dr. Stoughton, a distinguished Baptist minister of Philadelphia), and three sons to inherit the millions of wealth he had made in growing Chicago.

Major Fowle in a few weeks after his arrival at Fort Dearborn was appointed Professor of Military Tactics at West Point, and Major De L. Wilcox of the Fort Brady church soon became commandant of the post.

The four military posts west of Lake Michigan and east of the Mississippi were—Fort Howard at Green Bay, Fort Winnebago at Portage City, Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien, and Fort Dearborn at Chicago. Of these the latter seemed the most important. The United States government had just built a lighthouse there and proposed constructing a pier for a harbor as the terminus of one thousand miles of lake navigation from Buffalo, N. Y.; consequently by advice of officers and citizens, Mr. Porter, without visiting the other posts, decided to work at Chicago.

ORGANIZATION OF THE CHURCH.

In the month of June, 1833, a Presbyterian church was gathered, consisting of two officers of the army and their wives, three wives of soldiers and eleven soldiers. All of these were from the church at Fort Brady. Citizens of Chicago who united at the organization were only four gentlemen and four ladies, all by letter from churches in New England, except Mr. Philo Carpenter, who was a native of New England, but coming from Rev. Dr. Beman's church in Troy, New York, and Mrs. Charles Taylor from Detroit, Mich., sister of the present General Orlando Wilcox, U. S. A.

From this acorn of a church planted forty-four years ago, have grown the oaks that now fill the fifth if not the fourth city of the United States.

John Wright, Philo Carpenter, and Major De L. Wilcox were chosen elders of the church and set apart by the pastor.

THE FIRST COMMUNION.

On the first Sabbath in July, 1833, the blessed sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered by Mr. Porter in the town that has now 500,000 inhabitants, about 125 Protestant churches, four theological seminaries, three medical colleges, and public schools of the highest order for all its population. Of those first communicants four continue to this day to testify of those days of small things, viz.: Mr. Carpenter, identified from that time to the present with all moral and spiritual interests of Chicago; Mrs. Taylor; Miss Eliza Chappel, who two years after became the pastor's wife, and still is, and the pastor.

DETROIT HALF A CENTURY AGO.

INTERESTING LETTERS WRITTEN FROM AND ABOUT DETROIT—SOME PREDICTIONS, AND HOW THEY HAVE BEEN FULFILLED,

From the Detroit Post and Tribune, Nov. 9th, 1879.

There is a somewhat vague impression prevalent throughout this country that Detroit is a city of great age; that its growth has been slow, and that there is nothing remarkable about its development. It is true that a town named Detroit existed at this point at a considerably ante-revolutionary date; but perhaps there has recently come to light no more refreshing evidence of the rapid development of the City of the Straits, especially to those who are not old enough to know these things by actual observation, than the following letters. They were written from here by Thomas L. McKenney of the Indian department and joint commissioner with Governor Cass in negotiating the treaty of 1826. They are taken from a book entitled "A Tour to the Lakes," published at Baltimore in 1827 and dedicated to Hon. James Barbour, Secretary of War. The work comprises letters written from points along the Hudson, the Erie canal, the lower lakes, Detroit and lakes Huron and Superior. As will be seen, the writer was an acute observer, and the descriptions given of Governor Cass' residence, with the walls lined with bear skins and deer horns, of Springwells, and Belle Isle are all very readable. The fact that Detroit has within about fifty years multiplied its population at that date sixty fold is not probably known to the majority of the busy multitude who to-day throng its streets.

The work from which the subjoined extracts are taken is quite rare. The copy used in preparing this article is owned by Mr. A. W. Leggett of 169 Elizabeth street east:

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

DETROIT, MICH. TER., }
Friday, June 16, 1826. }

* * * It is hardly possible for anything to exceed in beauty the river Detroit and its shores and islands. The associations, also, which rise out of the view of such places as Amherstburg and Malden, Fighting Island and Springwells, and the old Huron church, are full of interest. I need not dwell upon them; they are connected, the most of them at least, with the late war. The British schooner Wellington was lying at Malden full of British soldiers, destined, we were informed, to Drummond's island; and at Amherstburg a sentinel was on guard; but the appearance of the place would lead very naturally to

the inquiry, what is he guarding? There appeared to be little there that anybody would be at much pains to take away. The shores on the British side are bolder than those on the American, but look as they must have looked half a century ago. There appears to be nothing going on in the way of improvement, either in lands or buildings; but a new face is put on things on the American side, save where, here and there, an old French family lingers, and wherever that is, the picture of inactivity and barrenness is visible, just as if reflected from the Canada shores.

The city of Detroit lies on the left of the strait as you ascend the river, and has a fine appearance. This is hightened by the position of some fine buildings, and by nothing more than the Catholic church, with its five steeples. The city is long and narrow, and is built upon the bank of the river or strait, and upon its first and second elevations. I should judge the line of buildings, lengthwise of the city, would measure nearly a mile, but these are scattered. If you had ever been at Chestertown, on the eastern shore of Maryland, I would refer you to it as seen from Primrose's point as an almost exact likeness of Detroit, except that Detroit lacks that beautiful elevation north on which Washington college stands.

The most commanding, and in all respects the best looking, building is that which is owned and occupied by Major Biddle. It was built, I believe, by the unfortunate Hull. I may give you, after I look around me, a little better conception of Detroit. It has been a theater of war, and especially distinguished, you know, both in earlier and later times. The two prominent periods in its history are the siege of Pontiac, the famous Indian chief, in 1763, and the destruction of the garrison at what is called to this day "the bloody bridge," and its remains yet

> "Tell ye where the dead
> Made the earth wet, and turned th' unwilling waters red,"

and its surrender in 1812 by General Hull. I may, perhaps, write you touching both these events.

On arriving, I was met at the wharf by Governor Cass' secretary, Major Forsyth, with the governor's compliments and an invitation to take up my quarters with him. Whilst I appreciated the kindness of the offer I was led to decline it, feeling as I do, the need of rest, and of that kind which might not comport so well with the regulations of a private family. Soon after I had got into quarters the governor called in person and repeated the request, which I again declined. But an invitation to dinner was accepted.

At 2 o'clock I paid my respects for the first time, in his own house, to a man for whom, for fourteen years, I have cherished a feeling of the sincerest attachment, and whose talents will yet be availed of by the nation, and in some department of the general government. This is my prediction—mark it. I found him in his house all that he had ever appeared to be out of it, and even more interesting. In his domestic relations he is sustained by a wife whose manners have blended in them the captivating union of a fine intelligence and the best feelings of the heart; and these are sustained by a suavity that passes over the ordinary and colder formalities of mere civility, and provides for herself at once a lodgment not merely in one's respect, but in the heart. An interesting and intelligent daughter, just from boarding school, three younger and one son, compose the members of this family. I had the pleasure to meet Mr. and Mrs. Colonel W——l. Of the colonel you know all that history has preserved, and that is enough, because that is all honorable. Of this lady

I must be permitted to express to you my high opinion of her intelligence and accomplished manners.

I am invited to spend the evening at Major Biddle's, and the hour having arrived I must bid you good evening.

DETROIT, *Saturday, June 17, 1826.*

* * * * * * * * * *

The company at Major Biddle's last night was sufficient to satisfy me that although I had reached the confines of our population in this direction, I am yet in the circle of hospitable and polished life. The major, in all that is sincere and excellent in friendship, gives proof that he has not forgotten the character which fame has attached to his name, but maintains the standing that it has acquired in so many brilliant achievements, and his lady is in all respects highly accomplished.

THE GUBERNATORIAL MANSION.

At 2 I dined with the governor, and as you may be curious to know what kind of a mansion he occupies, I will give you a sketch of it. It is not exactly in nor entirely out of the city—I mean its settled parts, but stands by itself on the bank of the river, with the roadway from the city towards Springwells between it and the precipice or edge of the bank, down which a diagonal and rough way has been cut to the river. The house is of cedar logs, and weatherboarded one story, with a high, sharp roof, out of which and near the center comes a short stone chimney of enormous thickness, and on which the roof leans, being a little sunk around about it. Before the front door, which is nearly in the center of the building, the building being some fifty feet front, is a porch that, being a little out of its perpendicular position, inclines north. Its figure is as nearly that of a square as any other, with a sharp Chinese-looking top that shoots up some three feet above the eaves of the house, and seems to have in no one place the least connection with the building. I told the governor that my puzzle was to decide which was built first, the porch or the house. He acknowledged his inability to decide the question, but added: "The house itself is anterior to the time of Pontiac's war, there being on it now the marks of bullets which were shot into it then." I learned afterward that the porch had once ornamented the garden as a summer-house; but had been advanced from its retirement to grace the front of the residence of the executive of the Michigan territory. A post and board fence runs between the house and the road, the house standing back from the line of it some ten or twelve feet. Two gateways open into the inclosure, one having been intended to admit and the other to let you out, over a circular gravel walk that gives figure to a green plat in front of the door, and between it and the fence. One of these has been shut up, but how long I don't know—so we go in and out at the same gate. The position occupied by this relic of antiquity is very beautiful, not only on account of the views to it or from it, although these are both fine, but is sustained on either side and in the background by fertile upland meadows and flourishing orchards and gardens, which give it a most inviting appearance and serve to impress one with the idea of old age surrounded by health and cheerfulness. In front are the shores of Canada, with the beautiful river between, and to the right the Huron church, the sound of the bell from which strikes gratefully upon the ear. Now for the inside of the building.

You enter first into a room or saloon of some ten feet square, in which the governor receives his business visitors, and where lie scattered about in some tolerable confusion, newspapers and the remains of pamphlets of all sorts, whilst its sides are ornamented with Indian likenesses, pipes, snow-shoes, medals, bows, arrows, etc. On your left is the door which leads into the dining apartment, back of which is another room of about the same size, divided from it by folding doors. In it is a fireplace. This dining room is warmed in winter by one-half of a stove, whilst the other half passing through the partition into the saloon keeps that comfortable.

From the right of the audience room, or saloon, you enter the drawing room; and in place of the back room in the left division two rooms are arranged, one of which serves for the library and the other for a lodging room. These rooms being all well carpeted and curtained, and furnished in excellent but plain style, present a view of comfort which forms a striking contrast to the exterior; and you are made to forget, in the midst of these interior accommodations, the odd-shapen and ancient appearance from without. There is much of the simplicity of republicanism about all this. Extrinsic appearances are to a reasonable extent disregarded, and the higher value is attached to the interior. And this is not an unfit emblem of the governor himself. You are not to imagine, however, that this is intended to apply to his person; that is portly, and altogether governorlike, and in regard to which he is neat in his dress, and though plain, polished in his manners.

SPRINGWELLS IN 1826.

DETROIT, *Monday, June 19, 1826.*

* * * Soon after breakfast Major F. called and invited me to join him in a ride to the governor's farm, about six miles down the river. I accepted the invitation. The ride was agreeable as such, but the road passing through what is called Springwells, and over mounds once the burial places of the Indians of this quarter, made it one of peculiar interest. Springwells is distant from Detroit about three miles. It was here, you know, General Brock landed when he captured Detroit. This is the incident that gives special interest to this place; for to me the sight of the shore which received the first tread of that hostile army could not be looked upon with indifference, and especially when the landing was but the precursor to events of the most calamitous and disheartening description, involving not only the character of the officer and, I may add, his life, to whom the defence of Detroit was entrusted, but the honor of our country and the lives of hundreds of its citizens.

I had been early that morning in company with Colonel H——t, in praise of whose gentlemanly courtesy it would not be possible to say too much, to visit the fort which the unfortunate Hull had surrendered, when the way of the approach of the enemy was pointed out to me, as were all the places of interest in the city, and which had relation to that fatal event, even to the ground upon which our garrison was marched when they surrendered prisoners of war.

INDIAN MOUNDS.

* * * * * * * * * *

On our return from the governor's very valuable farm we rode upon one of the mounds to which I have referred. There appear to have been three of

them, but only one retains much of its original conical figure, and this, like the other two, is fast finding its level. A principal cause of the mounds wasting away is, the cattle go upon them to get into the cooler, fresher air which blows upon them from the river, near the shore of which they are, and to get rid of the flies. The soil being light and sandy, is kept stirred by them, and the rains wash it off. Hence the exposure of human bones from time to time as the several layers or strata are reached. For they appear to have been buried at different depths, and one upon another. I picked up some ribs, a bit of an os frontis, and pieces of vertebræ, but all in a state of decay, so that they crumbled at the touch.

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GROSSE POINTE.

DETROIT, *Wednesday, June 21, 1826.*

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I have just returned from a ride of nine miles up the river to Grosse Pointe, where I have been for the two-fold purpose of seeing the country and the vessel (as I hoped I should), the delay of which only detains us. From Grosse Pointe the prospect is open to a fine view of Lake St. Clair. The road to this point is along the margin of the strait and affords a pretty view of the land upon the one side and the water on the other. The grounds for the whole way are certainly excellent, and are for most part cut up into small farms on which are as fine apple orchards as I have ever seen. Many of them, however, are suffered to run up into shoots and suckers, and others for the want of attention in pruning off dead limbs, to go to decay. * * * When time shall put these fine but neglected lands into other and more skillful hands, this beautiful country will have imparted to it that fruitfulness and those charms which nature has done her part in conferring, but not before.

LA BELLE ISLE.

In the middle of the strait, and about two miles above the city, is a superb island. I could have wished that they had called it by another name than Hog island. It is said to contain a thousand acres of prime land, but only a small portion of it is cultivated. The rest is in wood. This beautiful island, too, has been the theater of savage barbarity. The spot, however, that attracted the most of my attention was "the bloody bridge," to which I have already referred. The remains of it are yet visible, as I have before stated. It was here that Pontiac by his skill and courage secured for himself the title of "the brave," and for this bridge that of "bloody."

DETROIT IN DETAIL.

* * * * * * * * * *

I shall have to be brief in whatever things I may have to remark upon in regard to this city. I have said, I believe, that it occupies the first and second elevations from the river. It shows now one main street, Jefferson street I believe it is called, and which is long and pretty well built upon. The street on the first step from the river is also well built upon; and back of Jefferson street are others, partially set out with houses, as are the cross streets, of which there are some three or four. Back of the whole and some four hundred yards from Jefferson street, is the State-house, a fine building, just put up. And between it and the western end of the city is the fort, which

was surrendered in 1812 by General Hull. The old fort, which is so called, and against which Pontiac made his attacks, was only a picket fort and on the water's edge. This is regular built, upon commanding ground, and was very formidable. This fort and the grounds belonging to it and the buildings, except the public storehouse, arsenal and the necessary grounds for them, and which is at this time in charge of a most worthy and meritorious gentleman, one of the survivors of the revolution, I mean Colonel P——s, have been presented to the corporation of the city of Detroit by the Congress of the United States and are worth to it some hundreds of thousands of dollars. It is to be hoped that whatever disposition may be made of these grounds it will never be permitted that the mounds of the fort lose any of their figure or loftiness, or an inch of the ditches be filled up.

I have seen a plat of this city. I wish, for the sake of the designer, towards whom personally I entertain the kindest feelings, that it had never been conceived by him. It looks pretty on paper, but is fanciful and resembles one of those octagonal spider-webs which you have seen in a dewy morning, with a center you know, and lines leading out to the points round the circumference, and fastened to spires of grass. The citizens of Detroit would do well, in my opinion, and their posterity would thank them for it, were they to reduce the network of that plan to something more practical and regular.

I will only add in regard to this city, that its position on the strait is very beautiful, that its population is about 2,500, and that its location is highly favorable for commerce. The steamboats Superior and Henry Clay are surpassed by few if any, either in size or beauty of model, or in the style in which they are built and furnished. But there is business for more; and three or four, it is believed, are in a state of forwardness, to run also between Buffalo and Detroit. I should infer from what I have seen, that they all may do a profitable business.

There are in Detroit a court-house of brick (for the county of Wayne), eighty-eight by sixty feet; a jail, a stone building eighty-eight by forty-four feet; an Indian council house, also of stone, fifty by twenty-seven feet; an academy fifty by twenty-four feet; a bank, of brick, only thirty by twenty-five feet; the arsenal, a fine building of stone, seventy by thirty-four feet, and a public storehouse, one hundred and forty-four by thirty-four feet. There is also the Roman Catholic church, with its five steeples, one hundred and sixteen by sixty feet, upon which it is said $30,000 have been expended, and for its completion $20,000 more will be required. There are also the Presbyterian church, a handsome wooden building seventy by forty feet, and a Methodist church, of brick, fifty by thirty-six feet. There are also two printing offices, a land office, custom house and post office. The mail arrives three times a week overland and about twice a week by the steamboats; and there are thirty stores, some of them fine.

Detroit is destined at no distant day to be a flourishing city. It is an old place in name, having been settled some hundred years ago by the French, but it is a city of but yesterday in all that relates to its present improvement and appearance. * * * * The press of emigration into the Michigan territory, of which Detroit is the capital, is proof of the high estimate which is taken of the quality of the lands. In point of sales, I believe the exhibit of the books of the land office here will show it to be first.

THE OLD CASS HOUSE.

From the Detroit Evening News, August 30th, 1882.

The old Cass dwelling and governor's office, now in process of demolition at Nos. 164 and 166 Larned street, between First and Second, is the most interesting relic of the old regime in the city; and it is pitiful to contemplate its disappearance before the march of local improvement. It is probably the oldest private residence in Detroit or in the vast tract of the former northwest territory. It certainly is such, if the theory be true that this is the "house of oak, forty feet long, and twenty-four feet wide," which La Motte Cadillac, the first commander at Detroit in the last century, received orders to build for the chief of the Hurons. Cadillac had proposed that the Indian warriors should be organized, equipped, and drilled the same as French soldiers, which so inflated the vanity and ambition of their leader that he asked for the opportunity of living in the style of the whites then here. This was in 1703, one hundred and seventy-nine years ago; so that, if this be indeed the same building, it has a very respectable antiquity. Cadillac appears not to have followed his orders exactly, or perhaps there has been an error in transcription or translation of his report of its erection to Count Pontchartrain. The great rough-hewn beams of the Larned street house are of oak, and remain as sound as when placed in the structure by the old French carpenters. They, with their singular iron attachments and other features of the building, can be seen to much advantage at the present stage of demolition. The flat and shallow window sash, however, with leaden frames enclosing very small panes of glass, have already gone, as also the high peaked roof with its dormer windows. The massive stone chimney mentioned in Col. McKenney's book, to be presently cited, was removed long since, and a brick chimney at each end of the building substituted. Some of the "marks of the bullets" referred to by Gov. Cass in his conversation with McKenney, as having been left by the Indians besieging the neighboring fort, interesting mementos of the Pontiac war, nearly a century and a quarter ago, still remain upon the walls. During Gen. Cass's occupation of the mansion, a huge metal knocker, in the shape of a lion's head, ornamented the front door, which was much larger and heavier than the doors more recently used. This he took to his new home on Fort street, where it continued to herald the advent of messengers and callers.

Col. Thomas L. McKenney, Federal commissioner of Indian affairs (or whatever title corresponded to that in those days), and appointed with Gen. Cass in the negotiation of Indian treaties, was here in 1826, and saw much of the old house in his frequent interviews with the governor. He afterwards published a book upon his "Tour of the Lakes," with some observations upon the character and customs of the Chippewa Indians, in which he gives a description of this edifice well worth citation in full. He says:

[For this quotation, see preceding paper, pages 91–2.]

The Oriental suggestion in a part of the colonel's description moved Colonel Henry Whiting, then and for many years an officer of the United States army at this post, and a gentleman of much scholarly humor, to make reference to it in his poem, "The Age of Steam," read to a Fourth of July party in 1830, on board the steamer Henry Clay. His effusion may still be read in a neat pamphlet. After brief mention of Springwells,

> "Which much of Brock and hist'ry tells,
> Where Hull first caught the ague fit
> Which made his heart go pat-a-pit,"

and of Le Breton's place, of "pale beer" fame, the rhyme thus runs on:

> "Next on the bank, in antique guise,
> The *Cass*-tle of *Cass*-ina lies,
> Whose porch that might some pagod fit,
> Disturbed with doubts M'K-nu-y's wit;
> Who thought, 'tis said, when first he scanned it,
> Perhaps some mandarin had planned it."

The house was still, probably, upon the original site, described by Cadillac as "delightfully situated on the margin of the river [the Savoyard, whose bed long since was filled up]; it stands on a little eminence and overlooks the village of the Hurons." The tribe had its lodges on the other side of the ravine, upon the later "Jones farm." It is supposed that the chief vacated the dwelling when his people removed to the mission at Bois Blanc island, about 1740. In about ten years it came into possession of a Frenchman named St. Martin, who was very prominent in the public affairs of his time and made himself useful to the English here during the Pontiac troubles. St. Martin's executors conveyed the property in 1781 to the well-known Scotch merchant of that day, Alexander Macomb, for £1,060; and in this house was born his grandson, who became famous as Major General Macomb, and died the commander of the federal army. Previous to this sale it was occupied by George C. Anthon, father of several sons who distinguished themselves as classical scholars and otherwise. John, the New York lawyer, and two of his brothers (but not Charles, the editor of many "pony" editions of classic authors) were born in this dwelling.

Governor Cass bought the premises in 1816, and the house was occupied as a residence and office by him until he went to Washington to take the portfolio of the war office in 1831; and Governor Porter, of the State organization, died within its walls. The eminent and historic associations of the structure should have reserved it for a better fate than has befallen it.

From Gen. Cass the property, after an interval of ownership by an unlucky party of speculators, passed to a former employé of his, Mr. Abram Smolk, and by him it was conveyed to Wm. Beals, the last owner. When the front of the Cass farm was improved and the river bank cut down in 1835, the building was set back from its old location to its present site on the north side of Larned street. Some changes, as before indicated, were made to it in the course of the years; and its internal arrangement and construction were greatly changed, though the framework remained the same. It is well worth a visit from all who are interested in local antiquities, before it wholly disappears, as it will in a few days. Judge J. V. Campbell who has taken much interest in its history, and to whom this notice is indebted for many of its facts, yesterday visited and inspected the ruin with much interest.

It is constructed on what is known as the block-house plan, that is of logs closely fitted together and tenoned at the corners into grooved upright posts.

DOCTOR DOUGLASS HOUGHTON.

The following is a brief abstract of a paper read February 5th, 1879, by Prof. Bradish, of Detroit, on Michigan's first geologist:

DOUGLASS HOUGHTON

was born in Troy, N. Y., Sept. 21, 1809. He graduated at the Van Rensselaer school in that city in 1828, and was soon after appointed assistant professor of chemistry and natural history in that institution, then under the control of Prof. Eaton. In 1830 General Cass, Major Biddle, Major Whiting, and others of Detroit applied to Professor Eaton for a person qualified to deliver a course of public lectures on chemistry and geology. Lucius Lyon, then a delegate in Congress from the territory of Michigan, on his return from Washington, called on Prof. Eaton to make the proper inquiries. Eaton listened to Mr. Lyon's request, then opened the door to the laboratory, and introduced the boy Houghton to the member of Congress, calling him by the familiar name "Douglass." Mr. Lyon was astonished and could hardly believe Prof. Eaton to be in earnest. Young Houghton did not hesitate, and while retaining his professorship at Troy, came to the border town of Detroit. Thus commenced the career of the brilliant Houghton in the State of his adoption.

Before he was 19 years old he had been admitted to practice medicine by the medical society of Chautauqua county, N. Y. He landed at Detroit before he was 20, a total stranger save the letter he brought, and he had just ten cents in money. He speedily made friends, and his lectures aroused great enthusiasm. Only a few months after his arrival in Michigan he received the appointment of physician and botanist to the expedition for the discovery of the source of the Mississippi, organized under the direction of Henry R. Schoolcraft. Houghton's labors with that expedition were skillfully performed, and his researches did much to extend our knowledge of the flora of the northwest.

From 1832 to 1836 he practiced as a physician and surgeon in Detroit. He was also a skillful dentist. He gained an extensive practice, but never relaxed his studies in science. In 1834, when the cholera visited Detroit with such fearful results, no one could have been more devoted or made greater sacrifices to solace the sick and dying than young Houghton. Among his schoolmates he was a young Napoleon, organizing and leading in many mischievous and dashing enterprises; and the same trait of character led him to stand courageously by the bedside of the cholera patient, and to be a leader in all his undertakings. His social qualities were singularly happy. He could not drop into a store or office without being surrounded by a group of admiring friends. In his habits he was absolutely temperate. His mind was acute, disciplined, and

ready,—not classical, perhaps not polished, but open, frank, and truthful. Its culture had been scientific rather than classic or literary, and it was disciplined by writing and lecturing, and made ready and accurate by a wide and responsible intercourse with men, even before he was 20 years old. He read a great many books and played the flute with exceeding skill.

In 1837 he matured the scheme for a geological survey of Michigan. There were few persons then in the State whose acquirements fitted them to give counsel in a scheme of this kind, hence the labor and responsibility of projecting and maturing such a survey fell almost wholly on him. He proposed to himself a system that should comprise four departments; namely, geology, zoölogy, botany, and topography, each having an official head, and all united under the general guidance of the State geologist. The first thing was to bring the matter before the Legislature and get its approval. The members of that body were not familiar with the facts or the value of geologic science, and zoölogy and botany would appear to them, perhaps, of even less practical importance. Michigan had just entered the great family of States. She was inexperienced in public works of all kinds. Her people were sparsely scattered over a wide field of dense forests and oak openings. Through confidence in himself, a knowledge of men, tact, vigilance, courage, and labor, Houghton went before the Legislature and accomplished his purpose.

Governor Mason, on the passage of a law establishing a geologic department, appointed Houghton State geologist. His able reports of his researches and discoveries are familiar to the public, but the arduous duties and sacrifices which he imposed on himself in developing the geology and the mineral wealth of Michigan can never be known.

As an illustration of his intrepidity in time of danger, Prof. Bradish relates the following incident, which happened in 1840 or 1841. In that open Mackinac sail-boat (the same that was subsequently dashed to pieces) he was making his way along the rock-bound coast of Lake Superior. Night was approaching. Black clouds suddenly overcast the heavens and the darkness of midnight approached. He was opposite the celebrated "pictured rocks," well out to sea, some 15 miles from his destination. His men, obedient to his will, tried hard to keep the boat off shore. But the wind blew a gale. Thunder and lightning added their horrors to the scene. Despite all their efforts, the storm was taking them directly on to the rocks, against which the waters were heard to dash. Houghton saw there was no escape, and the frail barque was speedily sweeping to inevitable destruction.

He knew that at intervals along the perpendicular ledges there were narrow breaks or rifts cut away by rivulets. Such a break might, if reached in time, admit of shelter. While the winds whistled and moaned, and the waves broke in thunder tones, leaping high up the cliffs, the geologist stood firm at the prow of the tossing boat, watching with intense eagerness for one of these slight breaks in the frowning shore. The boat was almost touching the dreaded rocks. Suddenly there came a lurid flash of lightning. Houghton perceived an opening in the rocks, and the frail barque with its precious freight was whirled in and shot up the slope, safe on the gravelly beach.

Labor and hardship had no terrors for Douglass Houghton, and although he died at the early age of 36, he had performed an amount of work rarely excelled, and made for himself a name and fame as enduring as the history of the peninsular State.

It was on October 14, 1845, that Dr. Houghton was lost on Lake Superior.

It was ten o'clock at night, and in an open Mackinac sail-boat with five companions he was making his way over the rough waters of that inland sea. They had only a few miles before them to reach Eagle river, where he expected to send dispatches to Detroit in the morning. They were not far from land, a snow storm prevailed, and the wind blew a gale. The leader of the band was anxious to get around a point of rocks, a low, broken promontory that shelved to a considerable distance seaward. He encouraged his men to brave the storm. The waves had increased and were running high. Accustomed to steer his own boat, Houghton trusted to his own judgment, skill, and good fortune, to overcome and master even the elements. His men proposed to go ashore. Houghton encouraged them to proceed, and said, "Pull away, my boys, we shall soon be there; pull steady and hard." Amid the increasing violence of the gale the boat was capsized. They all went under for a moment. Houghton was raised from the water by his trusty companion and friend Peter, who told the doctor to cling to the keel, then uppermost. "Never mind me," cried Houghton; "go ashore, if you can; be sure that I will get ashore well enough." All his valuable instruments and specimens were lost and his notes and papers scattered on the waters.

Very soon the boat was righted and these devoted heroes were all at their oars again. But this bright interval was of brief duration. In a moment after, a wave struck her with such violence that the boat, receiving the blow at the stern, was dashed clear over endwise, and all were again thrown into the fatal waves. Two of the hardy mariners were thrown on the shore in a helpless condition, but the leader of that heroic band went down, not again to rise.

Such was the fate of the noble Douglass Houghton, Michigan's first geologist.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY COLONEL HENRY RAYMOND OF BAY CITY.

In 1829 there resided in Detroit a gentleman who came of one of the most conspicuous families of Philadelphia. An artillery officer in the war of 1812, he fought with bravery under the gallant Scott at Lundy's Lane, Chippewa and other points, and for gallantry was promoted to Major; at the close of the war was retired on cutting down the army to a peace footing; subsequently was appointed Register of the Land Office at Detroit.

As a citizen he took a high position, owning and occupying the well-known Governor Hull mansion,—now Biddle House site,—and was also the owner of the site on which the flourishing city of Wyandotte is built. I allude to the Hon. John Biddle.

At the date above stated, 1829, he had been chosen delegate to Congress from the then Territory of Michigan.

In those days, to reach Washington from Detroit at the commencement of winter was no light undertaking. The few small steamers then on the lakes being laid up, there remained open the route through Canada to the Niagara frontier, nearly a wilderness, scarcely any roads, and no public conveyance.

Then there was the route by way of the Maumee river, the horrible black swamp, and northern Ohio, then very sparsely settled, with no public conveyance to be depended upon. Our delegate chose neither of these, but marked out an original line by going directly west to the south end of Lake Michigan by what was then known as the Chicago trail, thence turning southward, over trails and portages known only to Indians and trappers, until he would strike the Wabash, thereby reaching the Ohio river.

The principal outfit for this trip consisted of one stout Canadian pony, there being scarcely any others in the country,—besides it was absolutely necessary to have an animal that could live on browse or marsh grass,—saddle, bridle, picket rope, one pair of blankets strapped on the crupper pad, and an old-fashioned leather portmanteau, or more generally termed saddle-bags—one side containing his lunch, the other a Congressman's wardrobe, a clean shirt and tooth brush, and pants seated with buckskin.

Thus equipped, our hero, on a bright morning early in November, commenced his lonely march, to enter upon his duties at Washington. The time for starting being known to a few of his friends, they determined to honor him as escort on the first day's journey. The following gentlemen, with the writer, made up the party, viz.: Colonel Edward Brooks, Major John E. Swartz, and the late Judge Charles Whipple.

The day was fine and the party jolly. Fifteen miles out, in a densely thick wood, adieus and God-speeds were exchanged, more than one eye being moistened by regrets, and our traveler proceeded on his winding way while the other party returned.

Having been a soldier, used to camp life and campaigning, he entered upon the trip without a doubt of success. The result proved that he well considered his chances, and in due time it was known that he had reached his destination in about thirty days.

What a change the pioneer of fifty years ago has witnessed! Then there were no railroads, no telegraph, few steamboats, no ocean steamers, lucifer matches were not in use, our army was armed with flint-lock muskets, and the campaigner depended upon his steel and flint to strike the spark that would warm his camp.

The controlling object of our then delegate in Congress was to secure appropriations for the continuance of the Chicago and Fort Gratiot turnpikes, which had been commenced, but alas! the spirit of economy, or change of policy, or something else had invaded that administration; consequently no more money was ever expended on roads in Michigan by the general government.

A gentleman by the name of Warner was elected a member of the Michigan Legislature of 1858–9, from Sault Ste. Marie, and, owing to ill health, was not able to leave for Lansing previous to the close of navigation, some two months before the meeting of the Legislature. Therefore he was obliged to leave his constituency unrepresented or make an overland trip in midwinter of over three hundred miles of dense forest, and on foot. He chose the latter.

In those days there was a semi-monthly mail, by dog train, between Bay City, Mackinaw, and the Sault Ste. Marie. In company with this line the trip was accomplished in fifteen days, sleeping nearly every night by campfire, without other shelter than a blanket or snow-bank. But then it must be remembered that he received the magnificent sum of $3 per diem for every day employed in this service, with ten cents mileage and no charge for lodging.

MEMORIAL SKETCH OF EDWIN JEROME.

BY DR. O. C. COMSTOCK, OF MARSHALL.

Read February 2d, 1881.

The death of Edwin Jerome, Sr., which occurred June 21st, 1880, in the city of Detroit, has come to the knowledge of the writer, and his warmest sensibilities are aroused. He remembers the boyhood of Mr. Jerome when he was my associate in the school at Trumansburg, Tompkins Co., N. Y. He was a hardy, healthy boy, quick in his perceptions and had a remarkably retentive memory. These mental and physical advantages made him the peer of all his companions, and unsurpassed by few. His scholastic attainments grew with his years, especially in the department of mathematics, and he early became a good surveyor, an employment he followed during all the years of his early manhood. His father, Horace Jerome, was a lawyer and a man of great business capacity, and came with his family into this State in 1827. His native fire had been dimmed by his misfortunes in New York, but not extinguished. The large enterprises in which he and his family embarked were more successful, and by these means his sons acquired the business tact which so universally distinguishes them. The last annual meeting of this society was honored with the attendance of Mr. Edwin Jerome, Sr., who came in, or rather was led in by faithful attendants. In view of his very great weakness, the effort to attend the meeting was duly appreciated by the society, and they simultaneously arose to their feet and remained standing until Mr. Jerome was seated.

SKETCH OF LIFE AND TIMES OF JAMES WITHERELL.

Read by Thomas W. Palmer, Detroit, Feb. 3d, 1881.

James Witherell was born in Mansfield, Mass., June 16th, 1759, of English stock who had emigrated from England between 1620 and 1640. After the battle of Bunker Hill he enlisted in a Massachusetts regiment, and served at the siege of Boston and through the war of the Revolution, until the army was disbanded at Newburgh in 1783. He rose from a private to the rank of an adjutant. He was at the battle of White Plains (where he was severely wounded), Long Island, Stillwater, Bemis Heights, and at the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga. He was in camp at Valley Forge through the terrible winter of starvation and suffering, and in the following summer fought at the battle of Monmouth. During the latter part of his service he held his commission in the 11th Massachusetts Regiment on the Continental establishment. He witnessed the execution of Andre, at Tappan. On the disbanding of the army in 1783, he had only eighty dollars, Continental script, the net results of eight years' hard service. This amount he spent for a bowl of punch with which to treat a brother officer. (I would not have it inferred from this fact that he was of a convivial turn, but he was a thrifty man and we are told that ardent spirits were much better then than now, and the money we know was much worse.) Throughout life he was a very temperate man. I think a brother or near relative of his was in the Revolutionary army also, as I find among his papers a letter from one Obadiah Witherell dated "from the army at West Point"—1779. As I have never known but one family by the name of Witherell, this letter was probably from a near relative.

In it Obadiah Witherell responds to the complaint from home that the times were hard—"that he imagines they knew nothing of hard times, and if they wanted to learn they had better come down to the army." At the close of the war, without friends, depending alone upon his own efforts, Mr. Witherell went into Connecticut and studied medicine, and about the year 1788 emigrated to the "new State"—Vermont. Here he practiced medicine for a number of years. He held a number of public offices, among others, associate and chief justice of Rutland county, member of the governor's council, and member of the Legislature. In 1807 he was elected to Congress, and had the pleasure of voting for the act abolishing the slave trade, passed in 1808. While in Congress he was appointed by President Jefferson one of the judges of the Supreme court of the territory of Michigan, and soon after, resigning his seat in Congress, started on his long journey to that then unknown land—Michigan. The territory was then a vast wilderness, its jurisdiction extending from the great lakes to the Mississippi, and contained about 3,000 white

inhabitants. The duties of the office were arduous. The governor and judges constituted the Legislature of the territory, the highest court of the territory, a land board in adjusting old land claims and in laying out a new city—Detroit. Part of the time they acted as a municipal government for Detroit; the old government after the fire in 1805 having remained in abeyance.

In 1812 the war with England was declared, and Judge Witherell being, in the absence of Governor Hull, the only Revolutionary officer in the territory, was appointed to command the legion ordered out to defend the territory. He was soon after appointed to command a battalion of volunteers. On the surrender of Detroit he refused to surrender his corps, but let them disperse wherever they chose. In 1810 Judge Witherell had removed his family, consisting of his wife and six children, from Fair Haven, Vt., to Detroit; but the unsettled state of affairs with the Indians who had become restless and threatening in their attitude, worked upon the fears of Mrs. Witherell to such an extent, that she and the children went back to Vermont in the autumn of 1811.

The surrender of Detroit made Judge Witherell, his son James C. C. Witherell (who was an officer in the volunteer service), and his son-in-law, Colonel Joseph Watson, prisoners of war. They were sent with other prisoners to Kingston, C. W., and there paroled. From there they went to Poultney, Vermont, to rejoin the balance of the family. After being exchanged, the Judge returned to his duties, and continued in the same office until, with the consent of President Adams, he exchanged the office of Judge for that of Secretary of the Territory.

He died at his residence on the Campus Martius, Detroit, where the Detroit Opera House stands, January 9th, 1838. Both houses of the Legislature and the bar of the Supreme Court of Michigan passed resolutions of respect and mourning.

Judge Witherell was about six feet in stature, erect in form, and decided in features, carriage, and language. Although not having the advantage of studies in early life, his correspondence shows that he acquired facility of expression, and that he had much sentiment, and a natural taste for letters which he had cultivated by reading and reflection. His son said of him in an article on the Territorial Judges, before the Historical Society some years ago: "Though not originally a lawyer by profession, by diligent application, he acquired a knowledge of legal principles, and administered justice but little trammeled by legal technicalities." His son further says: "It was said of him, by one of the most eminent statesmen of the age, that he possessed as pure a heart and as sound an intellect as is ordinarily given to human nature." And further: "His sterling integrity, moral worth, and prompt attention to official duties made him an acceptable judge."

Judge Campbell, in his political History of Michigan, says: "On the 23d of April, 1808, Judge Witherell was appointed Judge, to succeed Judge Bates. It appears that after Bates's departure, Woodward and Griffin had everything their own way, and paid no attention to the Governor, who was left in a hopeless minority, and that they used their power with some insolence and malice. Judge Witherell was as firm as Woodward, but much more quiet in his ways. His coming gave the Governor the support he needed, as well as the suggestions of a more masculine intellect, and the tables were turned. Henceforth, upon the question of the plan of the city of Detroit, and various other mat-

ters of difference, the absence of any one of the four sometimes led to hostile legislation, by the opposing majority present."

Again: "In September, 1808, when Judge Woodward was absent in Washington, Judge Witherell introduced and passed, against Griffin's opposition, a criminal bill of various pains and penalties, which, among other things, punished unauthorized banking. This ended the Bank of Detroit; but he was never forgiven by Judge Woodward, who as long as he remained on the Bench, was never on pleasant terms with Judge Witherell, and they never exchanged words, if they could avoid it, except officially." Although I never heard anything from any of Judge Witherell's family derogatory to Judge Woodward, I have come to the conclusion since I commenced this paper, that the relations between Judge Woodward and Witherell were not officially pleasant.

Judge Walker says in his lecture before the Young Men's Society, March 15th, 1859: "The vacancy upon the bench, made by the departure of Judge Bates, was not filled until the 3d of April, 1808, when James Witherell, then a member of Congress from Vermont, was appointed to the vacant judgeship by Mr. Jefferson. He was then forty-nine years of age, having been born at Mansfield, Mass., 1759. Full of valor and patriotism, he entered the revolutionary army at the early age of sixteen, and continued in it till the close of the war. He then studied medicine, and removed to Vermont, and after some years' practice, turned his attention to the law, and held, for a while, a judicial office. Although not a profound lawyer, yet his strong mind and clear common sense, united with industrious habits and an upright purpose, made him an able and acceptable judge. He was a man of few words, but of clearly defined, and strongly decided opinions, and an almost inflexible will; and these qualities of mind, guided by his strong common sense and his sterling integrity of character, enabled him to exert a leading influence wherever he went and in whatever office he filled. That influence was at once felt in our territorial government. From the time of the departure of Judge Bates in November, 1806, to the arrival of Judge Witherell in October, 1808, Judges Woodward and Griffin were enabled to control the Legislature and the Land Board, Governor Hull being in a hopeless minority in each. The arrival of Judge Witherell changed this state of things, as he, in the main, acted in concert with Governor Hull. It is curious to trace the records, the ayes and noes, through successive meetings, and successive months and years; and to notice how frequently the Legislature and the Land Board were equally divided, and how uniformly Governor Hull and Judge Witherell voted together against Judges Woodward and Griffin. It was first thought that Judge Witherell would give especial aid to Governor Hull in carrying out his projects, whatever they were; but it soon became apparent that Judge Witherell was the stronger man of the two, and that *his* purposes rather than those of the Governor, were to become the rule of action. Upon the Bench, Judge Witherell was in the minority, and it was not unfrequent that Judge Woodward took his revenge there, for the conduct of Judge Witherell in relation to his projects in the Legislature. Judge Witherell had no sympathy, and little patience with the eccentricities, whimsicalities, and fickleness of his associate, the Chief Justice; and their disagreements upon the Bench were matters of public notoriety, and were sometimes expressed in anything but courtly phrase. Judge Witherell, as is well known, lived until January, 1838, when he departed, full of years and honors, having by his long services, his upright conduct, and his decided ability, won the respect of all who knew him.

I am indebted to Don C. Henderson, Esq., of Allegan, for the following, taken from State papers:

Feb. 29, 1828, Gov. Louis Cass left the seat of government, and Jas. Witherell, secretary, became acting governor.

April 30, 1828, Gov. Cass returned. During the absence of Gen. Cass, acting Gov. Witherell appointed Wm. S. Moseby Judge of Probate for Wayne county, and accepted the resignation of Archibald Phelps as captain Michigan militia.

July 3, 1828, acting Gov. Witherell appointed B. F. H. Witherell district attorney for St. Clair district.

Nov. 7, 1828, he appointed Thos. J. Drake Register of Probate, Oakland county.

Nov. 8, 1828, he appointed R. S. Rice Register of Probate, Wayne county.

Aug. 28, 1828, he granted a requisition of Gov. of Kentucky for return of three criminals.

Sept. 13, 1828, he appointed Warner Wing district attorney for first district.

Sept. 27, 1828, he officiated as governor, and made two appointments to office.

Oct. 13, 1828, he respited two Indians, convicted of murder at Green Bay, by Judge Jas. Duane Doty, in Crawford county court; he further notified Henry Clay, Secretary of State under John Quincy Adams, of this respite.

Dec. 13, 1828, he appointed B. F. H. Witherell Justice of the Peace for Washtenaw county.

Jan. 28, 1829, he appointed County Clerk and Register of Probate for Lenawee county.

Feb. 14, 1829, he accepted resignation of A. J. Comstock as Justice of the Peace for Lenawee county, and Feb. 16, 1829, appointed Job S. Comstock Justice of the Peace for same county.

Feb. 24, 1829, he made several military appointments.

Feb. 25, 1829, officiated as governor.

March 6, 1829, appointed an Associate Justice for Lenawee county court.

March 19, 1829, he appointed Dan'l LeRoy Chief Justice of the Oakland county court.

March 20, 1829, he appointed Martin Clark Justice of the Peace for Wayne county.

March 31, 1829, made a number of military appointments.

April, 1829, Gov. Cass returned—having been absent from 12th Oct., 1828—6 months.

Jan. 1, 1830, Gov. Witherell appointed Levi Cook Treasurer of the territory.

Jan. 4, 1830, he appointed Theo. Williams Register of Deeds for Wayne county.

Jan. 5, 6, and 7, 1830, he officiated as governor.

Jan. 8, he appointed Edward Brooks Auctioneer Wayne county.

Jan. 13, 1830, he appointed Orville Cook and Wm. Barton Associate Justices of Wayne county, and John McDonnell Chief Justice of same court.

Jan. 30, 1830, he officiated as governor.

Feb. 3, 1830, he officiated as governor.

Feb. 4, 13, 20, 23, 1830, he officiated as governor.

March 1, 4, 14, 15, and 18, 1830, he officiated as governor.

March 18 he approved articles of association—an institution for female education, with Louis Cass, Sol. Sibley, DeGarmo Jones, E. P. Hastings, C. C.

Trowbridge, E. A. Brush, J. Kearsley, Jas. Abbott, Charles Larned, H. M. Campbell, Henry Chipman, and Edward Brooks as directors.

April 1, 1830, Gov. Cass returned, after an absence of 3 months.

April 20, 1830, Gov. Witherell officiated as governor.

July 21, 1830, Stevens T. Mason qualified before Gov. Cass as the Secretary of the Territory.

All of Acting Gov. Witherell's appointments and acts as executive of the territory during his secretaryship of three years, were subsequently approved and endorsed by Gen. Cass, who submitted all of Witherell's appointments to the territorial council, and in all cases they were confirmed.

The Judge, about 1815, bought the farm now part of the 10th ward of the city of Detroit, for $4,500, and lived there until 1835, when he sold it for what he considered a most exorbitant price—$20,000. The farm was 400 feet wide on the river, running three miles back. The purchaser paid $5,000 down and nothing afterwards. After the Judge's death the farm reverted to his heirs. To show the enhancement of the property with the lapse of time, I will state that the river front alone, with no improvement and comprising a strip of land 150 feet deep, was appraised in 1872 at $300 a foot front, or $120,000. It is not worth that amount now, however. But little of this farm, which now would be a vast estate, remains with the Judge's descendants.

Judge Witherell was married to Amy Hawkins, November 11, 1790. She was born of a Quaker family, in Smithfield, R. I., and was a descendant of Roger Williams. Her father's name was Charles. Her mother's maiden name was Sarah Olney. Her father's family removed to Vermont in 1786. Although of Quaker stock, she was converted to Methodism at an early age, and throughout her life was a member of that church. She died in 1848. There is a short sketch of her, appropriate to the work, commencing on page 51 of the History of Protestantism in Michigan. She was small in stature, but a woman of great spirit. She brought the family on their second trip to Detroit, through the woods of New York, in what was called a carriage, but what was in reality a lumber wagon. I remember her telling of being interviewed by what she then took for a large dog, but which she afterwards believed to be a panther. She was walking ahead, and out of sight of the carriage, in one of the long stretches of woods between Albany and Buffalo. The animal crossed the road about 200 feet ahead of her. In a short time he crossed the road again, about the same distance ahead of her. She walked fearlessly toward it with her umbrella in her hand, having some misgivings from its peculiar movements, when it passed into the woods, and she saw no more of it. The landlord of the log tavern that she first reached told her the animal was undoubtedly a panther, as quite a number had been seen in that part of the country.

She was a warm partisan politically, enthusiastic for Harrison, and afterwards for Clay,—tenacious of her country's honor and dignity, and had a wholesome horror of Great Britain, as well she might. She remembered many incidents of the Revolution, and often told of the sufferings of her brother who had been imprisoned three times in the Jersey prison ship, and experienced its horrors, hardly second to those of our Andersonville.

To the Judge's wife were born six children:

James Cullen C., born July 14, 1791,—entered Middlebury College, 1808, but left and went with his father's family to Detroit in 1810, was taken prisoner by

the English at the surrender of the city, was paroled, and died at Poultney, Vt., August 26, 1813.

Sarah Myra, born September 6, 1792,—married Colonel Joseph Watson, died in Poultney, March 22d, 1818, having borne three boys, two of whom reached man's estate. One of her sons and two of her grandchildren are now living.

Betsey Matildy, born in 1793,—married Dr. E. Hurd, died at Detroit in 1852. She bore eight children, two of whom survive. Six of her grandchildren are now living.

Mary Amy, born October, 1795,—married Thomas Palmer 1821, died in Detroit, March 19th, 1874. To her were born seven children, one only of whom,—your narrator,—survives. One grandchild of hers survives.

Benjamin F. H., born 1797, died June 22, 1867. To him were born five children, one of whom survives. Three grandchildren are still living.

James B,, born May 12, 1799,—became a midshipman in the U. S. navy, and died of yellow fever on board U. S. ship Peacock, during a passage from Havana to Hampton Roads.

Mrs. Hurd I well remember. She was a woman of extensive and varied reading. She was one of the best conversationalists I ever knew. She had a great memory, and much imagination, and could invest any subject upon which she talked, with interest. She was a member of the First Presbyterian Church, Detroit, for many years.

Mrs. Palmer was a woman of whom I will let others speak. All that a son would like to say of his mother, I can say of her. She was a woman of superior understanding and high ideals, as was said by one who had been reared under her care. She was a woman lenient towards others, but incorruptible in her judgment of herself. She was an ardent politician although not obtrusive or masculine. She loved her country, but she wanted her country to be right, and desired that its policy should be determined by the highest moral impulses. From the History of Protestantism, I quote the following: "Mrs. Palmer was a sincere, quiet Christian and charitable woman. She was one of the originators of the Protestant Orphan Asylum in Detroit, and for many years was connected with it in an official capacity." She had very quick and active sympathies for the needy and distressed. She was for sixty years a member of the Methodist Church.

B. F. H. WITHERELL.

In 1817 he returned with the family to Detroit, riding in a carriage as far as Buffalo, and making the remainder of the journey through Canada on horseback. On his arrival he commenced the study of law in the office of Gov. Woodbridge, and was admitted to the bar of the territorial court in 1819 before Judge Woodward.

His admission to the bar of the supreme court of the United States was on motion of Daniel Webster. For the greater part of the time between 1830 and 1840, he filled the offices of probate judge and prosecuting attorney for Wayne county. In 1843 he became judge of the district criminal court, then consisting of the counties of Wayne, Washtenaw, and Jackson, and held the office until it was abolished by the adoption of the new constitution of 1850. Some few years after this he was chosen to the position of circuit judge of Wayne county to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Judge Douglass, whose

time he served out. At the expiration of this, he was again elected, and once again, had served about four years on his last term at the time of his death, having occupied the position altogether over ten years. He had also filled the office of justice of the peace and recorder of the city of Detroit, served in the State Legislature, and was elected as delegate to the constitutional convention in 1850. He filled very many private positions of honor, and at his death was president of the Soldiers' Monument Association, which originated on a motion of his made at a meeting of the citizens of Detroit to take steps for the proper reception of the Michigan First Infantry, on their return on the expiration of their three months' enlistment in 1861. He was also president of the Michigan Historical Society. He was married three times.

I quote from his obituary when I say: "Judge Witherell became a marked man within a very few years after his entry into life in Michigan, and continued to hold a high position in public regard until death. He was particularly noted for skill as a criminal lawyer, and filled the position of prosecuting attorney and recorder of Wayne county with credit. He was universally esteemed as an upright, honorable man, and had a host of warm personal friends, especially among the French residents. Unquestionably he was the best informed man living, about the early history of Detroit."

The Michigan Red Book says, among other things: "He was called by his intimate friends a 'Walking Historical Dictionary of Detroit,' and that he published a series of historical recollections of great value and interest, and his death was lamented as a public calamity."

He wrote many articles illustrative of the early history of Michigan, which were published in the Detroit Free Press over the signature of Hamtramck. Thirteen of these sketches, covering 37 pages, are published in the Wisconsin Historical Sketches, 1856, volume 3d, pp. 330 to 337 inclusive. There are many others published since which should be collated and preserved.

In his prime he was over six feet in stature and weighed about 240 pounds. He was genial and kindly in his disposition. On the bench he was lenient in his sentences for the first offense, but when an old offender was convicted he usually gave him the full term prescribed by law. I remember my father rallying him on the fact that the criminal court was legislated out of existence while *he*, the judge, was on the bench, because the judge was breaking up the Democratic party in Wayne county by his severe sentences. That was at a time when the Democracy was dominant and could take home thrusts without wincing. I need not say that my father was a strong Whig; the judge was a Democrat.

The judge quite often had two courts in hand at one time. The following clipping from a Detroit daily paper, of which the date does not appear, would seem to indicate this:

A RUSHING BUSINESS.—Judge Witherell, in attending to the double duties of recorder and judge of the circuit court, sometimes finds that the duties connected therewith, especially when both courts are to be held on the same day, require an ubiquitous presence on the part of the judge. He, however, supplies this quality by a skillful dodging between the two benches, and concludes the business before each. He opened the circuit court yesterday morning, remaining there until about 11 o'clock, when the case on hand was submitted to the jury. He then proceeded to the city hall and presided over the recorder's court until half past twelve, when he returned to the circuit court and adjourned it until two o'clock. At this hour he again opened the circuit,

and the jury still being out, went to the recorder's court again, holding it until five P. M., and then returned to the circuit in time to learn that the jury were unable to agree upon a verdict in the case before them. This we consider a pretty good day's business.

JAMES B. WITHERELL

died just as he was entering upon his career as a midshipman in the navy, at the age of 23. He was well calculated to make friends wherever he went, I should judge from the accounts of his cotemporaries. His family and friends were fondly attached to him, and the following lines to his memory, published in the National Intelligencer, would indicate that he had made friends in his profession. The authorship was never ascertained by his relatives. The lines are intrinsically so good and so much above the average standard of elegiac poetry, that they will bear reading, and with due allowance for the extravagance of expression, will afford some idea of his character:

"Though lost to friends, to country, and to fame,
Ere glory's annals had enrolled his name,
And with his brave companions doomed to sleep
In the rough bosom of the stormy deep,
Though art no monumental tribute raise,
No trophied marble to record his praise;
Oh say, shall the remembrance of the brave,
Forever perish in oblivion's wave?
Will not the tributary muse bestow
Some mournful chaplet to adorn his brow?
In her sad strains his hapless fate rehearse,
While sacred friendship consecrates the verse:
What opening virtues graced his youthful mind,
The hero and the scholar were combined;
A glorious emulation, and so rare,
That all might envy, though so few can share;
Averse to foolish, overweening pride,
So oft to vice and ignorance allied,
Which swells the selfish and contracted mind
Beyond the sphere for which it was designed;
A generous spirit marked his short career,
And rising greatness was implanted there.
Ardent for fame, impatient to sustain
Columbia's glory on the raging main,
The young aspirant left his native shore,
To which fate doomed him to return no more.
Alas! untimely lost, in youthful bloom,
An early victim to a wat'ry tomb.
Accept, lamented youth, this friendly lay,
'Tis the last tribute that the muse can pay;
One who but lately knew, yet knew thee well,
And bids thee now a long, a last farewell."

There was another James B. Witherell, eldest son of B. F. H. Witherell, born in Detroit in 1828, who graduated at Michigan University in 1848, traveled on foot through Spain with your narrator, was attorney of the city of Detroit, and appointed to a 2d lieutenancy of cavalry, March 5th, 1855, promoted to 1st lieutenant, June 28, 1860, was gazetted twice for gallant conduct in fighting with the Indians, was in Twiggs's command at the beginning of the Rebellion, and started north with those who remained true to the flag. He was very near-sighted, and as he disappeared from the boat, it was supposed he stumbled and fell overboard. His body was afterwards recovered and buried by the Masonic fraternity at Point Isabel. He was a generous, impetuous, and gallant man.

ADDENDA.

FURNISHED BY HON. R. E. ROBERTS, OF DETROIT.

Hon. James Witherell, in a letter to a friend in Vermont, dated Detroit, Feb. 3d, 1812, records his observation of the effect of an earthquake here on the 23d of Jan., 1812, the first and only one of which there is any record or account. There not being any newspaper published here at the time, the event was not chronicled. Judge W. said, "the earthquake occurred in the morning at 30 minutes past eight o'clock as I sat reading by the fire at Col. Watson's. I felt an unusual sensation; I thought something must be the matter with me. I felt an agitation that I could not account for. But I soon observed that the walls of the house were in motion north and south. I got up, stepped to a bedroom door and asked my daughter if she perceived that the house trembled. She replied that she did, and thought some one was shaking her bedstead. I then discovered that a small looking-glass which was hanging on the wall, was swinging to and fro several inches, and the shade trees in the yard were waving considerably north and south.

"Dr. Brown informed me that his stove oscillated very much, and that a cradle was set rocking smartly, though there was no one near it. A little girl who had crossed the lake in a vessel last fall, tottered about and called out, 'Oh, mother, we are in the vessel again!' Cook's house shook more than most others, probably because it was higher and the frame new and stronger. The ice in the river was split for several miles. A Frenchman at Grosse Point says that his bowl of mush and milk was spilt."

Judge W. also related a strange event that occurred at Orchard Lake on the 17th Dec., 1811, at which time the whole interior of Michigan was a wilderness, untrodden except by Indians, Indian traders, and wild beasts. Judge W. said: "The Indians said the waters of the lake began to boil, bubble, foam, and roll about as though they had been in a large kettle over a hot fire, and that in a few minutes up came great numbers of turtles, and hurried to the shore, upon which they had a great turtle feast."

The judge in one of his letters, in 1811, also states that a curious delusion prevails among the Indians, of the following character: They think that some of their number have the power to afflict as they may wish, with bodily ailments, such as they desire to harm, and that they can exercise this power from a distance as well as when present. He says that this belief has taken such possession of them that already quite a number have been set upon by their associates and butchered with their tomahawks; and remarks that it bears a great similarity to the Salem delusion.

I am indebted to Mrs. Geo. W. Hoffman, of Detroit, a granddaughter of the judge, for the following account of a

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION IN 1809.

The first summer that Judge Witherell was in Michigan he was living at Springwells. On the morning of the 4th of July he said to his family, at the breakfast table, "I propose that we have a celebration." All looked up with surprise, wondering how one family alone, in a desolate country place, could get up a Fourth of July celebration. "Well," said he, "I am in earnest;

will you all do as I direct?" "Certainly, certainly, we will." At the same time they looked at one another in rather a suspicious way. At times the judge was very fond of a real good practical joke. After a consultation, one of the sons was sent after an old Frenchman, who soon appeared with his shot gun. The family, consisting of the mother and six children, three sons and three daughters, were then called together, who, with the judge, walking two and two, started for a sand hill about three-quarters of a mile distant, the old Frenchman bringing up the rear. The sand hill was quite near the river. The judge and two of his sons were six feet in height and large in proportion (though at this time the boys were not fully grown), and altogether they made a fine looking group. After selecting a small log, and standing it on end for a desk, and arranging seats made from branches, for the mother and daughters, they commenced the celebration. The Judge read the Declaration of Independence. The old Frenchman fired his gun. Then the eldest son (I. Columbus Witherell) sang a patriotic ode, all joining in the chorus. Another gun fired. Then a speech by Benj. Franklin Witherell. Another gun. Another song by James Bonaparte Witherell, all joining in chorus. Another gun. Then they marched home on the beach in Indian file, singing as they marched.

For dinner they had pea soup, white-fish from the river, a small pig roasted whole, roast mutton, vegetables, etc. For dessert, pies, apples, hickory nuts, and coffee.

At dinner the judge recounted his experience at the battle of White Plains (where he was severely wounded), Long Island, Stillwater, Bemis Heights, and the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, his sufferings at Valley Forge and the next summer at Monmouth; also about the bowl of punch which cost eighty dollars. He also told them that it was his duty once to call off the number or name of the different companies as Washington rode down the lines. After he had finished his recital, his wife told of her brother's experience on board the Jersey prison ship, where he was a prisoner three times, and various incidents of the time "which tried men's souls." The party then dispersed as well as *one family* could.

The Buffalo Historical Society, through Hon. E. C. Walker, some years before Mrs. Palmer's death, asked of her an account of the wreck of the Walk-in-the-water. The following is a copy of her letter:

Hon. E. C. Walker:

DEAR SIR,—At your suggestion I now give you a sketch of my recollection of the loss of the Walk-in-the-water, and a copy of the letter accompanying the pictures.

The first steamboat built on the Upper Lakes was named the Walk-in-the-water, not only from its appropriateness, but from a chief of the Wyandotte Indians, who lived with his band about twelve miles below Detroit, on the margin of the Detroit River. His Indian name was Mier, and signified a turtle, and his Totem, or signature, was the figure of a turtle.

The boat has been so often described that it is needless to repeat it. She was built at Black Rock, which place continued for some time to be her most eastern port and the terminus of her route; Buffalo at that time having no pier or dock to accommodate her.

She was hauled up the rapids by sixteen yoke of oxen, aided by her engine. She made her trial trip in August, 1818. I was a passenger on her first regular trip, as well as her last. She left Buffalo on her first regular trip, as near

as I can recollect, on Wednesday morning, September 1st, 1818. She carried at that time considerable freight and a large number of passengers, among whom was the Earl of Selkirk, Lady Selkirk, and two children; Colonel Dixon, the British Indian Agent for the Northwest, Colonel Jno. Anderson, U. S. Engineer, his wife and wife's sister, Miss Taylor; Colonel Leavenworth, U. S. A., wife and daughter, Colonel James Watson of Washington city, Major Abraham Edwards, who subsequently lived in Detroit, and afterwards removed to Kalamazoo, Mich., where he died about two years ago. She reached Detroit at about 9 o'clock on Monday morning, September 5th, 1818, and as she ushered in a new era in the navigation of the Upper Lakes, her arrival was hailed with delight, and announced by the firing of one gun, which custom was continued for many years. Captain Job Fish was, I think, the commander at that time.

It so happened that on my return from New York, in company with my husband, Mr. Thomas Palmer, and his sister, now Mrs. Catherine Hickman, of this city, we arrived in Buffalo just in time to take passage on her last trip. She lay at the pier on the middle ground. We went on board in a yawl. The boat immediately got under way at 4 P. M., the last day of October, A. D. 1821, and steamed up the lake. Before we reached Point Abino the wind came on to blow a gale. Captain Rogers, her commander at that time, made every effort to get behind the Point (Abino), but the wind was too strong ahead. It rained incessantly. The night was very dark, and to add to the danger of the situation, the boat began to leak badly. About eight o'clock, the Captain, finding it impossible to proceed farther, put about and started for Buffalo.

The sailing master (Miller) proposed running the boat into the Niagara River and anchoring, but the Captain said it was so dark that she might strike the pier in the attempt, and in such a case no human power could save a soul on board. The boat was run to within a few miles of the pier, as the Captain supposed, no light from the lighthouse being visible, although as was afterwards learned, it had been kept brightly burning. Three anchors were dropped, one with a chain and two with hempen cables. The boat plunged heavily at her anchorage. This, I think, was about 10 o'clock in the evening. The leak continued to increase. The whole power of the engine was applied to the pumps. The boat dragged her anchors. The night was one of terrible suspense. It was the impression of the greater number on board that we should never see the morning.

The water gained gradually in spite of every exertion, and it became evident, as the night wore on, that the bark must founder or be run on shore, which the Captain concluded, either from the sound of the breakers or from calculations of distances and courses, could not be far off. Most of the passengers were calm. One instance of coolness I remember. A Mr. Thurston, when requested to go on deck and prepare for the worst, replied: "No, I have great confidence in Captain Rogers; he promised to land me in Cleveland, and I know he will do it," wrapped his cloak around him and lay down on a settee.

About half-past four in the morning the Captain sent down for all the passengers to come on deck. He had decided, although ignorant of the exact location, to permit the boat to go on shore. We could see no lights. The chain cable was slipped, and the two hempen ones cut. Drifting before the

gale, the Walk-in-the-water, in about half an hour, grazed the beach. The next swell let her down with a crash of crockery and of glass, the third left her farther up the shore, fixed immovably in the sand. The swells made a clean breach over her. Some of the ladies were in their night clothes, and all were repeatedly drenched.

When daylight came, a sailor succeeded in getting ashore in a small boat, with one end of a hawser, which he tied to a tree, the other end being tied on board. By the aid of the hawser, all the passengers were taken ashore in the small boat. I was handed down by the Captain to a sailor in the small boat, who placed me on a seat. My husband was not so fortunate. A swell carried the yawl ahead just as he jumped, and he went into the water shoulder deep.

We found ourselves about a mile above the lighthouse, in dismal plight, but thankful for the preservation of our lives. In company with a Mr. Cahoon, who was the engineer of the steamer, I ran to the lighthouse. After the lapse of so long a time, it seems to me that I almost flew along the beach, my exhilaration was so great.

The lighthouse keeper anticipating wrecks or disasters (I think signal guns had been fired during the night on board the Walk-in-the-water) had a rousing fire in his huge fire-place, by which we remained until carriages came down for us from Buffalo. The citizens had supposed it impossible that the boat could live through the night, and when, at break of day, she was descried upon the beach, their efforts were directed to the care of the passengers and crew. All that could be done for our comfort was done. We were taken to the Landen House, a two-story frame building, then the principal hotel at Buffalo. It stood on the brow of the hill as we went up town from the creek. We returned to Detroit by wagon through Canada, a trip occupying two weeks.

The day after we got back to Buffalo, Captain Rogers called upon us. In the course of conversation he told me that his assurance of safety during the storm was anything but heartfelt; that during the gale he had secured the boat's papers on his person, thinking that should the boat and he be lost, his body would be washed ashore and the papers recovered.

Among the passengers now remembered were Major or Jed. Hunt, Lieutenant McKenzie, U. S. A., Jno. Hale, Esq., then a merchant of Canandaigua, afterwards merchant of this place, Jason Thurston, Esq., of Michigan, Rev. Mr. Hart, a missionary to Michigan, and wife, John S. Hudson and wife, and a Miss Osborn, who were on their way to Fort Gratiot to establish a mission for the Indians. Mr. and Mrs. Salsmer, of Ohio, Mr. Palmer and myself, and Mr. Palmer's sister, now Mrs. Catherine Hinchman, of this city.

A young gentleman of Buffalo, by name of J. D. Matthies, went down to the beach where the wreck lay, and, being an amateur artist, took sketches of it in two different positions, painted them and sent them to me at this place. They are now deposited among the archives of the Michigan Historical Society.

The deck of the Walk-in-the-water was like that of sailing vessels of the present day. The cabins were beneath the main deck, the after part partitioned off for ladies. The rest was devoted to gentlemen and answered for lodging, dining, and baggage room. The mast ran down through the gentlemen's cabin, and that part in the cabin was set in octagon with small mirrors. In visiting the wreck, a few days after the disaster, I remember that it laid

broadside on shore. I could almost walk around it dry shod; the sand had been deposited around it to such an extent, the oakum had worked out of the seams in the deck for yards in a place, and the panel work had become disjointed in many places.

Captain Rogers, I believe afterwards engaged in business in New York City, but I have heard nothing concerning him for many years.

The above recital agrees with my husband's recollections, and is substantially correct, although there may be some slight inaccuracies. Hoping that its perusal may contribute a little to the historical store of the Society asking it, and to your own pleasure,

I remain yours respectfully,

MARY A. WITHERELL PALMER.

DR. J. L. WHITING.

Evening News, April 30, 1880.

Dr. Whiting, after fifteen years of successful practice as a physician and surgeon, retired from the profession to engage in the forwarding and commission business. Concerning this step, he said, "The tide of immigration from the east was beginning to pour in upon us in a steady flood, and the business was most promising. I quit medicine to follow my new venture in February, 1832, but I was compelled to return to it in July, and work harder at it than ever I had in my life. The cholera had broken out.

"The dreadful disease was brought to us by a vessel carrying troops ordered to the scene of the Black-Hawk war, a war almost unknown to the history readers of this generation. You are aware that Black-Hawk was a powerful Sac chief, somewhat after the Pontiac pattern. The Sacs and Winnebagos of Wisconsin had long been ugly and spoiling for a fight. They were angry over the rapidly advancing colonization of Illinois, and dreaded further white encroachment. In the spring of 1832 they commenced warfare upon the frontier settlements of Illinois, killing, scalping, burning, and outraging, and a national as well as a militia force was sent out to teach them a lesson. After a number of fights the United States troops and Illinois militia, under General Atkinson, inflicted a crushing defeat upon the redskins at the junction of the Bad Axe river with the Mississippi, capturing Black-Hawk and his son and drove the Indians beyond the father of Waters. Black-Hawk and his son were taken to Washington. On their return they stopped for a while in Detroit, where I saw them both. Young Black-Hawk fell desperately in love with a prominent society belle and wanted to honor her by making her his squaw. She declined the proffered dignity for reasons best known to herself, but she has never married, and is still living in a state of single blessedness at Mackinac.

"Well, as I was saying," continued the doctor, "I had just about got used to my new work down at the dock, when along came these troops with the cholera. One of the men died of a pronounced case of Asiatic cholera on the Fourth of July. The military surgeon accompanying the detachment was scared almost out of his wits, and immediately upon landing betook himself to bed in the hotel. The commanding officer, thus deserted, called upon Dr. Rice, an able physician and an amiable man, to attend the sick, and Rice came to me to ask me to go with him. I didn't care to go, for I knew, though I had never seen a case of cholera, that it was frightfully contagious and rapid in its results, and I told Rice so. He urged that he had been authorized by the quartermaster to spare no expense in securing the most competent help, and finally he persuaded me to go with him. I told my wife when I went

home that Saturday evening that I had been called upon to attend the sick soldiers. She looked grave and sorrowful, but said that as it was a case of duty she could not ask me to back out.

"That night sixteen cases were brought ashore and placed in the quartermaster's stores, which had been converted into a temporary cholera hospital. The stores were back of Fisk's present crockery warehouse, between Jefferson avenue and the river, fronting on Woodbridge street. Of the sixteen cases eleven proved fatal before morning.

"On the same day Dr. Rice had the sick call sounded and carefully examined every man of the detachment. To every one who showed predisposing symptoms of the disease, such as the premonitory diarrhœa, he administered a thumping dose of ipecacuanha and calomel on the spot. It acted like a charm. There wasn't another new case in the command. After the dead were interred the detachment was hurried up to Fort Gratiot to recruit, and before they left, the commanding officer warmly thanked Dr. Rice and myself for our services.

"The cholera visitation upon the citizens came later in the year 1832, and imposed a vast amount of work upon me. It was confined largely to the lower classes, and swept off the intemperate and dissipated in large numbers. In 1834 it attacked an entirely different class; the upper orders, the sober, temperate, and church-going people. As in 1832 I was taken away from my commission business to attend to the stricken, and had to go out to Marshall, 100 miles, to attend to the cases there, the cholera having hopped over from Ann Arbor. Dr. Rice did wonders during both visitations. He practiced in Detroit for some 20 years, and was a man of great merit and as quick as lightning.

"This was not the only time I was called upon to minister to United States troops. In 1823 the quartermaster insisted upon my going to Saginaw to attend to a sick garrison from Green Bay. The troops were suffering from malignant intermitting fever, and at the end of three weeks' attendance upon them I was knocked over myself. I found the whole garrison sick, with one or two exceptions, and Dr. Zina Pitcher, the surgeon in charge, was the sickest of the lot. He was completely broken up. He had some 120 souls, old and young—60 enlisted men, with officers, laundresses, and children—under his charge, and all of them sick but one, with one of the most abominably distressing fevers imaginable. He was all alone, one hundred miles from anywhere, with an appalling amount of work on hand, and no wonder he broke down. When I reached Saginaw he was being carried all over the garrison on a mattress by men well enough as yet to move about or lift anything, giving opinions and advice, and a dreadful sight he presented, I can assure you. The garrison was broken up in October and moved to Detroit, where the troops were quartered on Fort street. I did Pitcher's duty from August, 1823, till May, 1824, nearly a year. At that time I began to talk to him of moving into Detroit, for I had a high opinion of him as an able physician and a fine man. In 1828, when I was making arrangements to give up my practice, I began writing to him, endeavoring to induce him to settle in Detroit and take my place, but I did not succeed until 1835 or '36.

"Dr. Pitcher was styled not long ago, by a president of the county medical association, the 'father of medicine in Michigan.' With all due respect to the president, who knew better, as I told him afterwards, medical history compels me to dispute the title awarded to my old friend. As long ago as 1819 I

commenced the formation of a medical society among the few scattered physicians of the territory. We had three at the capital and one respectively at Pontiac, St. Clair, Mount Clemens, and Monroe, and they all joined me. Long afterwards, when I had retired from practice, and when the number of physicans was greatly increased, county and State associations were formed and Dr. Pitcher was one of the first presidents of the Wayne county society."

Dr. Whiting had some experience with Cass among the Indians, and was a traveling companion with General Winfield Scott as early as 1827.

"In 1827," he said, "General Cass called upon me to accompany a treaty-making expedition to the *Buttes des Morts*, or Hills of the Dead, on the Fox river about 40 miles above Green Bay. The treaty was to be executed between General Cass and Col. McKinney, Indian agent at Washington, joint high commissioners for the United States, and Winnabagos, Chippewas, Pottawattamies, Foxes, Sacs, and Munnominees. The expedition went out on board the steamer Henry Clay, a first-class vessel in her time. She had only a main deck, which was a fore and after, with a cabin below. The affair was regarded as a splendid chance for speculation, so the steamer was loaded down with Detroit merchants and their goods. I was myself entrusted with $3,000 worth of goods of one kind and another, which I disposed of to advantage. One of the passengers was General Winfield Scott, who was on a tour of inspection of forts and posts, and as two companies were stationed at Sault Ste. Marie he persuaded the captain to take him there. This is how the first steamboat voyage to the Sault came to be made.

"The general was about 40 hours inspecting the post, and while he was busy we were having a splendid time enjoying ourselves in pleasure and trade. There were about a dozen beautiful young ladies on board and we had a dance nearly every night. The after cabin was given up to the demoiselles, so General Scott used to sleep on the dining tables every night, with a sperm candle burning at either side of his pillow; for there was an awful deal of fuss and feathers about the old fellow, even at that early stage of his career.

"My duties as medical officer were sufficient to keep me busy night and day. I had to attend to the Indian sick, and as it was a season when green corn was in, they gorged themselves to repletion with it, and of course, suffered torments. I was a big gun among them, I can tell you, as the 'medicine man,' with a couple of interpreters in constant attendance, moving around among people who regarded me as little less than a divinity, and swallowed the most atrociously unpleasant draughts with relish. To hear them smack their lips over rancid castor oil which spoke for itself at long range, was a caution.

"We had to wait a long time for the Winnebagos to come in, for they were saucy and disposed to show the whites that they didn't care for them, but at the same time they were suffering from a bad attack of green corn. A Munnominee runner came in one day in advance of his people, many of whom came down from the neighborhood of Hudson's bay, and in answer to my inquiries replied, with gesticulations far more eloquent than words: 'Munnominee sick like hel-l-l! Eat corn! Break up Munnominee, purroo purro-o-o-o-f!!!'

"There were about 3,000 Indians of the different tribes present, many of whom had marched one thousand miles to partake of the benefits of the treaty and receive the presents of food and clothing. They were supported while they were on the treaty ground and given all the provisions they could carry away with them. The valuable lands which they ceded have long since become among the most fertile portions of the western granary. We went

upon this expedition in June and returned in August. The Indians thought the world of Cass, whom they named Os-Kotchee, or 'Big Belly.'"

Of his personal share in the Black-Hawk war Dr. Whiting tells in a modest, interesting way.

"I was appointed," he said, "surgeon of the First Michigan militia regiment in 1818, and held my commission till 1832, when the war broke out. A Dr. Hurd, who came here in 1819, was very anxious to displace me and brought a number of recommendations from people in high position which he pressed upon General John R. Williams, then commander in chief. When we were ordered to *rendezvous* at Dearborn preparatory to marching upon Illinois, Hurd spent a whole day with the general trying to get the position. The fact was, he had been rather unsuccessful in Detroit, and the pay was an object to him, as much as the prestige was to me. I was determined I would not be thrust out of my rank to suit Hurd, and in the long run I defeated him, and was ordered to provide a supply of medicines and make ready to march at once. I got Dr. Chapin, then our only druggist doing anything like a business, to fit me up a big medicine chest sufficient for the requirements of 200 infantry and a company of cavalry. We got marching orders and had gone about fifty-five miles in the direction of Illinois when we received an order from General Williams ordering us back. Our expedition lasted from the Thursday of one week till the Wednesday of another—too short a time entirely to give the First Michigan an opportunity of distinguishing themselves on the field of glory, and I regret to say, also too short to qualify any of us for the 160 acres of land which every patriot had in his eye. I didn't have an opportunity of physicking a single combatant before the whole business was over."

On the close of the "second cholera" in 1834, Dr. Whiting retired permanently from the practice of medicine, and devoted himself for the ensuing eight or ten years to the forwarding business, which consisted principally in the receipt and handling of the goods of immigrants who were then flowing into the State in large numbers. The rush of immigration began in 1828 and continued for a long period afterwards. "I saw," said Dr. Whiting "the early movement of emigration to Ohio, which was vigorously proceeding when I was on my way to Michigan. I have seen the huge wagons of the pioneers, drawn by four teams of horses or yokes of oxen, making their way over the terrible roads, laden to the bursting point with household goods, and so arranged as to be moving homes for the family for the whole duration of the journey and until the settler could erect his log cabin in the unbroken wilderness. The immigrants who came to us were from the thriftiest and most industrious New England stock, principally from the northeastern States and New York; people who could turn their hands to almost anything, and whose industry and perseverance, which they transmitted as a heritage to their posterity, have made Michigan what she is to-day.

"While keeping an eye on immigration, I saw the arrival of most of the men who have attained to note and position in this city and State. It was while I had my office on the dock that Zachariah Chandler, then quite a newcomer, applied to me for a situation. I well recollect when my friend, Mr. C. C. Trowbridge, came here—I was practicing then—a bright-eyed, ambitious, enthusiastic young man, whose friendship I have enjoyed for scores of years, and whose career I have watched from early manhood to old age."

Digressing a little, Dr. Whiting said: "I observe in your sketch of Mr.

Trowbridge that he speaks of an M. Laselle having once whipped the commandant of the fort in a dispute over a question of etiquette. M. Laselle was well known as a peppery French officer in the Union service, who was present at Winchester's defeat at River Raisin in the war of 1812–15. He was the officer of the day, and, as the troops slept on their arms after the carnage, while posting a tall, gaunt New Hampshire soldier as a picket guard, intelligently instructed him as to his duties as follows:

"'Spose you see Hinjin, you say how? how? Dat call him 'tenshun. Den you say *Endoss! Endoss!* Dat come here! come here! 'Spose Hinjin no *endoss*, you vill *sa-a-acra-mentelement baionnez le dans la ventre!*' [You will sacramentally bayonet him in the bowels.]

"To return to forwarding. There was not much of a general trade in my earlier experience of the business. The fur trade was carried on by a few houses, Judge Abbott, Mack & Conant, Dequindre, and the Buhls. There were a few small manufacturing concerns turning out boots and shoes, clothing, wool hats, and so on, but nothing to signify. For all our iron work we had to send to Cleveland, and large quantities of goods, now manufactured in and exported from Detroit, were imported from Ohio. But as the flood of population poured in from the eastern states a change came rapidly about, which had a remarkable effect upon my business. I had at one time the agency of five steamboats, something enormous for that period—purchased their supplies, and gave a decided impetus to the fuel trade by requiring a constant supply of from 1,500 to 2,000 cords of wood. The steamers for which I was agent ran to Buffalo, calling at the different lake ports on the way. Once or twice a year they went to Chicago and Mackinac with supplies and stores. In my younger days we had quite a contemptuous opinion of Chicago as a little swampy hamlet compared with which Detroit was of metropolitan grandeur. Times have changed wonderfully since then, yet always for the better in Detroit, whose growth has been gradually solid and substantial. I have seen the population grow from 900 to 130,000, and I know whereof I speak."

Dr. Whiting, after a lengthened experience as a forwarder and commission merchant, went into business as a land and tax agent, in which he continued till his physical infirmity obliged him to retire. He staid at his post till he was forced to seek repose. Speaking of politics, he said: "I have never been actively engaged in politics. I was originally what was called a 'blue-light federalist,' and cast my first vote for DeWitt Clinton for president just before I left for Detroit. Parties have come and parties have gone, leaving me, in my opinions, pretty much where I was standing when I cast my first vote. Though I was elected city clerk in 1832 and again in 1834, I have never sought office. During my second term as clerk of the city I found I had to either give up my ware-house or resign the clerkship, and I chose the latter. This completes my experience of office. I became a whig when whiggery represented principles, and when it died out I found it terrible hard work to become a republican, and only surrendered under protest. However, I had not much time to throw away on politics and politicians; my life was too busy a one for any dissipation of the kind, and besides I have always had the confidence that this Union could take care of herself, without my going into hysterics about saving her."

As I rose to go, Dr. Whiting said: "When you hear young fellows of yesterday talking of Detroit as a slow, fossilized place, remember that I have seen it grow from a frontier post, with half a hundred English speaking

Americans in it, depending upon the precarious support afforded by the fur trade and the disbursement of public money by the troops; from a little settlement, yet showing the ravages of a long war, to a great imperial city, with the most thrifty and generally prosperous population of the United States, at the distributing head of the most magnificent inland water system of the world, and growing year by year in power and riches."

LESLIE THOM.

Post and Tribune, August 5, 1880.

DEATH OF DR. JOHN L. WHITING.

John L. Whiting, M. D., one of the oldest residents of Detroit, and prominently known to the people of his generation in this city and vicinity, died yesterday at the residence of his son, John T. Whiting, No. 568 Jefferson avenue, at the advanced age of eighty-six years and eight months.

Dr. Whiting was born November 28, 1793, at Canaan, Columbus county, N. Y. His father was a man of some property, the owner of a farm and proprietor of a mill, and the young man was therefore enabled to fit himself for the profession he, at an early age, chose for his future work. After the necessary preparatory education he began the study of medicine with Dr. Samuel White at Hudson, N. Y., and after three years spent in this office he, in 1816, started for Detroit, where he arrived February 26, 1817, after a long and perilous journey on horseback, by cutter and by ice. The city at that time was of very limited area, and might now be bounded by Brush and Cass streets, Congress street, and the river.

For fifteen years Dr. Whiting practiced his profession in this city, when in 1832 he formed a partnership with John J. Deming in the commission and forwarding business. In 1843 he abandoned this branch of trade and engaged in a land and tax agency until 1871, when failing health compelled him to withdraw from the active pursuits of his younger manhood.

Politically Dr. Whiting was an old time Whig and went with that party to help organize the Republican party of to-day. In 1830 he was elected city clerk and was reëlected in 1832, the only political office he ever occupied. In his profession he was an active agent in the advancement of medical knowledge and the acquisition of skill, and was the principal organizer of the first medical society ever formed in Michigan. In his religious sentiments he was in harmony with the Presbyterian denomination, and had been for years a prominent member of the Jefferson avenue Presbyterian church.

The deceased had been married three times, his first wife having married him at Hudson, N. Y., in 1821. She died in May, 1829, after having borne four children, two of whom died in infancy. The doctor married as his second wife, Harriet Rees of this city in November, 1830, and by her had eight children, five of whom died in early life. The mother died in April, 1852, and in 1854 Dr. Whiting married her sister, Rebecca Rees. There were no children born of this marriage.

Dr. Whiting was a man of great physical vitality and mental vigor to an advanced age. He had a very retentive memory, and was fond of recalling the early events of his Detroit residence. He had frequently published articles regarding that period which were full of interesting information, and will be of future value to the local historian.

At a special meeting of the underwriters of the city, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Death has removed from our midst Dr. John L. Whiting, one of the oldest underwriters of this city, and one of the original members of this board; therefore,

Resolved, That we tender to the family of the deceased our sincere sympathy, at the same time congratulating them on their rich inheritance of a well-spent life, so full of kind words and work, left to them by our departed brother.

Resolved, That we will attend the funeral in a body.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family and placed on the records of this board.

Free Press, August 8, 1880.

A REMINISCENCE OF HIS DEVOTION AND HUMANITY IN THE CHOLERA YEAR.

"The evil that men do lives after them:
The good is oft interred with their bones."

The converse of the immortal bard's proposition should be graven on Dr. Whiting's tombstone, as it is on the heart of the writer. Shade of the beloved departed! how my soul bubbled into my eyes yesterday as with sorrowing friends I saw the casket containing all that was once thy mortal tenement borne by venerable mourners to its last resting place. As the ancients met at the sepulchres of those slain and there made panegyrics upon them, so loving hearts have already gathered with floral tributes to recall thy virtues and syllable in grief-toned anthems thy well-won praise. It remains for my poor, grateful self to commemorate your love to man. Let one simple fact be my contributory amaranth woven into the crown of glory which awaits you.

"Immortal amaranth!
Fast by the throne of God!"

In the summer of 1853 Dr. Whiting, Walter Chester, and many others, including the undersigned, made a trip to the upper lakes. Stopping at Sault Ste. Marie we found Sheldon McKnight running his tramway over the portage to the foot of Lake Superior. And, what was not so agreeable a fact, Death's lieutenant-general, cholera, was there also. An improvised panic and stampede immediately occurred among the passengers. The doctor and Mr. Chester stood firm, and finally rallied a few out of their fright. Your chronicler was soon after, much against his belief, "taken with the symptoms." The grim monster looked in on him mewed in his little hotel bed-room, but found a persistent disbeliever in his malady, with two of the most resolute, heroic friends that ever stood ward by camp or bedside. You can imagine the anxiety of all to get away by first boat, or more properly *tub*, as the old rotten Manhattan was called. The hour for starting came. My door was locked; I was imprisoned. Fellow passengers all going, and I left to die among strangers. No. But a moment's suspense, a moment's frenzy. The door opened and Fidus Achates and his brother stood before me. Short and few were the words they said: "You think you are not sick!" "You are!" "You think you are going this trip on the boat!" "You are not!" "You think you are to be left alone here!" "You are not!" "*We are going to stay with you till you get well!*" And with these crisp encouragements, dear

Dr. Whiting and Walter Chester each took one of my fevered hands in his own and whispered me to sleep. But in my dreams

"I saw a hand they could not see,
Which beckoned me away:
I heard a voice they could not hear
Which told me not to stay."

A few days after, on the return trip of the tub, a procession was formed at the Hotel de Ste. Marie.

Edward Gray, then McKnight's check clerk, afterwards Quartermaster First Michigan Infantry, led the way to the little flat-car which carried all the baggage, and such of the passengers as could not walk, over the portage. Following in close order was that great broad-breasted, square-shouldered Chester, with this helpless convalescent in his arms, looking lovingly up into his blue eyes, seeming as large as the Manitou of Waters itself, melting with love and pity. Then the bluff, rugged, tender-hearted doctor, at every step trying to patch up the breaks in his lachrymal levees by the frequent application of thumb and finger, but too recently dipped in "Lorillard's best macca-boy." Thanks to their more than motherly care, their self-abnegation, their brotherly sacrifice of time and business engagements, a dying soul was snatched from the clutches of the ogre, cholera, to live long enough to build, if only on the perishable page, a monument of gratitude to their public worth, and to their private unheralded oblations to humanity. No sculptured stone may tell their story, but their eternal recompense shall be discovered among those to whom it is promised:

"And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

Detroit, August 7, 1880. E. N. WILCOX.

THE DEATH OF GOV. WILLIAM A. HOWARD.

[Special Dispatch to the Post and Tribune.]

PARTICULARS OF HIS LAST ILLNESS.

APRIL 10, 1880.—The Hon. William A. Howard died at the National hotel, in Washington, at 8:40 o'clock. After his attack of neuralgia of the heart in Dakota, last January, he came to Washington, where he has spent many winters, hoping that the climate would aid in his recovery; but he grew no better, and during the last two or three weeks has failed rapidly. No one understood his condition better than himself, and he was one of the first to realize that recovery was impossible.

HIS EXPECTATION OF, AND READINESS FOR DEATH.

About ten days ago he found his death was rapidly approaching, and spoke of it with great freedom to Dr. Chester, of whose church he was a member; to Dr. Sunderland, who was his schoolmate in boyhood; to the members of his family and his friends.

To the wife of Representative Conger, a few days ago, in reply to a remark about the patience with which he endured pain, he said: "I was born in poverty, and my mother had a struggle against it through all the years of my young life. I have been sick a great deal, but I can truly say that mercies have been scattered all along. Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and my only regret is that I have not been more perfectly transformed."

HIS LAST HOURS.

He was conscious until his last breath, and died as peacefully as if he had merely fallen asleep. He suffered intense pain until the last day or two, but has since been perfectly comfortable. His last audible words were expressive of his hope that he might survive until the arrival of his daughters, but their train only just reached the depot at the moment he was breathing his last.

During his illness he has received the most devoted attention from his friends here. Mrs. Howard has a brother, Mr. Birchard, in the land office, and the Michigan delegation have been unremitting in their kindness. His sons Burt and Charles arrived here a few days ago, and day before yesterday his daughters, Mrs. Riddle of Erie and Mrs. O'Brien of Grand Rapids, were telegraphed for, but, as above stated, did not reach the hotel until a few moments after his death.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES AT WASHINGTON.

The funeral ceremonies were held at the National hotel this evening, and were conducted by Rev. Dr. Chester, his pastor, Rev. Dr. Sunderland

delivering a very eloquent and pathetic discourse. The Michigan delegation, with Judge Bennett, delegate from Dakota, acted as pall bearers. The president and Mrs. Hayes were present, with Secretary and Mrs. Sherman, Secretary Schurz, and a large number of other prominent officials.

THE BODY BEING BROUGHT TO DETROIT.

The body was sent to Detroit by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad to-night, and the family will leave by the same road to-morrow morning.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MR. HOWARD.

Another of the great men of Michigan has passed away. William A. Howard, orator, patriot, and statesman, is dead.

Bridgewater, in Plymouth county, Massachusetts, called by its aboriginal owners Nunketset, was purchased of the Indians by Captain Miles Standish in 1645. There Daniel Howard, father of William A. Howard, was born. From thence he emigrated to Springfield, a small village on the west bank of the Connecticut river in Windsor county, Vermont. There he married Esther Spencer, and then moved to Hinesburg, twenty-five miles west of Montpelier, in Chittenden county, in the same State. There on the 8th day of April, 1813, William Alanson Howard was born. His parents were poor, but perhaps no more so than nine-tenths of their neighbors. Hinesburg was not settled until 1775. And thirty-eight years in the last part of the 18th and forepart of the 19th century were not as fruitful of prosperity as the same number of years later on. Mr. Howard's early life was a protracted struggle for existence. As a youth he was not strong. And the necessity for labor was upon him. Seeing this, and knowing his physical incapacity to cope with the hardships of farm life, he turned his attention away from it and sought for a trade that would be less laborious and better suited to his strength. Much of the man as he was at a later day was cropping out of the boy. He would depend on no one. If he was not strong enough for one thing there must be some other for which he had sufficient strength. And at the early age of fourteen years he put it to the test. From Hinesburg, Vermont, to Albion, New York, was a long journey in 1827, but in that latter place we find him in that year, when only fourteen years of age, apprenticed to a cabinet maker, and diligent in learning his trade. There he passed four years of his life, and at nineteen years of age, master of a trade, with health no wise improved, he set out to make his way in the world. During these years, while bending over his bench, there had grown up in his mind an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, and when the five years in the shop were ended he went to the academy of Wyoming, N. Y., resolved on acquiring an education. Here he entered in 1832, in his nineteenth year, and remained until 1835, when he went to Middlebury College, in Vermont, from which he graduated in 1839. He was poor when he entered Wyoming. Education cost money. There were none to supply this want. For every dollar that his education cost he must depend absolutely upon himself. It would be difficult to describe the trials and struggles, the labors and self-denials of those years, three in Wyoming—four in Middlebury, seven years in all. There were months when he was unable to sit up one whole day at a time. He was weighed down by bodily infirmity; he was crushed by poverty; and yet, spurred by an unquenchable purpose, he pressed on. He studied and kept up with his classes and he labored and paid his bills. The seven years' bitter contest had its reward. He secured the

desire of his heart, an education, and secured it under difficulties such as few have encountered and successfully survived.

Mr. Howard taught school in Genesee county, New York, the winter after graduating, and the next spring, being yet very infirm, he was recommended to try the climate of Michigan. Listening to this advice he turned his face westward, and arrived in Detroit on the 12th day of April, 1840, his whole fortune consisting of $72, the savings of his winter's teaching in Genesee.

Soon after arriving in Detroit Mr. Howard was engaged as mathematical tutor in a branch of the State university, and a little later commenced reading law in the office of Witherell & Buel, devoting the time not occupied in teaching, to preparing himself for the bar, to which he was admitted in 1842. From 1842 to 1854 he was engaged in the active practice of his adopted profession, a portion of the time as partner of Alexander W. Buel. In 1854 he was nominated for Congress by a Whig convention held at Ann Arbor September 20, and on the same day he also received the nomination of the Fusion Anti-Nebraska mass convention, held at Detroit. Mr. Howard's competitor in this contest was David Stuart, Democrat, of Detroit, whom Mr. Howard defeated, receiving 9,877 votes to 8,723 for Stuart, who was one of the most popular democrats, and one of the best stump speakers in Michigan; but Mr. Howard did not hesitate to meet him in joint debate. In this campaign Mr. Howard established a reputation as one of the best campaign orators in the west, a reputation which he sustained to the last. In every campaign from that time to 1876, whenever he was able to speak, "Bill Howard" was in demand in all parts of the State. In 1856 Mr. Howard was again elected to Congress, receiving 13,658 votes to 12,791 given for G. V. N. Lothrop, the Democratic candidate. In 1858 Mr. Howard was again a candidate, this time against George B. Cooper, who received the certificate of election, but Mr. Howard contesting his seat was finally declared to be the lawfully elected member, and he entered Congress for the third time on May 15, 1860, for the term ending March 4, 1861.

Immediately on the assembling of the first Congress to which Mr. Howard was elected (December, 1855), there began the protracted and bitter contest which ended in the election of N. P. Banks as Speaker. Probably no stronger Congress than this ever assembled. Among its members were N. P. Banks, Schuyler Colfax, Howell Cobb, W. A. Richardson, Humphrey Marshall, Anson Burlingame, John A. Quitman, Aaron H. Cragin, Thomas L. Clingman, John A. Bingham, Joshua R. Giddings, John Covode, Galusha A. Grow, James L. Orr, Emerson Etheridge, C. C. Washburn, and many others little less distinguished for eloquence and ability. When that contest ended there was no doubt about Mr. Howard's position. He had won the respect and confidence of his colleagues by the unflinching front he always presented to the storm that was beating about them. "No compromise." "No surrender." "If we are beaten by numbers let us be be beaten and gracefully submit. But let us never surrender to an opposition who declare they will never submit to us," were among his expressions. His courage and burning eloquence aided to strengthen more than one of the timid who were alarmed at the threats made in view of Mr. Banks' success. And while Mr. Howard was winning the confidence of his Republican colleagues he also won the admiration of political enemies. They saw that he was a man who had opinions and courage to express them.

To the many attempts to drive the republicans from their position he said:

"We stand here; we will abate no jot of our principle, we will appeal to the country, and if need be, will continue voting until the 4th of March, 1857." And again: "We have met our democratic brethren in good faith; we have done our best to effect an organization; we have steadily voted against adjournment; we have made no motions with a view to consume time; we have steadily pursued our business. We shall go on without compromise until we are defeated or succeed."

Immediately on the organization of the house he was appointed to the second place on the committee on ways and means, the most important committee of the lower branch of Congress. He was also a member of the same committee during the succeeding Congress.

The troubles in Kansas were then agitating the Nation. Great crimes had been committed. In the attempt to rivet slavery upon that territory men had been robbed of property, of liberty, and of life. Congress was pledged to lay the sworn facts before the people. It was one of the first questions presented to Congress. Let us know, said the people, let the country know, what outrages and crimes are done in Kansas, and if the reports of them are false or exaggerated, let us know that. Congress created the committee; it was William A. Howard, John Sherman, and Mordecai Oliver. The appointment of a new member on this important committee shows the esteem in which he was held in the house. The sessions of this committee were long. The evidence taken was voluminous, embraced in a report of more than 1,200 pages, regarded then and since as one of the ablest and most important political documents ever published by order of Congress. The exposure of the frauds and wrongs committed in Kansas was so thorough and so convincing, and laid before the country with such force and candor in this admirable report, that its influence upon the minds of the people continued until the democratic party was finally driven from power in the Nation.

One of the longest addresses delivered in Congress by Mr. Howard was that in which he denounced the Kansas Lecompton constitution on the 23d day of March, 1858. He said of it: "It is a creature of usurpation, the child of an illegal despotism, as destitute of all rightful authority in its origin as it is of popular favor in its maturity. Illegitimate in its origin, it is now in its development, by at least four-fifths of those who were expected to father it, loathed and feared, shunned and scorned."

January 19, 1861, President Buchanan sent a special message to Congress announcing the seizure of several forts and arsenals, explaining the removal of Maj. Anderson from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumpter, and begging Congress to give its best thoughts to averting threatened evils by securing a "peaceful solution." Immediately on the delivery of the message Mr. Howard introduced a resolution that it be referred to a committee of five with instructions to "report whether any federal officer was in communication with any person or persons concerning the surrender of any forts or other public property of the government! Whether any such officer had ever given any pledges not to send reinforcements to any fort in Charleston harbor and what demand for reinforcements had been made." This committee was ordered by a vote of 133 to 62.

Soon after he was appointed one of the committee of thirty-three to devise a settlement of political difficulties. But all the devising of the time came to nought. There was no power in Congress to drive treason out of the hearts of rebels, or to take arms out of their hands, except through the coercion that

was afterward applied. Before this came, Congress had adjourned and the congressional career of William A. Howard came to an end. Soon after Fort Sumpter was bombarded and the curtain rolled up on the great drama of the war. The loyal people of Michigan were aroused. On the 25th of April, 1861, an immense Union mass meeting was held in Detroit, and Mr. Howard was called upon to address it. He said:

"The present controversy is the grandest that ever took place since the rebel angels were precipitated from the battlements of Heaven. * * * War is upon us, and the object of the war is the destruction of the constitution which has existed for 73 years. There is no just cause for this insurrection. No man north or south can point out one act of the federal government that furnishes the shadow of an excuse for this treasonable rebellion. It is not a time to go back—not a time to discuss causes. It is not a time for delay. Unless men act now and act promptly; unless they come forward now in support of the government it will be forever destroyed. God grant that my eyes may never behold a destruction of this glorious country, by a band of traitors, tryannical in temper and unreasonable in their demands. * * This war must be prosecuted with the greatest vigor. The noble institutions of this country must not be overturned by traitors."

Himself physically incapacitated for enduring the hardships of war, he nevertheless threw his whole soul into the Union cause, and by his stirring eloquence did much to fill the ranks of the army when men were needed. Unable to do anything in the field, at home he continued to be a power, making his usefulness to the Union felt in numberless ways. He was a strong orator—the greatest stump speaker in Michigan in his day, and in advocacy of the constitution and the Union, had an ample field for the display of his marvelous powers. Soon after retiring from Congress (in 1861) he was appointed by President Lincoln postmaster at Detroit, in which position he continued five and a half years, until, refusing to endorse "my policy" of President Johnson, his head came under the ax.

In 1869 he was appointed by President Grant minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to China, which position he afterwards declined.

In the same year he was appointed land commissioner of the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad, which he accepted, and thereupon removed to Grand Rapids. In 1877 he was appointed by President Hayes governor of Dakota.

Prior to the organization of the Republican party Mr. Howard was an ardent Whig—a Free Soil Whig. The first nomination to Congress as we have seen, was received from the Whigs and was (on the same day) indorsed by the Free Soilers and Anti-Nebraska Democrats, but before he entered Congress all those parties had been merged into the Republican, and he entered Congress as a Republican. In 1860 he was chairman of the Michigan Republican State central committee. He was also a delegate to the national Republican convention that nominated Grant in 1868; also a delegate to the Philadelphia convention of 1872 in which Gen. Grant was renominated, and a delegate at large to the national Republican convention held at Cincinnati in 1876, which nominated President Hayes. At Philadelphia he made the speech seconding the nomination of Schuyler Colfax for the vice-presidency; at Cincinnati he announced the solid vote of Michigan for Hayes at the decisive moment.

For many years Mr. Howard had been in feeble health, and he consented to accept the governorship of Dakota, in the belief that he would receive benefit

from its clear, invigorating atmosphere. His administration has been alike intelligent and satisfactory.

Mr. Howard was a member of the Presbyterian church, and acted some years since as president of the American evangelical alliance when it met in this city. He suffered serious business misfortunes in 1857, but was subsequently successful, and has left an estate estimated as worth at least $175,000.

His health, for many years enfeebled, was originally improved by his residence in Dakota, but his exhausted vitality at last gave way, and for a month past his condition has been critical. He passed through this city on his way to Washington some weeks ago, and the fact was then evident that he was rapidly failing. During the last week his physicians have regarded his death as imminent, and his children were summoned to his bedside. The heart seemed to be chiefly affected, but his whole system at last refused to continue longer that contest against disease which his marvelous will power had so long compelled. His death was peaceful, and private letters received here from Washington say that he received all the care and attention that would have been possible had he been removed to his home. The body will be brought to this city for interment, and orders have already been received for the preparation of his family lot in Elmwood for its reception.

Mr. Howard was married in 1841 to Ellen Lane, daughter of Mathew W. Birchard of this city, a most estimable woman and devoted wife. Mrs. Howard survives him, and he also leaves four adult children, Mrs. Delia Howard O'Brien of Grand Rapids, Mrs. Kate Howard Riddle of Erie, Pa., William S. Howard of the land department of the G. R. & I. railroad, Grand Rapids, and James B. Howard, now a student at the Boston law school.

THE NEWS IN THIS CITY.

The serious illness of the Hon. W. A. Howard at the National Hotel in Washington has been known in this city for some weeks, and on Friday private advices were received to the effect that his death was at hand. This fact was alluded to by Rev. Dr. Baker in the prayer-meeting at the church on that evening, but the news was not generally circulated. On Saturday morning the following dispatch was received by the Post and Tribune, and promptly bulletined in front of its office:

WASHINGTON, *April 10, 1880.*

To the Post and Tribune:

Governor Wm. A. Howard died peacefully this morning at 9 o'clock at the National Hotel here.

T. W. FERRY.

This announcement came unexpectedly, and the intelligence spread rapidly, and was the cause of universal expressions of sincere regret. A representative of the Post and Tribune talked during the day with prominent citizens of Detroit who knew Mr. Howard well.

Among these was Mr. Fred. Morley, who for more than twenty-five years has been well acquainted with Mr. Howard. He said Mr. Howard's history and characteristics were like an open book, known almost equally well to all who knew him. There never was a more completely honest man than he. He was frank and transparent in all his dealings. When any one opposed to him in opinion had anything to say he would always listen with candor and attention. If his convictions remained unshaken he was prompt to say so, and if he was convinced that the position taken by his opponent was the correct one,

he was equally free to acknowledge the fact. In his qualifications and attainments as a stump speaker he excelled. He had a remarkable faculty of stripping questions of their frivolities, and the "underbrush" which obscured the main issue. He had an extraordinary way of presenting the naked aspect of things.

In 1854 Governor Howard was elected to Congress, and in 1855 made the successful effort to unite his party which gave him a national reputation. The occasion was a long contest for speaker in Congress. The two parties were almost evenly divided, and there was a dead-lock in the fight for the speakership. The Republican party was divided on its candidates, with almost no hope of reconciliation. Several issues, local and otherwise, were presented. With matters in this shape a caucus was held in which Mr. Howard displayed, in a short speech, his wonderful faculty for presenting the main issue to the exclusion of all others, saying that parties amounted to nothing, and names amounted to nothing. The thing needed was something which should represent solidly the northern hostility to the extension of slavery. The effect was electrical and resulted in fusing all the elements of the party into one coherent body. Banks was elected and Mr. Howard's name became famous.

His greatest service to the country Mr. Morley regarded as the part he took in the committee of which John Sherman was chairman, sent to investigate the Kansas troubles. The results of that investigation owed their successful attainment very largely to Mr. Howard.

Governor Howard's part in the convention of '76 which nominated President Hayes, was spoken of by Mr. Morley. He said he had no doubt the influence of Governor Howard in swaying the Michigan delegation for Hayes was greater than that of any other man. The time he chose was also opportune. He had since then, in conversation with Mr. Morley, said his reason for doing as he did was that he thought Ohio was a pivotal State in that campaign, and he felt that Hayes was the only man who could carry Ohio for the Republicans.

There is an anecdote related in connection with Governor Howard's appointment to the governorship of Dakota, which Mr. Morley told as illustrating the estimation in which he was held. In talking with the President on the subject of the nomination, Mr. Howard urged the claims of another man from this State. President Hayes refused, saying he would not appoint a Michigan man. He then tendered the position to Mr. Howard. The latter asked him how he could consistently do that in view of what he had just said about Michigan men. The President replied that he did not regard him as simply a Michigan man, but as of national reputation and influence.

Mr. Morley said he thought if it had not been for his ill health Governor Howard would have been one of the greatest men the country has seen for the last twenty years. In his peculiar style of speaking, in his honesty and fairness, and in many other qualities he was a very superior man. Said Mr. Morley, "In abstract intellectual ability I have not to my knowledge known an abler man than William A. Howard. I have known democrats to say that they would rather have ten other men come into their neighborhood to speak, than to have him come once."

Alanson Sheley, who was one of Gov. Howard's most intimate friends, related the fact that the latter, when he first came to Detroit, taught an academy where the drug store of Farrand, Williams & Co. now stands. Here he remained for a year or two, and then began the practice of law. He came to Detroit in 1844 and subsequently married a daughter of Mr. Birchard, the

builder of the Howard house in this city. This hotel was named by Mr. Birchard in honor of his son-in-law.

One of the first things Mr. Howard did in the way of public speaking, Mr. Sheley said, was to deliver a series of lectures on temperance through the State, free of expense, he and Mr. Sheley spending a considerable amount of money as well. He was for many years a member of the First Presbyterian church, Detroit, and only left it by letter to connect himself with another in the place to which he removed.

About two weeks ago Gov. Howard paid a visit to Detroit. He was at that time just recovering from an attack which affected the heart. He was a guest of Mr. Sheley during a portion of his stay, and frequently expressed to him a belief that his death was only a short distance away. He stated to Mr. Sheley that he had his property matters all arranged, and that a considerable amount would go, as a good part of his income had previously done, for benevolent purposes. Nothing seemed to interest him so much as the question of his future and the nearness of his death.

Mr. Sheley regarded him as without doubt one of the strongest men in the west. There never was a political campaign since 1854 in which he did not take a more or less active part. Gov. Howard's power as a speaker, Mr. Sheley regarded as due to his matter-of-fact, clear way of putting things.

Ex-Gov. John J. Bagley spoke among other things, of Gov. Howard's property acquirements, which he thought were about $175,000. This large sum he had accumulated by careful and prudent management of his business affairs. Politically Gov. Bagley regarded him as the ablest man in the country. In his speeches he would absolutely convert men to his views. Democrats would come to meetings which he addressed, and go away Republicans and stay Republicans. He was a very unselfish man. He was ambitious, but if he was disappointed in anything connected with politics it seemed to make no difference. Personal success was not an essential to his political fidelity. He was always a Republican, and worked for the interests of the party from its earliest days. He was always ready to do arduous work for the cause. During the war he was postmaster of Detroit, and was universally esteemed for his faithful discharge of his duties. Subsequently he was appointed land commissioner of the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad, and in that capacity did such excellent service that he was chosen to watch the interests of the more extended grant belonging to the Northern Pacific. His reasons for accepting the governorship of Dakota Gov. Bagley regarded as mainly coming from a desire to build up there a great commonwealth, where free schools and other republican institutions should be even more liberally cared for than in Michigan.

Wm. A. Butler related many interesting details concerning Governor Howard's early life. While a lawyer he was associated with Levi Bishop and D. C. Holbrook, and their office was in the Rotunda building. Governor Howard's legal work was mostly in the line of commercial transactions, and he never seemed to seek a great reputation as a trial lawyer. His greatest success no doubt was in politics. Mr. Butler's recollections of him were only pleasant ones, and he regarded his loss as a great one.

Prof. C. A. Kent, Ex-postmaster Kaple, Robert P. Toms, George B. Pease, and many others who had intimately known Governor Howard, spoke yesterday in terms of sincere sorrow at his loss and commendation of his many virtues. The universal expression seemed to be that in him Michigan loses a great and good man, highly esteemed by all who knew him.

Post and Tribune Editorial.

The people of Michigan are again called to mourn the death of a distinguished citizen. The city of Detroit, where Mr. Howard won his earliest and wore his highest honors, and where he was for many years one of the most prominent of public men, well known to every resident, will especially lament his loss. The offices he held here, no less than his frequent appearance and his deservedly high repute as an orator, brought him into personal relations of more or less familiarity with all our people. And it is the universal testimony that these relations were pleasant and genial, notwithstanding he was a a shrewd hitter in political debate and a strong obstacle in the way of political opponents. Whatever irritation these qualities may have at times given was more than offset by his social attributes; so that his death will be lamented by all alike as that of a general friend.

Throughout the State the sense of loss will be heavy. Mr. Howard's was a familiar figure in Michigan politics and as a political orator in all parts of the State; and where known he was esteemed and attracted to himself many warm personal friends. Wherever his public duties called him, he was always thoroughly a Michigan man. He turned to this State his warmest affections. In many of the best respects he was a true representative of Michigan sentiment, opinions and habits of thought, and his ability, his quaint humor, and his marked power as an orator would have made him rank anywhere as a man of note.

Elsewhere we give a sketch of his life and public services. These will cause the country to regret his death. But it is not these which will longest keep his memory green and fragrant in the hearts of the thousands of Michigan people who will mourn him most deeply and cherish their recollections of him most kindly. They will rather remember and regret the courteous and pleasant gentleman, the genial personal friend or acquaintance, the man of original and shrewd humor, the effective orator—in brief, the man himself more than the public dignitary. His death was as it should have been, peaceful and serene—the falling asleep of one who left behind him no rankling enmities, many friendships, and an honorable reputation, and who was well prepared to enter upon immortal peace.

THE MICHIGAN THIRTEENTH.

NARRATIVE OF THE OCCUPATION, FORTIFICATION, ATTACK UPON, DEFENSE OF, AND RETREAT FROM STEVENSON, ALABAMA, IN 1862, BY THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT OF MICHIGAN VOLUNTEER INFANTRY UNDER COMMAND OF COLONEL MICHAEL SHOEMAKER.*

The 20th brigade, of which the 13th regiment was a part, commanded by Col. Charles G. Harker, of the 3d division; Brig. Gen. Thos. John Wood, of the Army of the Cumberland; commanded by Maj. Gen. Don Carlos Buell, arrived at Stevenson, Alabama, on Saturday, July 19th, 1862, and went into camp on the hill side east of and immediately adjacent to the town.

In our rear was a vacant house, of which I took possession and made it the headquarters of the field and staff officers of the regiment. The other regiments of the brigade were immediately north and west of us.

Picket lines were established, and guards and sentinels posted in every direction from our camp. The night after our arrival was very unpleasant, rain falling most of the time.

LETTERS EXPLAINING MOVEMENTS AND SITUATION.

(Extracts from letter to Mrs. Shoemaker.)

"IN CAMP NEAR STEVENSON, ALABAMA,
"*Sunday, July 20, 1862.*

"MY DEAR WIFE: I, yesterday, while on my way here, received your letter of July 4th. * * * * On Thursday I marched my regiment to Decatur, and then almost immediately on arrival was notified that the brigade was to take the cars the next day for this place, and marched back again, making one of the hardest day's work we have done since leaving Kalamazoo, in consequence of the frequent heavy showers and extreme heat. On our return we were

**Compiler's Note.*—In this article from the ready pen of Col. Shoemaker, we have a record not only of much personal interest, but an addition of great value, to the history of the war. He takes us "behind the scenes," and shows how correct were our criticisms at the time, of the dilatory commanders whom we accused of trying "how not to do it." He takes the reader along with him; we see the dreary bivouac, we follow with the weary march, we almost hear the roar and see the rush of battle, share the indignation of his men as they saw the half-hearted attempt of Gen. Buell to put down the rebellion by acting merely on the defensive, and we admire the skill with which Col. S. sustained his command at Stevenson, and made his hasty retreat by Buell's orders—(see telegram No. 23) of nearly a hundred miles over the mountains to Nashville, with the exultant foe at his heels.

The survivors of "the 13th" will thank their honored colonel for this record of their labors and trials; and, vivid as are the pen pictures he gives us, they only, no doubt, can fully appreciate the thrilling history.

ordered to have reveille beat at 2 A. M., Friday, and march to the railroad. We arrived there about sunrise, and remained there twenty-four hours waiting for the cars, they arriving about 2 A. M. Saturday. We had to wait for another regiment, but finally got off about sunrise and arrived here last night, or rather in the afternoon, in time to get into camp by night. * * * * I don't know how long we shall be here, but probably until there is something done on one side or the other. It looks now as though the Confederates would give us enough to do without waiting for us to make an attempt to take Chattanooga. I never write much about our movements or what has been done, for you learn all that from the newspapers much sooner than you can from my letters. Tell Fred. to send me a New York paper as often as twice a week. We do not yet know much of the particulars of the battles before Richmond. We never get papers here unless sent directly to us, and seldom at that." * * * *

On the 21st and 22d all of the command were occupied in policeing our camp, making sanitary arrangements, procuring and distributing rations, and apparently making ready for a prolonged stay at this point.

I commenced to drill my regiment on the 23d, and continued to do so every day when the weather would permit, until we moved into the fort, except such days as we were employed on fatigue duty or in building the stockades or fort.

The brigade formed line of battle on the 24th at 3 o'clock A. M., and remained in line until after daylight. In the afternoon I drilled my regiment. At 9 P. M. there was an alarm sounded, and the entire brigade turned out and formed in line of battle; but the alarm was without cause, as no attack followed. After an hour more of excitement the men were dismissed to their quarters and all became quiet.

Extract from letter dated July 22, 1862, to Mrs. Shoemaker.

"I have not seen a paper of any kind since a week ago last Sunday. You can judge how little we know of what has taken place elsewhere, when I tell you that we learned last night that Gen. Duffield was wounded at Murfreesboro, when it was taken, though that was near two weeks ago, and in our army. Even this may not be so. I mention it to show our want of opportunity to learn what is done. * * * *

"I am very well, and bear the life I lead much better than I would believe possible; for it is very, very severe in every respect. Nothing but the cause in which we are engaged would keep me here a day, and I hope for a speedy termination of all our troubles, so that I may be released and return to my home and family. I must confess, however, that with the limited intelligence I have of affairs elsewhere, and with *my opinion* of the management of our armies, I do not see that we are any nearer a settlement than when I left home. Tell Fred. he MUST send me papers. I can get none here. I am daily expecting Kidder and Lieut. Slayton, and shall then get some news.

"This is a miserable country, the commencement (or tail) of the mountainous country of East Tennessee; but few farms and little cultivation. The inhabitants have nearly all left, and it is very difficult to get anything to live upon. We have no butter, or potatoes, or vegetables of any kind. The troops have been on half rations for some time, *and it is hard living.* Pork, hard bread, and coffee are our principal articles of food. Everything in the regiment is moving off very quietly and well, but the officers are terribly disappointed that they cannot get furloughs, and some of them will resign.

"The service is a hard one, quite a number are sick of it, and would rather leave than remain. I do not know where the other Michigan regiments are. I

have seen none but the Mechanics and Engineers since we left Corinth. Randall and part of the horses came with the artillery and transportation on the wagon road, and they have not yet come up. We expect them to-day."

LETTER ON MILITARY SITUATION.

[Extract from letter to Mrs. Shoemaker.]

"STEVENSON, ALABAMA,
"*July 23, 1862.*

"MY DEAR WIFE.—No mail yet; no letters, *no nothing*. This is a miserable God-forsaken country, mean and despicable in every respect, and the people not only partake of the character of the country, but are meaner and more to be despised than it is. Cowardly hounds, lying around home day times, and at night meeting with their neighbors, and making a raid as guerrillas, *if they can do so with perfect safety*.

"My respect for the Southern character generally is much lessened. They are none of them willing to fight unless they have every advantage of numbers, time, and opportunity, and there are few of them but will murder our men by shooting them from the bushes whenever they find them straggling, singly or in small numbers, at a distance from the camp, or column, if on the march. Men are every day killed in this way. They will not sell us anything if they can help it, and if they do, they charge three prices for it. We are now getting as a favor, one quart of milk a day for fifteen cents. Buttermilk the same, and butter not to be had at all. Yet these men are all *protected* by orders of our army and division generals. No soldier is allowed to go into a house, or in any way have anything to do with the inhabitants, and *all* officers are under much the same restrictions as the soldiers. Secessionists are much better off in this country than either union men or soldiers. The former are protected by both parties, while the rebels are perfectly relentless to all enemies, and even to all who do not support them. All this, and more, which I cannot give in a letter, places the union army at a great disadvantage, and is much felt by us all, but it cannot get expression as it ought, as no inferior has a right to publicly criticise the actions of his superiors. There is great dissatisfaction in the army, both as to its inactivity and its management. We had before Corinth a splendid army of one hundred thousand men. Nearly two months have elapsed since its evacuation, and it has done *literally nothing or worse. This we know*, and it, together with other facts not stated, but of the same nature, has taken from the army, so far as I can judge, all confidence in Generals Buell and Wood. *The latter is a fool.* I could fill a volume if necessary, to sustain what I have said, but enough for the present. It is not usual to comment so freely to any upon the conduct of general officers. They may be praised, but not blamed *with impunity;* and this letter, though every word and more is true, would cause me to be cashiered if it was known I had written it, consequently you will be very careful to whom you show it, or what you do with it. Don't burn it, but put it away under lock and key, for it may some day be of service for good instead of harm. I would as soon Governor Blair would know its contents as not, but he must not speak to any one of the facts as coming from me. He ought to know them, and the whole country ought to know them, for a different policy *must be pursued* or we can never crush this rebellion. Remember me to all friends. Kiss the babies.

"Affectionately your husband,

"M. SHOEMAKER."

"STEVENSON, ALABAMA,
"*July 24, 1862.*

"MY DARLING WIFE,—What time do you think it is? I don't know, for I have no watch, the one I bought of Brown never having kept good time. I put it away in my trunk. Speaking of that watch reminds me that I want you to tell Fred. not to pay Brown for it, as it is not as he represented it to be. 'Says he, Riah! Says I, what?'—I will now, not to be as bad as the widow, go back to the time of morning. It is daylight, but not yet sunrise, say between four and five o'clock. We get up at three A. M., form line of battle, remain in that position until broad daylight, when the battalion is dismissed to attend reveille roll call. This early forming of line of battle is to prevent the possibility of surprise, as the enemy are all around us, and vigilant. They are on every side of us, and perhaps above and below us. Were I in chief command most of them would be in the latter position soon. * * * * I can just see the sun; the upper disc is just visible up the valley of the Tennessee, and his beams are beautifully reflected by the forest that covers the mountains which rise here quite majestically on both sides of the river. We are out from the town, which is no town at all (about like Leoni, or perhaps Grass Lake), less than a mile, in a beautiful grove of little oaks, and have as pleasant a camp as any heretofore occupied.

"Yesterday I went to town in my white hat and blouse, without vest, in fact in the rough, as we have to be most of the time while down here. While there I went into an old tumble-down tavern, more like a barn than a house, had my ambrotype taken, and that is the gift I am to-day sending you by mail. * * * I have received no letters since date of 4th, and it is said that all communication with the North is cut off, and that no mails are now received at all. If no mails are received, then I suppose none can be sent. I shall however, continue to write, and hope you will do the same.

"Twenty-fifth Brigade formed line of battle at 4 A. M., remained in line until sunrise. In the afternoon I had a thorough regimental drill. The same order was observed on the 26th by both brigade and regiment. Lieutenant Colonel Worden applied for absence on sick leave, which was granted, and he left the regiment, not joining it again until after our arrival at Nashville with the rear part of General Buell's army. In the afternoon, Major Culver and myself rode out to Bolivar, a small village about four miles east of Stevenson, where we dined with Mr. Beals, who was formerly cashier of a bank (in Goshen, I think), in the State of New York. A package of bank bills purporting to contain $1,000.00 was sent from his bank to a bank in Detroit, which when opened, was found to contain slips of newspaper cut into the size of bank bills. It may be set down as a remarkable coincidence that I was in the bank at Detroit when this package was opened, and now met Mr. Beals, who in consequence of that transaction lost his situation in Alabama. Quartermaster Kidder returned from Michigan, bringing letters and supplies from Mrs. Shoemaker and others."

[Extract from letter to Mrs. Shoemaker.]

"IN CAMP NEAR STEVENSON, ALABAMA,
"*Sunday, July 27, 1862.*

"MY DEAR WIFE:—Yesterday a mail was received, and by it I received a letter from Jackson, of the 11th inst. * * * After the mail Kidder came in and brought your letters of the 12th to 16th. * * * The communi-

cations are now so much interrupted that the mails are very irregular and some perhaps entirely lost. I have written you every day when I could do so, which has been frequently this month. By reference to my diary I find that I wrote you on the 4th, 6th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 16th, 20th, 21st, 23d, 24th, 25th, and to-day is the 27th. That is sixteen letters in twenty-three days, and perhaps one or two more that I made no note of. Now, you *exacting woman*, what more than this would you have of a man, particularly of a husband? Why, most *lovers* don't do as well as that before marriage. * * * * *

"I have not had as many annoyances as I expected. I entered upon the duties of my command determined to conquer its difficulties, and have done so. Governor Blair says he has had less trouble with this regiment than any in the service; and if he will follow my recommendations concerning it I will be answerable that it will continue so. * * * * * * * I am now drilling the regiment every day, and am as capable of doing so as many colonels who have been in the service a year. Those who ought to know, say I do it better than any other officer in this brigade. I write this because I think you will be pleased to know it. I don't write so to any one else."

INEFICIENCY OF THE OPERATIONS OF OUR ARMIES.

[Extract from letter to Mrs. Shoemaker, with criticisms on army operations.]

"IN CAMP STEVENSON, ALABAMA,
"*Before sunrise, July 28, 1862.*

"MY DEAR WIFE:—I have just dismissed my men to their quarters. We turn out before the first appearance of light, and form line of battle, and remain in position until reveille. This is to guard against surprise. We do not intend to be caught napping if we can prevent it. We have four regiments of infantry, a battery, and a few cavalry here. Our army is so scattered that I fear it will all be cut off in detail. We had a splendid army when Corinth was evacuated by the confederates, one that was irresistible, both from its force and discipline, against any force the south had in the field. If then Buell's army had marched at once to Chattanooga, and the other moved down the railroad either towards New Orleans or Mobile, * * * great results would have followed. We might and ought to have Chattanooga and all East Tennessee. As it is, that great army is so scattered and idle that it is only a terror to its friends, where it happens to be located in detachments. It is attacked and being cut off in detail every day or two at some bridge, or town, which is guarded by a small force, but which would need none if a vigorous course had been pursued. We cannot now take *any place*, much less Chattanooga, unless we are largely reinforced, and are more likely to be driven back to Nashville than to take Chattanooga. Our communications are constantly interrupted, and our supplies cut off. We have now been on half rations for two weeks, and it looks as though they might get to be even less, if not cut off entirely. We are now in a very poor country, or short rations would not affect us. We are now, even to make up half rations, collecting and killing all the beef cattle, or rather all the cattle of every kind, we can find, and they are hard to find. The farmers hide them in the woods and mountains, and we have to go eight and ten miles to find as many cattle. Potatoes are worth two and three dollars a bushel, onions fifty cents a dozen, milk fifteen cents a quart, and butter not to be had.

"From all this you must not think that we are suffering, for we are not, but are all getting along very smoothly and well.

"I regret to see our armies so mismanaged, and think there must be a change of men and measures before the rebellion can be crushed out. We must make *war* on our enemies, and not protect them in their persons or property if we wish to subdue them. We have recently lost a force of near one hundred men at Courtland, between Decatur and Tuscumbia, and it is said that many of the assailants were recognized as men whose property our army had guarded.

"To show you the irregularity of the mails: I yesterday received your letter of the 9th, and also by the same mail one from Gov. Blair of the 21st. Major Worden is quite sick and has applied for leave of absence, and will, I think, go home. Are you not thankful that I am well, or do you wish me to be sick and come home? * * * Affectionately your husband,

"MICHAEL SHOEMAKER."

SHORT RATIONS.

July 28th. The brigade formed line of battle at 4 A. M. When the command formed line of battle, either here or elsewhere, in the morning, it was always at either 3 or 4 o'clock, and the troops forming the line remained in that position under arms until after broad daylight.

In the afternoon I drilled my regiment for several hours. The Sixty-fifth Ohio, V. I., Col. Ferguson, were sent towards Chattanooga on a scouting expedition and to procure provisions for the brigade, particularly fresh meat and vegetables, of which there was none in our commissary stores. The command were on short rations most of the time. The brigade was at Stevenson, and all of the time short of many articles of food. Fresh meat and vegetables were always scarce, and most of the time could not be procured at all. We occasionally received onions from the north for a few rations, and the effect produced by them was so noticeable that it became at once the subject of remark. No other vegetable produced so immediate and beneficial a change.

The inhabitants of the town and country adjoining were universally hostile, and would furnish nothing unless obliged to do so. Every day men off duty were granted leave to go in squads and forage among the surrounding plantations for the purpose of buying any provisions they could find for sale. This was always on their own responsibility, and all purchases were at their own expense.

THE SOLDIERS' MODE OF PROCURING SUPPLIES.

When the planters refused to sell their beef, pork, or mutton, all kinds of artifices were resorted to in order to obtain them; and in case of complaint at headquarters, it was very difficult, and generally impossible, to detect the culprits; for they always reported themselves to the planters as belonging to any regiment but their own; and a search of the camp, which was sometimes ordered by Colonel Harker commanding the brigade, never resulted in the discovery of the depredators or the *fresh meat they had appropriated.* I will give one instance which occurred within my own knowledge. A planter came into the camp from some two miles distant and complained at brigade headquarters, that going out of his house the day previous, Sunday, he found some soldiers skinning one of his bullocks. When he spoke to them, he said they were very pleasant and polite, they gave him the name and number of the regiment to which they *said* they belonged, and informed him that they were acting in

strict obedience to orders from headquarters. The planter then said to them that he would go to the camp and see about getting pay for his animal, but on attempting to leave his premises he found them surrounded by a cordon of sentinels, each marching his beat, fully armed and equipped, none of whom would allow him to pass without orders from the *officer* in command. He then inquired for the officer commanding the detachment, who was at once pointed out to him. He complained that his property was being taken from him, and that his grounds were guarded so that he could not leave them. He said he wanted to go to camp and see the officer commanding the brigade. The officer heard all he had to say, and then in a stern and rather threatening manner informed him that he need not feel anxious because he could not go, but rather because he would be obliged to go, as he had orders not only to procure the beef, but also to bring him, the planter, into camp, and that he must be in readiness to go with them when they were ready to leave, at the same time intimating that the planter would find some serious charges against him. The planter became alarmed, and asked permission to go into his house to make some necessary preparation and inform his family where he was to be taken, so that they would understand the cause of his absence. The favor was granted most graciously, the planter went into his house, spent some little time in consultation with his family, and rather prolonged the time, as he did not like the idea of being taken from his home under arrest; for the times were such that there was no foreseeing the consequences. He might, however innocent, be kept from home for a long time, as some of those arrested were sent to Nashville. When he did muster up courage to go out, he did not find the sentinels posted as they had been when he left the officer, and he soon discovered that all, officers, soldiers, and beef, had suddenly, silently, and mysteriously disappeared. In doubt as to what was proper or best to do, he remained at home until the next day, Monday, when he came into camp and made his case known at brigade headquarters. He then found that he had been victimized by some of the soldiers of our brigade, who were not only acting without orders, but in direct violation of them. An investigation was ordered, but nothing came of it; except that it proved that the soldiers were not of the regiment they claimed to belong to, and that no officer was with the detachment committing the depredation. The men undoubtedly went out in small squads and united for action after leaving the camp, and were probably from more than one regiment. The regimental officers all sympathized with the men, and we always protected them from exposure when possible to do so.

GUERRILLAS, AND THEIR ACTIONS.

[Extract from letter to Mrs. Shoemaker.]

"STEVENSON, ALABAMA,
"*July 29, 1862.*

"MY DEAR WIFE:—The birds are singing in the grove on every side of me, as they do every morning, and everthing appears to be peaceable and quiet, but this is all deceptive. Under the surface there is trouble, deadly hostility, and enmity. Yesterday an escort of cavalry to a foraging train sent out to purchase beef cattle, so that we might have even half rations, was fired upon from the bushes, two men killed and three wounded. The cavalry force was small, and fled as usual. Within a few days the railroad from Decatur west to Cortland was retaken by the rebels, and from 80 to 100 of our men

killed or taken prisoners. At two or three places our men repulsed them after hard fighting against four to one, and in all these cases, the dead left on the ground by the rebels are found to be citizens who had been living at home with *passes and protections, and whose houses and property had in many cases been guarded by our soldiers,* whom they were attempting to surprise and butcher.

"When Cortland was attacked there was a brigade at Decatur; its commander, Gen. Schorf, telegraphed to Gen. Buell at Huntsville, *but could get no answer,* and did not dare to go to its relief without orders, so we lost the town, the railroad, and one hundred men, when we had a force within protecting distance, which might not only have protected the road, the town, and the men, but also have inflicted summary punishment upon a band of assassins who were allowed to carry out their acts of double treason and murder with impunity. I am fearful that Gen. Buell's inactivity, or sympathy for traitors, to use a mild expression, will prevent the army from accomplishing anything towards crushing the rebellion, if it maintains its ground, which is becoming doubtful. When we left Corinth we had a splendid army, and now where is it? Scattered over the country, divided unnecessarily into detachments, and if employed at all it is in guarding the property of rebels. If, after Corinth, we had proceeded immediately to Chattanooga, we could have taken it and East Tennessee I think, without a blow, and be now acting on the offensive. As it is, we are being cut off in detail while in the act of doing nothing. These are the feelings of the army so far as I can judge them, and unless there is a change of policy and men, the north will find that their three hundred thousand men they are now raising will be of little value. My candid opinion is, and there are more reasons for it than I can give in a letter, that if the officers who are and have been in the regular army are allowed to govern the army as they are now doing, we might as well recognize the Southern Confederacy first as last; for under their auspices we shall never put down the rebellion. I came into the army a '*West Point man,*' but I cannot resist the evidence of my senses, and the stake is too great to admit of, or justify, silence. The people here were afraid of Gen. Mitchel, and he kept them quiet. I don't know him, and have never seen him, but I do know that it is the opinion of Gen. Buell's officers, and army, that Gen. Mitchel is the most effective man of the two, and that he has done more for the cause with his division than Gen. Buell with his entire army. There are many evidences of all these things which I see and hear which I cannot give in a letter, but you may be sure that the rebellion will never be crushed until the armies are commanded *in the field* by other men than such as Generals Buell, Wood, or even Halleck. Pope is a good officer, and was an active one here. If you have an opportunity you may show this letter to Gov. Blair, and I would prefer that he should see it, *but to no one else at all,* and neither you nor he must speak of these things as coming from me. If it was known I had written such a letter it would cause me trouble.

"Affectionately your husband,

"MICHAEL SHOEMAKER."

July 29. The brigade formed line of battle at 3 A. M., and, excepting the detail for fatigue duty, were kept all day under arms in readiness for an apparently expected attack from the Confederate forces. Colonel Ferguson returned without having seen any opposing force, and without having procured any supplies. The fatigue parties to-day commenced to fortify the town by

the erection of a redoubt, by building stockades on the line of the railroad for the protection of the depot, and by protecting and fortifying the depot buildings in such manner as to make them capable of respectable resistance. These, when finished, were all occupied by details of soldiers.

One hundred and twenty men of my regiment were on this detail, and worked all day on the fortifications. In the night there was a heavy fall of rain.

INJURY BY FALL OF HORSE.

July 30. While superintending the labors of my men at different points, I attempted to cross the track of the railroad, and my horse became frightened at an engine which was standing near. In checking him, he fell flat upon his side, with one of my legs under him, injuring it badly. I succeeded in getting from under the horse, and in getting both him and myself out of the way of the locomotive engine, but had a very narrow escape from serious injury, if not loss of life.

This accident became finally the cause of some of the most remarkable events of my army life; as from the serious and painful result of the injury to my leg I was obliged to give up riding on horseback, after reaching Nashville obtain leave of absence from my regiment, which led to my capture by the confederate guerrillas, my adventures while on my to Richmond, and confinement in Libby Prison.* All of my men fit for duty were to-day working on the redoubt and stockades. Orders were issued from brigade headquarters to impress contrabands to assist in building fortifications. Rain fell all the afternoon and most of the night.

July 31. Rain in A. M. In compliance with the order of yesterday I sent Captain A. Balch, with a detachment from company G, into the country to impress contrabands (negro slaves) to assist in the work of fortification. Received notice of resignation of Captain Vosburgh, and Lieutenant Phelps, both of whom remained in Nashville without authority from me to do so, when the regiment left there for Savannah and Shiloh in March.

Work commenced to-day under my command on the redoubt, or fort, on the hill south of the town. One hundred and twenty of my own men on fatigue duty on this work. I make the following extracts from a letter of this date written to my wife:

"STEVENSON, ALABAMA,
"*July 31, 1862.*

"MY DEAR WIFE,—I had a very lucky fall yesterday. As I was crossing the railroad track on a plank-crossing there was an engine standing within a few feet of the road, and as my horse came opposite he leaned from it and started a little. There had been rain in the night, and many teams over the road, so that it was somewhat muddy, and the mud here is more like grease than anything else. As my horse started his feet all slipped from under him and we both came flat on the plank, one of my legs under the horse. I extricated my other foot from the stirrup, the horse immediately sprang up, and so did I. We were both covered with mud, but otherwise there was not much damage done, though it is a wonder how I escaped without breaking some bones. My leg was somewhat bruised and is a little lame to-day, but not so much as to

* Colonel Shoemaker's graphic account of his capture and imprisonment will be found in volume 3, Pioneer Collections.

prevent me from being around all the time. I bathed it freely with liniment as soon as I got back to camp. * * * We are now all busy erecting fortifications, and to-day have parties out after negroes from the plantations to come in and help do the work. They are rather scarce about here. This is the first time we have been allowed to use anything belonging to the rebels, and I am glad to see a commencement in the right direction. If followed up as it should be, it will relieve our soldiers of much hard labor and drudgery, and add vastly to the efficiency of the army. I have had no letter from you since I last wrote. In fact we have had no mail. I was much amused at your letter about 'glory.' Your reasoning is as good as Falstaff's on 'honor.' * * * You would never love or respect a *ninny of a man*, who had no spirit, and those who have no feeling for their country are too selfish to love anything but themselves, and if I had been such an one you would never have loved me. It may do for a woman to place her family before everything else, but even you did not and would not do that. When I thought it necessary to go into the army, you consented, regretting, as I did, the necessity, but what would the world become if men were not willing to give up all in times like these, that their children and those who do survive may have a government? I must close now.

"Affectionately your husband,
"M. SHOEMAKER."

August 1. Out with my entire regiment and work on fort all day and until 12 o'clock, P. M., with the ground very slippery and the night very dark. The "powers that be" seem *very anxious* to forward the work on the fortifications, and our actions would now foreshadow a defensive rather than an offensive campaign. I have to-day sent out another detachment to impress negroes, mules, and carts to work on the fort. We had rain in the afternoon and night.

August 2. Work on fortifications with one hundred and twenty of my men. Detailed one company to act as provost guard, and two companies on the picket lines. I again sent out three detachments, to impress negroes, mules, and carts to work in the intrenchments, all of which were procured in sufficient numbers for present purposes.

PLACED IN CHARGE OF FORTIFICATIONS.

Sunday, August 3. I to-day received orders, with "carte blanche" from Colonel Harker, commanding brigade, to build fort and stockades, and make such defenses for the protection of Stevenson as in my judgment I deemed best. Stevenson is at the junction of the Charleston & Memphis, and the Nashville & Chattanooga railroads, and was at this time made a depot for the supplies of the army, and also for convalescent soldiers from the direction of both Huntsville and Chattanooga. I now directed two buildings, standing in what would probably be a line of fire if we were attacked, to be torn down. I also had the passenger depot and the platform of the freight depot barricaded, and detailed three companies to occupy the depot and platform during nights.

The following is an extract of a letter written to-day to Mrs. S.:

"I am awful tired, and can't write much of a letter. How do we spend the Sabbath in Dixie? I will tell you. Up at 3 A. M.; form line of battle at 3:30, and remain in that formation until reveille, say about 4:30 o'clock. At six A. M. the whole regiment turns out and work all day on the redoubt, stock-

ades, and intrenchments. This includes barricading of buildings and other temporary works. We have here a large amount of rations and army stores, with more arriving, and from all directions. We intend to protect them and do not mean to be taken by surprise. We are working day and night on our defensive works. I was out Friday night in the rain, but do not appear to have caught any cold. The regiment worked from 6 till 12 P. M. with pick and shovel. * * I send this by William A. Ewing, a son of Surgeon Ewing, who has been here a few days, and can tell you much of the particulars of our situation. * * You must excuse this scrawl, particularly the substance of it, for I do not know what it is, I am so tired and sleepy. * * * Don't fret, be of good courage, and above all things, keep in good spirits. I do, though suffering hardships and privations greater than you have any idea of.

"Affectionately your husband,

"M. S."

On the 4th of August there was a very heavy fog. Wm. A. Ewing left for home. His father was getting somewhat uneasy about our situation. He thought the action we were taking in fortifying our position signified that it was more probable that we would be attacked than that we would act on the offensive, and as his son was not connected with the army, he very properly concluded that he had better return home while our communications were uninterrupted. I continued work on the fortifications with my regiment and the contrabands.

August 5. Foggy and very hot. Lieut. Col. Worden left for home on sick leave. Formed line of battle 3:30 A. M.

WORK ON FORT.

August 6, 7, 8, 9. Formed line of battle each day at 3:30 A. M., and work with entire regiment on fortifications at various points about the town, and on the line of the railroad. On the 7th I wrote Mrs. Shoemaker as follows:

"STEVENSON, ALABAMA, *August 7, 1862.*

"MY DEAR WIFE:—The sun is now just rising. I was out at 3:30 o'clock with my regiment in line of battle to guard against surprise. What with building stockades, breastworks, and other military duties, we are having a laborious time, particularly as the weather is not only warm, but very hot. I have but little leisure time. * * * * Major Worden went home sick yesterday. He will come and see you. He had but short notice before he left, and I had no time to write to you, as every spare moment was taken in writing to Governor Blair on official business. When Major Worden returns I shall come home and make you a visit, or if we are stationed here, as we may be, I will send for you, though you will have to rough it if you come. How would you like to sleep in a tent? If ever there were any decent people here, I think they have left, for I have seen or heard of none; but I have been in but one house since I came, and got out of that as soon as I could do my business. Most of the inhabitants of the town and country have left their homes, their houses being unoccupied on our arrival here, but from the appearance of these deserted habitations I think it never was much of a town. We have torn down a part of it in making room for our guns to have good range. Lieut. Woodruff will remain in Michigan some time on recruiting service. Worden is now Lieutenant-Colonel."

On the night of the 8th Colonel Ferguson, of the Sixty-fourth Ohio, and

Captain Stoughten had a very interesting meeting, at which they held such high revel that as a consequence, Company "I," which was acting as provost guard, was ordered into camp to prevent a recurrence of what might prove of serious injury to the discipline of the regiment, and to impress upon the officers the necessity of sobriety and strict attention to their duties, now more than ever necessary. The order was revoked at the request of Captain Stoughten, and upon his promise that no such cause for complaint should again arise. Captain Stoughten was a good officer, a very intelligent man, and as good as his word.

The afternoon of the 9th was spent in preparing the regiment for inspection. On Sunday, the 10th, the regiment formed line of battle at 3:30 A. M., and worked on the stockades and redoubt in the afternoon. As there were rumors of Confederate forces or of guerrilla bands being in our vicinity, I sent a detachment of twenty men towards Dechard to reconnoitre. They returned without having discovered signs of any armed force. The following is an extract from a letter to Mrs. Shoemaker, dated August 10, 1862:

"The sun is just rising this bright, beautiful Sabbath morning, and I thought I could not better occupy my time until breakfast than by writing to you. * * * I was out with my regiment at 3:30 o'clock this morning; we came in at reveille, just before sunrise, and to that good habit of early rising you are indebted for this letter. * * * There is so much applying for leave to go home by officers that it is difficult to get away, and not desirable unless necessary. It is hardly honorable at this time for an officer to be away from his post if he is able to do his duty. If you come down here I may not be at home for some time, and am anxious to be kept informed about my business. *Fred. must write me once a week.*"

On the 11th I placed Company "B," Captain McLaughlin, in the redoubt building on the hill south of the railroad, to remain day and night to act as a guard. The working force of the regiment to-day finished the stockades on the railroad above the turn-table, and worked on the redoubt and barricades. On the 12th formed line of battle at 3:30 A. M. Regiment built lower stockades, and barricaded the brick depot and magazine. Charley Ward, cook, returned from Michigan. Received and gave to Captain Jones, of Company "H," his commission as captain. On the 13th and 14th the regiment worked on stockades and barricades. The stockades were all on the line of the railroads, at the bridges, and most exposed points. The depot buildings and certain houses were barricaded, so as to be used for the defense of the station if necessary. The work was thoroughly done, and all places fortified were occupied by detachments from my regiment or by convalescents sent here from other points on the railroad, and placed under my command. These were at times quite numerous, frequently exceeding one thousand men and probably averaging that number from the time they commenced coming.

REDOUBT OR FORT OCCUPIED.

On the 15th I moved my regiment into the redoubt, or fort as we called it, which we were building on the hill south of Stevenson, pitched my tent and took up my headquarters there, but still continued to work at, and have charge of all the stockades and fortifications in the town and on its approaches.

[Extract from letter to Mrs. Shoemaker.]

STEVENSON, ALABAMA,
August 16, 1862.

"MY DEAR WIFE:—I have had no letter for several days, but as some railroad bridges are burned in Kentucky, that I suppose is the reason. I am now more busy than ever. Yesterday I moved my regiment to the redoubt, and am now occupying it and the stockades. I have for the present, command of this post, and may remain here for some time. The present command is only temporary. The permanent appointment will be made by Gen. Buell. I shall be recommended by the brigade commander, and will, I think, be appointed. It is a very honorable, but very laborious and important position, involving great care and trust. If I am left here I do not mean to be surprised, or taken without a good, big fight. The place is strong, and capable of resisting a large force. If I remain here I shall have my own regiment, a battery, and a squadron of cavalry, besides other details and all convalescents sent here. When it is decided, and it will be soon, I will let you know, and if I stay, will have you come and make me a visit. * * * * You would not wish to remain long; there is nothing in camp life but what, to say the least of it, is uninviting to any lady. We have never yet had one in our camp. In most towns there are comfortable places in the houses of residents, but here there is *not one*. All is military here. No resident of the country is allowed to come within our lines unless he has a written pass, and the country itself is very poor, and almost depopulated. We have now the hardest kind of living. No potatoes or butter. In fact, we have no vegetables but onions, of which we bought a barrel a few days since. If you could put up a small jar of butter, and seal it, you might have an opportunity to send it. We are now having very warm, dry weather. My health is tolerably good, but I am getting very thin. We shall finish the works here next week, and I shall then know what I am going to do. I suppose you have seen Surgeon Ewing's son, Will., and Lieut. Col. Worden. It is said the latter is to be married; he looked *rather* yellow for that when he left here. * * * * *

"Affectionately your husband,
"M. S."

SUPPLIES FROM HOME.

[Extract from letter to Mrs. Shoemaker.]

"Lieut. Slayton came in last night and brought your letter, and all the nice little supplies you so thoughtfully sent me. They were all very welcome. * * * Col. Harker, Surgeon Ewing, and Adjutant Culver were present when I opened them. I said, see what it is to have a good, thoughtful, loving, little wife. I gave Surgeon Ewing and Pratt the collars, and we had a good laugh over them. Dr. Ewing is wearing his to-day. One bottle of the whisky got broken in Lieut. Slayton's trunk, so there was but one left. Some of the corn was spoiled, but the cake, sugar, salt, pepper, and two jars of preserves were in good condition. * * * * I am now very busy, but hope in a few days to have more leisure. * * * Those collars just fit me. I have one of them on. The handkerchiefs are being washed; they got stained with the whisky, or something else."

This extract goes to show, though only in a slight degree, the extent to which we were obliged to depend upon our friends in our distant homes for

many of what are considered the necessaries of life, or get along as we could without them. Captain Palmer and his company "C," were on the 16th detailed to occupy the stockade at the railroad bridge across Crow Creek, west from Stevenson; an exposed and important post. As it was outside our picket lines the greatest vigilance was necessary to prevent the men from being cut off, or the post surprised by the guerrillas.

On the 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th, work was continued on the redoubt and other fortifications by a large force of negroes, mules, carts, and all of my regiment, except such as were detailed for guard and picket duty. All the stockades and barricades were finished, leaving only the redoubt, upon which the whole force was concentrated.

SAW-MILL CAPTURED.

[Extract from letter to Mrs. Shoemaker.]

"STEVENSON, ALABAMA,
"*Sunday, Aug. 16, 1862.*

"I have just read for the third time your letter of last Sunday, and although it is "awful" hot, I thought I would write you, as I shall be busy with military matters in the cool of the evening. It seems quite pleasant to receive a letter from you the same week that it is written, as that has of late been unusual. There was a steam saw-mill captured from us by the guerrillas last night within half a mile of our picket line. It was a saw-mill used by a detail from the Mechanics and Engineers to get out lumber for a pontoon bridge which General Buell, when acting on the offensive proposed to use in crossing the Tennessee river. The engineer, three soldiers of that regiment, and four negroes were taken and carried away. We are surrounded by rebels. The bushwhackers and guerrillas are all around us, and the confederate army is above (on the river) east and south of us. One of our men was shot in the hand on Wednesday last when returning from a spring within eighty rods of our picket lines. Our men are shot down from the roadside whenever there is an opportunity to do so with impunity. Our camp, the town, and country are full of spies and informers, and the rebels know all about our forces, and our weak points when we have any such. They are generally cowardly, and don't want to fight when the numbers and chances are even, but when they can have four or five to one, or when they can shoot from the bushes, then they are "eager for the fray." This war promises to become a murderous one, and if the rebels keep up their present system, the country will be desolated wherever our army goes.

"I shall send this letter by Quartermaster Kidder, who goes home. He has intelligence that his wife is very sick, and probably will not recover. He has resigned. He expects to come back to the regiment. Who is going to be Colonel of the Jackson regiment? What position does Livermore expect to have? Tell me all about this regiment, and who of the Jackson folks are in it. * * * Kiss the babies. Remember me to your mother, Fred., and all friends.

"Affectionately your husband,
"M. SHOEMAKER."

On the 20th I received an order from brigade headquarters to get my regiment in readiness to march with the brigade on the 21st. This order was issued by mistake, and was countermanded, and an order issued appointing

me to the command of the post of Stevenson, Alabama. There was placed under my command, besides my own regiment, the 5th Indiana Battery, Captain Simonson; four companies of the Michigan Mechanics and Engineers, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Hunton; one company of the 29th Indiana V. I., Captain Casey, and all convalescents at, or to come to the Post able to do military duty.

"Colonel Harker with the other regiments of his brigade, the 64th Ohio, Lieutenant Colonel Young, 65th Ohio, Colonel Ferguson, and 51st Indiana, Colonel Straght, left early in the morning of the 21st of August, 1862 for Bridgeport, and I saw no more of them until the 7th of September, when I rejoined them at Nashville, Tennessee.

IN COMMAND AT STEVENSON.

I appointed Lieutenant Eaton Provost Marshal of the Post, and Lieutenant James R. Slayton Assistant Provost Marshal. Strict orders were issued to all detachments occupying stockades, guarding bridges, on picket lines, or stationed at any point outside the redoubt to observe the greatest vigilance, and to hold themselves in readiness for action at any moment.

General Don Carlos Buell, commander of the Army of the Cumberland, came in on the railroad on the 21st, from Huntsville. There came also over one hundred convalescent soldiers from the divisions of Generals Chrittenden and McCook, to remain here in my charge, to be taken care of, and made useful as far as possible.

On the morning of the 22d, in company with Lieutenant Colonel Hunton, I visited and inspected the entire picket line (which was several miles in extent, and completely surrounded Stevenson), the redoubt, stockades, and all points where detachments of troops were stationed, except some at railroad bridges, which were outside the lines.

We found the picket posts all properly placed, and the guards prompt and watchful in the discharge of their duty. Captains Balch and Sunderlin with the companies under their command were relieved from duty in the stockades and stationed in the redoubt, their places in the stockades being filled from those of the convalescents sent to the post who were able to bear arms. Captain Simonson was also ordered to place his battery in position in the redoubt so as to be ready for action at any and all times, which was done. The work on the redoubt and stockades was pressed towards completion as rapidly as possible with the force at my command, mules and carts, which had been impressed in the surrounding country, the troops being now all required for military purposes.

General Buell on being informed of what had been, and what was being done, expressed himself pleased and satisfied with my dispositions, and enjoined the necessity of great care and watchfulness, as the post was liable to be at any time attacked. The necessity of preserving railroad communication with Huntsville was particularly impressed upon me. He left with his staff on the 22d by railroad for Dechard.

A SURPRISE.

On the 23d we continued to strengthen the fortifications. While thus engaged I received the following telegram:

No. 1.] "DECHARD, *August 23, 1862.*

"COLONEL SHOEMAKER COMMANDING:—Expedite shipment of stores from Stevenson in every possible way, and be ready to evacuate the place at a moment's notice. Let Engineers and Mechanics prepare pontoons for burning, and when you leave destroy everything that cannot be brought away. Confidential. Operator at Stevenson will not let it be known.

"J. B. FRY,
"*Colonel and Chief of Staff.*"

The situation of officers occupying positions like myself in the Army of the Cumberland was peculiar in this. Being always confronted by the Confederates, we had no opportunity to obtain information of what was taking place outside of our own immediate command. We could learn nothing from those with whom we associated, for they were as ignorant as ourselves, and we never saw a northern newspaper less than from a week to ten or twenty days old. People at home, reading the daily papers, knew infinitely more of the general movements of our army, to say nothing of the others, than did any of the brigade or regimental officers composing it. As we had been all summer rebuilding burned bridges and repairing railroads torn up by the Confederates, and building fortifications, I had supposed that we were to act on the offensive and advance still further into the Confederacy. It was, therefore, a great surprise to me when I received the above telegram. I had no knowledge of the movements of the army of which we formed a part except what I actually saw, and none whatever of those of the Confederate army of Gen. Bragg to which we were opposed. This telegram, therefore, was the first intimation to me of what proved to be the incursion of Gen. Bragg into Kentucky, or that there was any other intention on the part of Gen. Buell than to hold this post, and make it a depot of supplies, as it was situated at the junction of the railroads from Memphis and from Nashville to Chattanooga, Atlanta and Charleston. I was confirmed in my belief of the permanency of our occupation, by the fact that up to this time there had been large shipments of all kinds of supplies to Stevenson from Nashville and the north, evidently intended for distribution to the forces in the field beyond this point. Of these there was a large amount that must now be re-shipped or distroyed.

I had under my command at this time over one thousand men, the battery, the companies of the Mechanics and Engineers, besides over a thousand convalescents, most of whom were unable to do military duty. On the receipt of this telegram (No. 1) I immediately commenced to make arrangements for shipping all the stores and the soldiers who were too sick to be made useful. On the 24th I despatched by railroad a large amount of stores and all the convalescent soldiers that were unable to bear arms or unfit for other duty. Of these there were several hundred. I continued to work the negroes, mules, and carts in strengthening my position in the redoubt and around the railroad depot.

ON THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR.

The following extracts from a letter written to my wife will give the opinion of the situation which I at that time entertained, and which, viewed in the light of subsequent events, proves the correctness of the views I then held. There never was a more bungling, ill-advised campaign, or one showing such evident want of military ability, and absence of strategical design, or intent, or knowledge, than that dating first from the surprise of our army at Shiloh, and again from the capture of Corinth. After the battle of Shiloh, if the

army had been moved directly forward it could have gone into Corinth without further fighting; for, when finally there, we had the evidence of its citizens that the Confederate army came there completely disorganized, with the exception of one division. If any effort on our part was made to ascertain the actual state of things it must have been unsuccessful, or our commanders were stunned by the magnitude of the battle which had been forced upon them. All the indications seemed to show that we had gained a great victory; all the orders under which we acted made it apparent that those in command were still apprehensive of being again attacked, and our movements were those of an army acting on the defensive rather than the offensive; of one that had fought a drawn rather than a victorious battle.

After the capture of Corinth, the Federal army was in sufficient force to have marched through the confederacy in any direction. All the armies of the west were concentrated there, and formed one grand whole. It could have marched through the confederacy to any point on the gulf or ocean, and then have swept around to Virginia with greater ease and less opposition than did Sherman before fighting the battles which preceded the capture of Atlanta, some years later. Instead of moving in a body, the different armies composing the whole (all west of the Alleghanies), were separated and dispatched in different directions, and the campaign of 1862 in the west came to naught, or worse.

These are not ideas born of subsequent events, but those held at the time, and expressed in letters to Gov. Blair, Mrs. Shoemaker, and others, as the following letter clearly proves:

The Army of the Cumberland spent the summer in the Valley of the Tennessee west of Chattanooga, building bridges, repairing railroads, guarding plantations, protecting cotton stored thereon (of which there was enough when we passed up from Corinth to Stevenson to have paid a good share of the National debt at the close of the war), trying General Turchin by court-martial for making war, and finally in September, ignominiously retreated to Louisville, by forced marches, in order to reach there before it could be occupied by Gen. Bragg and the confederate army, which had been recruiting its strength while our army had been engaged in labor and pursuits that all eventuated to the use and benefit of our enemies. The bridges, the railroads, the cotton, and the corn, was all, or mostly all, used or destroyed by the confederates after our army, without fighting a battle, was forced to leave the country, and before its return.

"STEVENSON, ALABAMA,
"*Sunday night, 25th August, 1862.*

"MY DEAR WIFE:—The troops have all left here, and are leaving, except my regiment, which is in charge of the post. There is much uncertainty about our future movements, but you will know from the papers what has been done sooner than by my letters. Communication is now very uncertain, *as is everything else.* It looks now as though we were to abandon this country. We are now one of the extreme outposts, and may see some fighting before we leave. I will write you as often as I can, but every moment of my time is now taken up by duties. I have now about one thousand men and four pieces of artillery to garrison this place. The enemy are said to be in large force in our immediate vicinity. I have no letter from you for some time; the last date was two weeks to-day. Don't say anything of what I write about

military matters. They are all in confusion here, and I fear will be worse. I am writing in the depot. The army is retreating; Huntsville and that line is abandoned. Gen. Buell went through here yesterday, and has his headquarters now at Dechard.

"We want good generalship, or our lives if given, will do no good, but only be a useless sacrifice to the cause. We ought now to be acting on the offensive instead of the defensive. I hope there will soon be a change of policy, if not of commanders.

"Kiss the children. I send my love, and think of you every minute. Will write again as soon as I can. In haste.

"Yours in love,
"M. S."

HOLD THE FORT.

On the 25th I received the following telegram (No. 2) from Gen. Buell:

"DECHARD, *August 25, 1862.*

"COL. SHOEMAKER:—Do not let it appear there is any intention of abandoning your post, but be prepared to do so in case of necessity. It is desired to hold your post as long as possible, and it is the intention to do so. J. B. FRY,
"*Col. and Chief of Staff.*"

I continued to strengthen my position in every possible manner, both at the redoubt and in and about the town, keeping several hundred negroes and a large number of mules and carts constantly at work.

I allowed no one to know or have cause to suspect that there was any intention of abandoning Stevenson. From the nature of the work carried on both day and night on the defenses of the place, both citizens and soldiers were led to believe that we meant to "hold the fort."

Detachments from my command were every day scouring the country to procure supplies, and particularly forage for our animals for which we required a large supply. We had one hundred and thirty-one horses with Simonson's battery, and thireeen army wagons with four mules to each, with my regiment, making one hundred and eighty-three animals, besides the horses of the officers of which there was between twenty and thirty, giving over two hundred horses and mules to feed.

COMMENTS ON THE SITUATION.

I to-day caused water to be hauled into the fort so that we might have a supply in case of emergency. During the day trains came in from Huntsville, and passed directly through towards Nashville as soon as they could be transferred to the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad. With them came Judge Lane, Gen. Rosseau, and a large number of others who were evidently leaving the country, including military officers, civilians from the loyal States connected with the army, loyal southern men, and refugees from the Confederate States. This exodus, taken in connection with the orders I was receiving, forced me to conclude that our labor in the valley of the Tennessee and at Stevenson was all to be not only worthless to our cause, but was to accrue directly to the benefit of the Confederates; and all because the Army of the Cumberland, under Gen. Buell, had spent the summer in repairing railroads, building bridges, and fortifications instead of making real, actual war upon the enemy. The plantations, the cotton, and the corn of the southern people, however hostile they might have been, had been guarded by Federal troops;

and attempts, which I am happy to state were always fruitless, were made under the immediate command of Gen. Buell, to return "fugitive slaves" that had escaped from their masters and sought refuge in our army. This was the manner in which the gallant Army of the Cumberland was employed, instead of seeking out and dispersing the Confederate forces wherever there was an attempt to concentrate them. If the campaign of 1862 in the valley of the Tennessee, in the States of Alabama and Georgia, was not intended to give "aid and comfort" to the Confederates, by giving them time and opportunity to recover from the defeat and disasters of Shiloh and Corinth, it most certainly had that result; for it enabled them to recruit and gather up their forces to such an extent, that at this time they were strong enough to resume the offensive so effectually as to whirl the Federal army back across the States of Tennessee and Kentucky to Louisville on the Ohio river, and force it to abandon and leave for the use and benefit of the Confederacy all the fruits of its labor since leaving Corinth.

FURTHER ORDERS.

During the day I received from Gen. Buell telegram No. 3 as follows:

DECHARD, *August 25, 1862*, on the cars.

["Confidential]

"COL. SHOEMAKER:—Send one (1) of your companies to Bridgeport to escort the section of artillery at that place in its march to Stevenson. The artillery will come up as soon as stores are removed, probably to-morrow. J. B. FRY,

"*Col. and Chief of Staff.*"

I now became satisfied that the large quantity of stores in my charge must be removed or they would have to be destroyed, or left for the benefit of the Confederates; and I therefore caused all supplies, stores, and material not necessary for the defense of Stevenson to be shipped as fast as the facilities on the railroad would permit. The prisoners were sent North under charge of Captain McLaughlin. Late in the day, I received from General Buell Telegram No. 4, as follows:

"DECHARD, *August 25th, 1862.*

"COL. SHOEMAKER:—Continue to strengthen your defenses, and be prepared for an obstinate defense. J. B. FRY,

"*Col. and Chief of Staff.*"

I caused a further supply of water to be hauled into the fort, and determined to impress more negroes to work on the fortifications. Those we had were kept at work in relief squads both day and night.

On the 26th of August I sent four wagons for forage with an escort, with orders to bring in all the negroes they could find, with mules, carts, and tools. Company E, Captain Webb, formed the escort and guard, and as the day and night passed with Captain Webb absent and no intelligence of his movements, I became quite anxious about the safety of his command. I knew the country was swarming with guerrillas, but heretofore they had never ventured to attack any of our command sent out for forage or any other purpose; but any soldier wandering from his command, or for any cause found alone, was certain to be cut off, and in almost every instance his fate was unknown to us, but there was almost an absolute certainty that he was foully murdered, and those reported on the rolls as "missing" were seldom if ever again heard of among men.

As the country was undoubtedly by this time well aware of the retrograde

movement of General Buell, I feared the guerrillas might have become emboldened, and have gathered in force and ventured to attack Captain Webb, or obstruct his operations. I had every confidence in the courage and capacity of Captain Webb, which the result justified, for he came in on the 27th with a large supply of forage, mules, carts, and negroes with "working tools" for all of them.

BRIDGEPORT.

In compliance with the telegraphic order of General Buell I sent Captain Balch with his Company G to act as escort and guard for two howitzers (section of battery) from Bridgeport to Stevenson. In marching back, when just east of Bolivar, towards evening, one of the company, not feeling well, fell out of the ranks. His brother, also a soldier in the company, learning of this, also left the ranks to remain with and look after his brother. This was all wrong, and ought not to have been allowed, as it was an almost certain sacrifice of the two men. The sick man, if unable to march, should have been placed on one of the gun carriages and brought in with his company. There was no danger that the force of Captain Balch would be attacked, and no necessity for undue haste. When these facts were reported to me I was highly indignant that these men should have been left under circumstances that most certainly would subject them to the tender mercies of the guerrillas, who were known to be perfectly inhuman in their treatment of stragglers from our ranks, and I determined to send in the early morning a force to bring them in or learn their fate. I accordingly detailed companies K and I, with one howitzer, under command of Captain Chadwick for this duty. The Captain on his return reported that at the place where the first man left the ranks he found the brother, who last fell out the ranks, lying on the ground, wounded, where he had been left the day previous, after being stripped of his gun, accoutrements, and most of his clothing. This man stated that when he came in sight of his brother he was surrounded by guerrillas, who fired upon, wounded, and then robbed him, and left, taking his brother with them, after having stripped him also. The fate of the latter I never ascertained. He is one of the great army of the "missing,"

The following orders by telegram were received the 26th:

No. 5.] "DECHARD, *August 26, 1862.*

"COL. SHOEMAKER, COMMANDING:—Two (2) trains are to go to Huntsville at daylight. One of them has three companies of 10th Wisconsin on board. Distribute these men so as to guard both trains as far as Huntsville. These companies are to be sent back to Larkinville. Order them positively to go through to Huntsville with trains.

"J. B. FRY,
"*Col. and Chief of Staff.*"

The orders were given and the trains dispatched as directed, though it was evident there was apprehension of danger.

Also the following:

No. 6.] "DECHARD, *August 26, 1862.*

"COL. SHOEMAKER:—How many animals will you have to feed? You must get in at once all the forage you can. Cut the green corn for fodder. Answer.

"J. B. FRY,
"*Col. and Chief of Staff.*"

I replied by telegram that I had 107 horses and 78 mules, and that I could and would procure full supplies of forage.

CONFEDERATE FORCES NEAR.

On the 27th, for the first time, the enemy began to show themselves openly in the vicinity of the fort, and two of the garrison were fired upon by a squad of mounted men within two miles of the town.

One company sent below Widow's Creek bridge for wood reported the railroad track torn up.

The signs, and they manifested themselves in all quarters, indicated that the confederates were about to commence offensive movements in this quarter, and probably "all along the line," as a response to the masterly inactivity of our summer campaign. In the afternoon there came into our lines several fugitive soldiers from Bridgeport, with very conflicting reports, some of them stating that there had been heavy fighting, and that our forces had been defeated. Others said that the Federal troops had, after gallantly defending their position against superior forces, abandoned the place and retreated across the mountain. All agreed that Stevenson was now the outpost, and that there were no federal troops between this place and Chattanooga. These fugitives were all very positive we were soon to be attacked by a large force. I now thought it unsafe to leave a guard at Widow's Creek bridge, as it was in such an exposed position, and so far from support. Capt. Jones, who was, with his company, acting as guard at that stockade and doing picket duty near there, was ordered into camp and stationed inside the fort. The two howitzers were placed in position on the fortifications inside the fort.

The following telegram was received:

No. 7.] "DECHARD, *August 27, 1862.*

"COL. SHOEMAKER:—Direct Col. Hunton (of Mechanics and Engineers) to leave one company of Mechanics and Engineers under a good captain, at Stevenson, to do such work as may be required, and give him instructions then to march to-morrow for this place, by the road along the railroad; bring his empty wagons. The baggage to be left in charge of the company which remains, and to come up by rail when ordered.

"J. B. FRY,
"*Col. and Chief of Staff.*"

I replied to this by sending a telegram to Gen. Buell, asking him to allow me to keep with my command Col. Hunton and two companies of Mechanics and Engineers, in answer to which I received the following telegram:

No. 8.] "DECHARD, *August 27, 1862.*

"COL. SHOEMAKER:—Let two companies Engineers remain instead of one, and send one of them with train to repair. How many convalescent and sick at Stevenson?

"J. B. FRY,
"*Col. and Chief of Staff.*"

The answer to this dispatch I did not preserve or have mislaid, but the company of Mechanics and Engineers were sent as directed, and the number of sick and convalescent, over one thousand, given. Lieutenant-Colonel Hunton with two companies of Mechanics and Engineers remained under my command.

AM CONFIDENT THAT I CAN HOLD THE FORT.

I also received the following telegram (No. 9):

"DECHARD, *August 27, 1862.*

"Col. SHOEMAKER:—A brigade cannot dislodge you. Hold the place. The property must be got away. Let Col. Hunton remain with you. "J. B FRY,
"*Col. and Chief of Staff.*"

I replied to this that "I could and would hold the place against any force that could probably be brought against me."

I had no doubt of my ability to do so, for I was convinced that the main army of Gen. Bragg was not moving in this direction at all, and I did not believe that any considerable force would be taken from his army (if, as appeared to be the case, he was assuming the offensive) for the purpose of attacking Stevenson. I did not fear an irregular force, as I felt confident we could hold our own against any of that character which the Confederates could send against us. The result proved that I was correct.

I had now the fort in an efficient state for defense, with the artillery (Captain Simonson's Fifth Indiana battery) in position in it, held in constant readiness for use. The railroad depot buildings and all the houses commanding the approaches to the town had been converted into fortifications. Stockades had been built on the railroad on both sides of the town. All these I had been able to fully man by placing in them, with part of my own regiment, the convalescents able to bear arms, which had been sent to me from both up and down the line of the M. & E. railroad.

I now received telegram (No. 10) in the afternoon:

"DECHARD, *August 27, 1862.*

"COL. SHOEMAKER:—Take in your guards between Bridgeport and Stevenson, and prepare to defend the latter. "J. B. FRY,

"*Col. and Chief of Staff.*"

Also the following telegram (No. 11):

"DECHARD, *August 27, 1862.*

"COL. SHOEMAKER:—If there is no special reason to the contrary, let a guard of one company go out carefully on the train in the morning with telegraph repairer to put up line to Huntsville. See Mr. Chittenden, chief operator. What news from Bridgeport? Answer. "J. B. FRY,

"*Col. and Chief of Staff.*"

I replied that several straggling soldiers had come into Stevenson, bringing conflicting reports. All agreed that Bridgeport had been attacked by a large force of Confederates, and most of them claimed that the post had been abandoned, but what became of the garrison none of them knew.

During the day water and provisions were hauled into the fort. In the evening Captain Webb and his command returned with a good supply of forage, negroes, mules, and carts. He had extended his trip farther than was expected when he started, and this had caused him to take more time. He had neither seen or heard of any opposing force; had not been molested, but reported that the expression of hostility by the inhabitants was universal.

In compliance with order by telegram (No. 10) I ordered Captain Jones with Company H in from Widow's creek bridge, and stationed them in the fort.

August 28th. I did not apprehend that there was any "special reason to the contrary," and therefore sent a company as guard with the cars and telegraph repairers towards Huntsville, to put up the line where it had been broken by the guerrillas. This duty was performed without molestation.

Two of the four companies of Mechanics and Engineers which had remained with me up to this time started this morning, with the transportation of the regiment, but without their baggage or loads of any kind in their wagons. They went by the wagon road towards Dechard.

RECONNAISANCE.

In order to ascertain if there was any danger of an immediate attack upon

this post, I sent a scouting party composed of two companies towards Battle Creek, who made a reconnaissance to within four miles of Bridgeport, but saw no Confederate forces. Soldiers from the hospitals, convalescents and sick, had been coming in to my charge by almost every train since the post had been placed under my command, and to-day, again, all those not able to bear arms were sent to Nashville on the railroad, as was also the baggage of General McCook's division, which had been sent here some time before. Large quantities of stores and supplies were also shipped to Nashville,—all that could be carried by the cars furnished for that purpose.

In order that I might be prepared as perfectly as possible for any emergency which might arise, I now reörganized my forces. Captain Palmer and his company (C) were stationed in two stockades on the Huntsville railroad west of the town, the two companies of Mechanics and Engineers in two stockades and a barricaded building on the east side of the town; the convalescents capable of bearing arms were stationed in the depot and other buildings in the town. To Colonel Hunton I gave command of the Mechanics and Engineers and convalescents. My own regiment, and two companies of the 29th Indiana V. I., which had joined my command, were given in charge the picket lines, the fort, and such duty outside the lines as might become necessary. I also changed the picket lines, drawing them in so that if attacked they could be more readily supported.

I received the following telegram (No. 12):

"DECHARD, *August 28th, 1862.*

"COLONEL SHOEMAKER, COMMANDING:—Send back all train guards at the earliest practicable moment.

"WM. SOAG SMITH,
"*Brig. Gen. Commanding Post.*"

I was engaged on the picket lines and with other duties until quite late, and lay down for the night without taking off my clothes; and from this time until I arrived at Nashville, Tenn., on the 6th of September, my clothes were never once taken off, and this not as a matter of choice, but of necessity.

BURNING OF BOLIVER.

August 29. I this morning sent two companies under command of Captain Chadwick east on the line of the railroad leading to Chattanooga to reconnoitre. I was determined not to be taken by surprise, and I knew I could prevent it by keeping parties of observation beyond the picket lines on the route by which any force of the enemy must approach our position.

Late in the afternoon we observed from the fort a heavy cloud of smoke rising evidently in the vicinity of Bolivar, a small place east of us and on the line of march taken by Captain Chadwick. This I learned was caused by the burning of several houses in that hamlet. These houses, five or six of them, were, I have no doubt, burned by some of the men of the scouting party that went out in the morning under command of Captain Chadwick, although they all, so far as I could ascertain, denied committing the act, and if done by them, was against my positive order.

I was very particular in charging all officers and soldiers sent into the country, for any purpose whatever, to carefully abstain from interfering with, or in any manner injuring the inhabitants, either in person or property, any further than was absolutely necessary to carry out the orders under which the expedition was acting.

Commands sent for forage, negroes, or any other supplies were instructed to

use such force as was necessary to procure them, but to carefully abstain from all outrage, or any unnecessary violence; and this was the only instance in which my orders were disobeyed.

I have no doubt but Bolivar was burned by soldiers of Captain Chadwick's command, and I think with his knowledge if not consent. My entire command had for some time been satisfied that its inhabitants were not only acting as spies, but also as guerrillas, and to them, I believe correctly, was ascribed the outrage committed on the 26th on the two brothers of Captain Balch's command. It was to avenge the treatment of these men, in all probability, that caused their comrades to fire the houses of those they believed to be guilty of that cowardly and inhuman act. Captain Chadwick, and the other officers who were out with him, would never admit that any of his command fired the houses, but some of them must have done so, for there were no other parties who could have done it.

Captain Chadwick and his command returned late in the afternoon. The captain reported that he had seen no confederate force, nor any sign of any. He went to within four miles of Bridgeport.

All of the commissary stores, and what was remaining at Stevenson of the baggage of Gen. McCook's division, was to-day shipped by railroad to Nashville.

NEGROES AND WHITES OF THE COUNTRY.

I still kept the negroes and carts at work on the fort and stockades. The negroes worked willingly and faithfully. If there was any one thing which they appeared to fear more than all else, it was that the Federal forces would leave the country, and that they would be remanded to the tender mercies of their masters. The negroes were not only industrious and faithful workmen, but were also most useful, and in fact, our only trustworthy spies. The information obtained from them, when they werew here they dare speak freely, could almost always be depended upon. That obtained from the whites was always intended to deceive or mislead, when they thought by giving it they could lead the federal troops into danger or make them trouble of any kind. Each and every one of them would travel fast and far to carry information to the Confederate forces when they thought advantage could be taken of it. So well convinced was I of this that, after the 23d of August, I refused to permit any person living in Stevenson to pass outside the picket lines, or any one outside to come within, without a written permit signed by the provost marshal or myself, and this liberty was given in but few instances, and only where we were satisfied that no advantage could be taken of it.

NOTES SOUNDING OF RETREAT.

The following telegram was received from General Buell who still had his headquarters at Dechard (No. 13):

"DECHARD, *August 29, 1862.*

"COLONEL SHOEMAKER—CONFIDENTIAL:—Trains will go to Huntsville to-morrow to bring over the last stores from that place. When they arrive at Stevenson to-morrow night have Simonson's Battery loaded on the cars, and also all the baggage there is at Stevenson, and send all the trains up together. The horses with harness of Simonson's Battery and your regiment must come here by land, and you should start if possible, before daylight on the morning of the thirty-first.

"Direct Major Hall, Thirty-seventh Indiana, to prepare a note for each of his detachments on the line, telling them to march to the North along the road, and let these notes be delivered by the last train. Be particular on this point, as the guards

must not leave until the last train passes, and that train should take the baggage of the guards. Old tents should be destroyed. If Major Hall is not at Stevenson some other officer must see to this. It is the intention to evacuate the place and leave nothing to fall into the enemy's hands which would be useful. The pontoons should be fired just before you start. No locomotives or cars should be allowed to fall into their hands.

"J. B. FRY,
"*Col. and Chief of Staff.*"

Major Hall was at Stevenson, and I gave him a copy of as much of this message as related to his command. I had supposed until I received this telegram, that it was the intention of General Buell to hold Stevenson, as it was at the junction of the Memphis and Charleston, and Nashville & Chattanooga railroads, and we had built here a fort, an earthwork of considerable strength. I knew the army was moving north, but did not think the country was to be entirely abandoned. In order that I might be better prepared to act under these orders I visited the picket lines and again changed them, bringing them nearer the town and fort, after which I received the following telegram (No. 14):

"DECHARD, *August 29th, 1862.*

"COLONEL SHOEMAKER:—Guards of one company for each train must be sent with the trains which go to Huntsville. Use Mechanics and Engineers for that purpose.

"J. B. FRY,
"*Col and Chief of Staff.*"

REFUGEE WHITES IN THE SOUTH.

There came into our lines to-day a gentleman about 35 or 40 years of age, who asked to be taken to the officer in command. He was taken to the Provost Marshal, Lieut. Eaton, of whom he asked to see me as the commanding officer, at the same time refusing, or rather declining to answer any questions. I saw him, when he requested to be sent with as little delay as possible to the headquarters of Gen. Buell; and he professed to have important information which he could only impart to him (Gen. Buell). He declined to give his name, was much agitated, and evidently laboring under considerable apprehension of danger from some quarter. When he first saw our flag (the stars and stripes) he shed tears, and said it was the first time his eyes rested upon it for eighteen long, weary months. He was evidently a gentleman of culture and standing. Although I doubted his sincerity, I decided to comply with his request, and he was sent at once in charge of an officer to the headquarters of Gen. Buell, wherever that might be. Who he was or what important information he communicated I have never learned; but if he was a sincere Union man, he was, in my belief, the only southern man I ever saw in southern Tennessee, Mississippi, or Alabama while I was in the service that was sincere in his profession of loyalty. There were but few that made any such profession, and those we had uniformly found to be spies or informers. The feeling of loyalty to the Confederacy, and not only disloyalty to, but hatred for the Union, was simply universal; and towards our army there was with the entire population, men, women, and children, a feeling of deadly hostility. This was shown whenever there was an opportunity to cut off a single man or a small detachment. While on the march we were constantly watched, and any man falling out of the rank from fatigue or any other cause, if left behind, was certain to be cut off.

My opportunities of judging of the temper and disposition of the people were exceptionally good, as my command was most of the summer of 1862 detached from the main line of the army, so that I was brought into direct communica-

tion with the inhabitants, particularly at Iuka, Bear Creek, Town Creek, and Stevenson. We were also at Tuscumbia, Decatur, and Mooresville, and in fact, I may say that my facilities for obtaining information were good from Corinth to Chattanooga. As a source of satisfaction to myself I felt deeply interested in learning as correctly as possible, the feelings and sentiments of the southern people, and I never lost an opportunity for obtaining information either from men, women, or negroes. I visited houses near all our encampments, and as far as possible took great care to make the acquaintance of the residents in the vicinity of those stations where we remained any number of days. The convictions to which I give expression are the result of mature deliberation. I do not think it at all discreditable to our southern brethren that they should believe according to the light in which they were educated, but in common with all in our army, I detested the spirit which led to murder and guerrilla warfare.

From the time we left Salt river, in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama, I found that Confederate money was taken in preference to greenbacks, and in southern and eastern Tennessee and in Mississippi, the money of the Federal States would not be received at all in payment. This was almost universally the case after we left Nashville on our march to Shiloh. In Mississippi and Alabama there were no exceptions. The inhabitants would not sell us anything at all, for any kind of money, if they could avoid doing so, but if they felt compelled to do so they invariably asked two or three prices, and would then only take Confederate money in payment.

There could be no more certain indication of, not only the feelings of the people, but also of their belief in the ultimate success of the Confederate cause, than their preference for Confederate, and their absolute refusal to take the national currency. It was useless to point out to them that if the Confederacy should succeed in becoming a separate nation, yet still the greenbacks would be good as against the loyal States. No, they would have none of them. They did not want any "yankee money," and that the Confederate States would succeed in the war, and of the value of the Confederate money they never, at this time, allowed themselves to doubt. Until after our arrival at Stevenson all supplies taken in the country for the army were paid for and *at all times*, before and after, the officers paid for all such supplies as they procured in the country.

FURTHER ORDERS.

Dr. Mandeville was stationed at Stevenson to assist in taking care of the sick and convalescent. There were many of both classes at Stevenson all of the time, although we were sending all able to be transported, and not able to bear arms, to Nashville as fast as we could get cars. They were also coming to us every day by every train. Dr. Mandeville had been ordered away, and I requested of General Buell, by telegram, that he might be allowed to remain with me, and received the following answer (No. 15):

"DECHARD, *August 29, 1862.*

"COLONEL SHOEMAKER:—Dr. Mandeville can remain until further orders.

"R. MURRAY,
"*Surgeon U. S. A. Med. Div.*"

I also received this important despatch from General Buell (No. 16):

"DECHARD, *August 29th, 1862.*

"COLONEL SHOEMAKER:—Send all baggage wagons of your command here by the

road along the railroad, starting at daylight to-morrow, and be ready to move with the troops at a moment's notice. Send Engineer companies as escort for wagons, or if they are not with you, send two of your companies.

"J. B. FRY,
"*Col and Chief of Staff.*"

To obey this order would cause me to divide and weaken my force, and endanger both divisions if attacked, I therefore decided to ask General Buell to rescind this order, and sent him the following telegram:

"STEVENSON, ALABAMA, }
"*August 29th, 1862.* }

"COLONEL J. B. FRY, A. A. GEN. AND CHIEF OF STAFF:—Our teams are constantly employed. Captain Simonson says he will need four, and can send but two. I must use five. That would leave, including ambulances, less than half to go, and would weaken my force two companies. I think I can feed all the animals by stripping green corn, and would prefer to keep my force together. Can I do so?

"M. SHOEMAKER,
"*Col Commanding Post.*"

To this I received the following answer (No. 18):

"DECHARD, *August 29, 1862.*

"COLONEL SHOEMAKER:—If you think best, keep all your wagons and bring them with the regiment. They must come empty or with light loads.

"J. B. FRY,
"*Col. and Chief of Staff.*"

By a determined effort on my part, and much extra work of my helpers I succeeded in shipping to day to Nashville all the commissary stores remaining at Stevenson and the baggage of McCook's division.

August 30. The picket lines were disturbed at several different points the past night by the approach of scouting parties of the Confederates and spies who were evidently attempting to ascertain the number and location of our forces. The picket guard wounded a Confederate captain, who succeeded in making his escape, but the guard captured his body servant, a remarkably bright, intelligent, good looking mulatto. He declared that he knew nothing of any force of the enemy in our immediate vicinity. The events of the morrow proved his fidelity to his master, as he was undoubtedly endeavoring to deceive us.

In the morning I visited the picket lines quite early, and charged the officers in command to act with great care and caution, to observe and report the appearance of any force, or of single individuals in the neighborhood of the lines.

On my return we commenced to move the provisions and ammunition out of the fort, preparatory to its abandonment. I made such disposition of the means at my command that it enabled me to send away everything of value.

ORDERS FROM GENERAL BUELL.

Received from General Buell the following telegram:

"DECHARD, *August 30th, 1862.*

"COLONEL SHOEMAKER:—You will put caissons on the cars, and start them in the morning, but retain the guns to march with you. The gun chests should be filled with shells, not solid shot. In case the trains should not get through from Huntsville to-morrow, you will hold your position until night, and then march with your whole force, unless you know by delay you can cover their movement, and if opposed force your way through.

"Colonel Chapin will be instructed to wait until ten o'clock to-morrow for the

train, and then force his way to you with what detachments he can pick up on the road.

"You may not have any trouble, but prudence and resolution will carry you through in any event. Put your baggage on the cars, so as to move light. Keep the horses and harnesses of the caissons to help your guns over the mountains.

"I will send two battalions of cavalry down to-morrow to meet you. Colonel Chapin's regiment will march with you, and the train must take up the bridge guards this side of Stevenson.

"D. C. BUELL.
"*Major General Commanding.*"

On Sunday morning, August 30, 1862, I caused all the baggage, commissary stores, sick and convalescent soldiers remaining at Stevenson to be loaded on the cars, and started on the railroad towards Nashville, Tennessee. The caissons were also sent at the same time, and the only ammunition kept with us was the shells the artillery could store in the chests of the guns of the battery, and what the soldiers could carry in their cartridge boxes. We had quite a number of prisoners, part of whom were regarded as military and part as civilians. These were all sent to Gen. Buell by railroad in charge of Captain McLaughlin and Lieut. Dunbar. The civilians were mostly residents of the vicinity whom I had caused to be arrested from time to time for acting as spies, and being in secret communication with the Confederate military authorities, to whom they made known our strength and all our movements. Some of the prisoners complained bitterly at being sent from their homes and families. To these Captain Eaton, Provost Marshal, most pertinently replied that their action and that of others like them had taken us from our homes and families, and brought us over a thousand miles and yet, with so much more cause, we did not complain.

CONFEDERATE FORCES CHECKED.

About 8 o'clock A. M. and before the arrival of any trains from Huntsville, I was informed by some of our scouts that there was a force of Confederate cavalry making a demonstration on the Bolivar and Bridgeport road. I immediately sent out Captain Slayton with Company I, and Captain Simonson with two pieces of artillery to reconnoitre, with directions to check an advance on that road, if any was attempted, and ascertain the number of the forces of the enemy as nearly as possible. Captain Slayton and Simonson were both on horseback, and were accompanied, besides their command, by some twenty or more mounted men, volunteers, of whom fourteen were of Simonson's battery on artillery horses, and the others, except Lieutenant-Colonel Hunton, officers of my regiment. A short distance outside of our picket line and about one mile east of the town, they saw a force of cavalry in a small grove of woods directly on the road.

Captain Simonson immediately opened fire on them with his two pieces of artillery. A few shells exploding among them caused their retreat without offering any resistance. They were immediately pursued by our volunteer cavalry, who, charging at full speed through the woods, found that their hot haste had almost precipitated them on to a brigade of Confederate infantry, supported by a battery of artillery and a troop of cavalry, drawn up in order of battle on the open ground and crossing the road. They were in such close proximity that our volunteers were in imminent danger of being surrounded and their retreat cut off; but they promptly took in the situation, and before the enemy had time to act, after seeing how small was the force which was so

bravely rushing through the woods, our impromptu cavalry turned, retreated, and were saved from capture by the speed of their horses. They all succeeded in reaching the ground occupied by our artillery, which again opened fire on the advancing foe, and checked the pursuit.

All this was immediately reported to me, and I despatched another company of infantry, with orders to hold the position as long as possible, to advise me if more support was necessary, and I would send it to them at once.

The road on which they were stationed and defending was that leading directly to the depot, and if the Confederates succeeded in advancing upon it they would prevent the transfer of trains from Huntsville to the Nashville railroad. After a lively cannonade of an hour the enemy ceased firing, drew off their forces to the left or south, and we had accomplished our object in forcing them to take a position, in making any further attack upon us, most favorable for the accomplishment of the objects we had in view.

THE CONFEDERATES ATTACK THE FORT AT STEVENSON.

The Confederates now approached the fort from the southeast, planting their battery and displaying their forces in the cleared fields in that direction, opened quite a lively fire with their artillery on both the fort, and the town.

The two companies of infantry, and two pieces of artillery, were now ordered to return, and placed inside the fort. They had acted with great gallantry, and rendered service of the utmost value by the tenacity with which they held their position in the face of a force so greatly superior. They had caused the enemy to abandon the direct road to Stevenson, and swerve to the left or south, thereby not only preserving our railroad connections from immediate danger, but also protecting our line of retreat, which would have been greatly endangered, if not cut off, had the Confederates made good their advance directly upon the town, which, with the number and composition of their forces, they ought to and might have done.

The commander of the enemy did not bring his forces within range of our muskets, but Captain Simonson kept up a continuous fire on them from his battery in the fort with good effect. They changed the position of their battery several times, and there was at intervals a good deal of confusion apparent in their ranks. This artillery engagement was general and active from ten A. M. until about four P. M., without any loss on our side, as their balls and shells generally passed over the fort. They had our range correctly, but did not well calculate the distance. I do not know what loss the enemy suffered from the guns of Captain Simonson, but judge it must have been quite considerable, or they would not have been so wary or so dilatory in their movements. The manner in which the Confederate gunners handled their artillery reflected anything but credit upon them, as it would hardly seem possible for a full battery to pound away steadily for six hours and inflict so little damage as we suffered. There was not one man killed or wounded, no gun dismounted, and our stockades and other fortifications were not injured. Some damage was done to several houses in Stevenson, into which they threw a portion of their shells, probably with the intention of destroying our railroad communications, but they failed in this, and "nobody was hurt."

Soon after three o'clock the trains came in on the railroad from Huntsville with the Tenth Wisconsin Infantry, some refugees and others fleeing to the North.

EVACUATION OF STEVENSON.

I now sent a telegram to Brigadier General Soay Smith, giving him the state of affairs and telling him that I had no doubt of my ability to hold the place against the force operating against me, if such was the wish of Gen. Buell.

In reply I received the following telegram (No. 22):

"DECHARD, *August 31, 1862.*

"COL. SHOEMAKER:—Withdraw in good order, keep your artillery in advance preceeded by skirmishers. Use your artillery whenever you can, if the enemy pursues. No cavalry has been sent. "WM. S. SMITH,

"*Brigadier-General.*"

In obedience to this order I now commenced to withdraw from the fort and town. The trains on the railroad, four of them, after those from Huntsville were transferred to the Nashville railroad, were sent off with all the remaining stores, baggage, caissons, the convalescent and weak men—all those not able to make a forced march. The latter were placed in charge of Dr. Foster Pratt, Assistant Surgeon, who went with them to Nashville, Surgeon Alexander Ewing remaining with me.

On the retreat, the Tenth Wisconsin took the advance, the place of safety, and the easiest on the march, and kept it until we rejoined the rest of our forces at Tallahoma, although at Tantallan it should have taken the rear. This Col. Chapin declined to do, claiming priority of rank and the right to do as he pleased; and from that point to Tallahoma he pressed his regiment through without paying the slightest attention to those in his rear. He acted as if very apprehensive of an attack, and as desirous of avoiding one if made. His course in dividing the command would have placed the artillery and my regiment at great disadvantage if we had been attacked in crossing the mountain between Cowan and Tallahoma. I was so indignant at his conduct that I thought seriously of preferring charges against him.

Next in line of march on the retreat I placed our wagons, all being without loading of any kind. The artillery came next, and the better to conceal our movements, one gun of the battery was discharged, then taken from its position in the fort and placed in the line of march, then another was discharged and treated in the same manner, and in this way the fire on the Confederates was kept up until everything was in readiness for the march, when the last gun was fired, taken from the fort, and the march began about 5 o'clock P. M., the 13th Regiment, Michigan V. I., bringing up the rear and being the last regiment of Gen. Buell's army to leave Alabama. In the meanwhile the enemy had not ventured within musket shot, and had been easily kept in check by our artillery.

RETREAT FROM STEVENSON, ALABAMA.

Had the Confederate force which made this feeble attack upon Stevenson, instead of so doing, occupied the railroad at any point between that place and Tantallan, it would have placed us in a very critical position, being as we were, in a hostile country, and it is doubtful if we could have forced our way through, as it would have involved the necessity of our attacking them in a position of their own selection, for we could only cross the mountains by a certain road, and to have reached this we would have to fight with superior numbers with the advantages all in their favor.

The Confederates could also, by tearing up a portion of the track of the railroad, have captured at least four trains of cars loaded with valuable stores,

which left Stevenson not more than two hours before we marched out of the fort. Instead, however, of opposing our retreat, the Confederates by their action appeared to be desirous to facilitate our departure from the country.

The road from Stevenson, north, runs around the foot of a high mountain in the immediate vicinity of the town. Soon after we had passed around the end of this mountain the cavalry of the enemy appeared in force in our rear in pursuit. In order to check any further attempt to molest our retreat I determined to give them a reception so warm that it would probably free us from further molestation. I accordingly placed Company B in ambush on the side of the mountain, among the bushes, a few rods from the road, with orders to wait until the rear rank of the enemy was opposite them, and then open on them with a fire as rapid and fatal as possible. I also ordered Captain Slayton, who commanded the rear guard to attack them as soon as the company in ambush should commence to fire, and informed him that he would be supported by my entire command if necessary.

As the Confederates advanced, and before they were fully abreast of Company B, one of the men fired without orders, and prematurely, which was followed by a volley from the whole company, when a number of the enemy, reported at eleven, were seen to fall from their saddles, and their entire force, estimated at two hundred, wheeled about, and retreated with the utmost precipitation. We were no more troubled by them, or their support, and saw no other Confederate force under arms on our retreat to Tallahoma, Murfreesboro, and Nashville. We destroyed the first bridge we crossed and continued our march until about three o'clock A. M., when we reached Anderson's Station, on the railroad, where we bivouacked with the other forces.

In this skirmish at Stevenson we succeeded by skillful management, rather than by hard fighting, in accomplishing all we desired; for notwithstanding the attack of a large force, estimated at four times our numbers, we held them at bay for nine hours, during which time there was a heavy and continuous cannonade, and finally retreated from the fort and town, after the transfer and despatch of all the railroad trains, without the loss of a man, animal, wagon, or any of the large amount of commissary stores which had been entrusted to my charge while in command at Stevenson. On the march to Anderson Station we lost a four-horse ambulance, which, the night being intensely dark, got out of the road, and rolled down the mountain, on the steep side of which we were marching. From this, the nature of the road on which we were making our retreat may be judged.

We were accompanied on our march from Stevenson by the entire negro force which had been working for us on and about the fortifications, and by all others who had come into the town while occupied by our forces. There were among them as many women and children as men, and some of the most unpleasant scenes of the war were in witnessing the painful but determined efforts and struggles of some very old negress, or of some mother with a whole brood of children, to keep with us on the march, and avail themselves of the protection of our troops, hoping thereby to attain their freedom. How fruitless were their sufferings will presently appear. There must have been with us at this time more than one thousand negroes, of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

ANDERSON'S STATION, AND ON THE MARCH.

Sept. 1. In the morning at Anderson's Station we found that the engine of the last train but one had run off the track the previous evening, and was still

in that condition, thereby blocking two trains, and rendering them liable to capture. The want of proper tools made the task of replacing the engine on the track a difficult one. The 10th Wisconsin were at work at it, and continued their efforts without success until noon. I then proposed to have Lieut. Col. Hunton with his Mechanics and Engineers take sole charge of it. This was done, and they soon had the engine on the rails, and about two o'clock P. M. both trains started for Nashville.

In the morning, when I found that we were to be detained for some time, I ordered Captain Slayton to march towards Stevenson and reconnoitre, to see if any force was following us. On his return at noon Captain Slayton reported having seen some troops advancing, who, on seeing his company moving towards them, turned and retreated rapidly.

While at Anderson's Station I received the following telegram:

No. 23.] DECHARD, *1st Sept., 1862.*

"COL. SHOEMAKER:—Hurry your march with all diligence, night and day. Bring everything with you if possible.

"W. S. SMITH,
"*Brig. Gen.*"

As soon as the trains on the railroad moved off we resumed our march, and proceeded about twelve miles to Tantallan, at the foot of the Cumberland Mountains, near the southern end of the tunnel on the Nashville & Chattanooga railroad, where we bivouacked. Here one of my legs was injured by being pressed between my horse and that of another officer, but neither that nor the one injured at Stevenson by the falling of my horse caused me much pain or inconvenience until after this time.

CROSSING CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS.

On the morning of the 2d of September we commenced our march up the Cumberland Mountains, with six pieces of artillery and all our transportation (wagons and ambulances), over a road which, as we were told, had not been traversed by a wagon for eight years, or since the completion of the tunnel. The ascent was steep, and in places not only difficult but perilous for our artillery and wagons, and not at all pleasant for officers on horseback or soldiers on foot. The soil in the road, what little there had been, was all washed out, and it was not unusual to find a perpendicular rise of two feet in the rock crossing the road, and from this down to a bed of boulders, but after a toilsome march we arrived at the summit without accident or loss of any kind, except the breaking of the tongue of one of our wagons, and the loss of time in replacing it with a sapling cut by the roadside, by which we saved the wagon. We found this wagon of great service before the next morning. At the summit we struck a traveled road, and the descent was made with comparative ease. The distance is about ten miles, and we arrived at Cowan, at the foot of the mountains on the north side, at 2 P. M. In crossing the mountain the line of march of the command became very much stretched out or lengthened, as all will understand who have ever marched any distance with troops; every obstruction, detention, or halt serving to throw the rear command still further behind. My regiment brought up the rear, and as the 10th Wisconsin and Simonson's battery did not halt for the whole command to close up, as they should have done, either at the brow or foot of the mountains, or at Dechard, we were left a long way behind. When we reached Cowan, both the 10th Wisconsin and Simonson's battery were out of sight. I sent an orderly

forward to them, requesting them to halt, and wait until we could close up, but they returned for answer that Gen. Smith had left Dechard, and given orders for them to march without delay, day and night, until they joined him, and that they should not wait for us, Captain Simonson adding that "self-preservation was the first law of nature." I was satisfied that they were unnecessarily alarmed, and if they were justified in fearing an attack, I was indignant at their pusillanimity in thus dividing the forces, and abandoning my regiment. I did not believe there was any danger, but I knew that if the Confederates should place any force on our line of march it would be much safer for our forces to remain united than to march a detachment at a time, and that too, with the battery entirely unsupported and unprotected, except by the few men attached to it.

Judging from their hot haste it would appear that they were badly scared, if not panic struck, and that without cause; for we had seen no force of the enemy since the day we left Stevenson, and there was no evidence of any being in our vicinity. My regiment, officers and men, were free in expressing their indignation at what they considered an unmanly desertion, and had I complied with their wishes I would have brought the conduct of Col. Chapin and Captain Simonson to the notice of Gen. Buell, but I gave it no further attention.

NIGHT MARCH FROM COWAN TO TALLAHOMA.

At Cowan I determined to halt, and refresh my men, and put them in better order for whatever we had to encounter, but I was fully satisfied in my own mind that it was nothing more than a long and fatiguing march.

I now ordered my wagons, which were in advance, to halt and wait until we joined them, which we did about two miles south of Dechard, in a pleasant grove, where we remained until our men were all in, and had partaken of such rations as we could command.

When we were ready to resume the march I placed a wagon in charge of the captain of each company, with orders that as the men became too weary to march they were to be placed in the wagons to ride, but that all such were to resume the march again as soon as sufficiently rested, so as to allow others to take their places in the wagons, and charged them to see to it that this was done in such manner that none should be left behind who should be unable to keep with their command on the march.

Many of the officers were quite active in impressing, and appropriating to the service of the government, all the horses, mules, and jacks on the route, so that when we arrived at Tullahoma most of them were mounted. After completing my arrangements and giving my men a good rest, we started, and were enabled to continue our march to Tullahoma without making another halt. I not only brought in all my own men, but also picked up a number of the 10th Wisconsin that had dropped out of their line from fatigue.

TULLAHOMA, MURFREESBORO, NASHVILLE.

We reached Tullahoma after midnight, having marched from Tantallan in twenty hours, a distance of thirty-six miles, which included the crossing of the Cumberland Mountains; of itself a full and most difficult day's march.

At Tullahoma I found Brig. Gen. Wm. Soay Smith with his division, to whom I immediately reported my arrival. He said he had given us up as captured, and expressed himself as being greatly pleased with my conduct and manage-

ment, by which I had not only saved my own command but also all of the valuable property at Stevenson, which had been in store for the army. The first words of Gen. Smith on my entering his quarters were, "My God! Shoemaker, is that you? I never expected to see you again; I feared you and your regiment had been captured."

The effect of this march was important, if not serious to me, as the long continuance on horseback, with the injuries my legs had received, the one at Stevenson, and the other at Tantallan, and having now worn my boots without drawing them off for several days and nights, caused my legs to swell so as to fill my large military boots, and they became at the same time painful almost beyond endurance, feeling as though they were being pierced by thousands of needles.

After leaving Gen. Smith, I met Major Fox of the Mechanics and Engineers, who took me to his tent, where I drew my boots for the first time since the 28th of August, and got what rest I could without removing any other portion of my attire.

JUSTICE TO THE THIRTEENTH MICHIGAN V. I.

The action of my command at Stevenson, and in rejoining the army, did not attract the attention it deserved, or otherwise would have done, from the fact that we were in the rear of the retreating army of Gen. Buell, and was unknown except to our superior officers, to whom we made our official reports. Gen. Buell gave us full credit for our good conduct, but he was soon after removed from the command of the Army of the Cumberland, so that he had no opportunity to do us justice. The retreat of Gen. Buell, and the advance of Gen. Bragg, endangering as it did, our supremacy in Tennessee and Kentucky, absorbed the interest of the public, and caused all minor actions to be overlooked, when not in the immediate front, and where no special effort was made to bring them before the public.

The number, frequency, and matter of the telegrams sent me by Gen. Buell, prove not only the importance of our position, but also the service we rendered in holding the town and fort until all the trains, persons, and property were removed. We were left at Stevenson not only to secure the property and railroad connection, but also to mask his movements with the main army, and continued there until we were looked upon as a sort of forlorn hope. That we did not share the usual fate of one was simply because we met circumstances as they arose with a determination to maintain ourselves wherever we were until we could get out without loss.

We continued with Gen. Smith and left Tullahoma the following morning, the 3d of September.

THE NEGROES ABANDONED.

In leaving Tullahoma, all the negroes were, by command of Gen. Smith, turned outside our lines, and refused the further protection of our army. This action of Gen. Smith I thought as unjust as it was unnecessary; for they asked for no help, but simply to march under our protection. Many of them had done us good service at Stevenson; they relied, as they had good reason to do, upon us to give them a chance for freedom and liberty, and I was very sorry to see them deprived of it; but I do not know that Gen. Smith should be held responsible for this action, as he was simply carrying out the policy of Gen. Buell (his commander), while in command of the Army of the Cumber-

land. Gen. Buell not only refused to protect fugitive slaves, but frequently ordered the camp to be searched for them for delivery to their owners. I think Gen. Buell was one of our most able military commanders, but he either failed to understand the magnitude of the contest, or else was too much in sympathy with the Confederates. Whatever the cause, he was too much of a "tender-foot" for the occasion and the times, and was very properly relieved of all command in the Federal armies. Had all the commanders of all of our armies been allowed to treat the slaves as General Fremont proposed to do in Missouri, and the southwest, the rebellion would have been crushed in a year, and hundreds of thousands of lives, and an untold amount of suffering saved on both sides. If the slaves coming to our lines, or rendering us service, had been protected, and *allowed their freedom*, the good result would soon have been apparent in such an exodus, and demonstration in our favor, as would have rendered the Confederacy powerless for resistance. By turning them from our lines we taught them to mistrust us, and this induced them to remain contented on the plantations when almost the entire white male population of the south was in the armies of the Confederacy. When finally we did offer them their freedom, which early in the war they would have earned for themselves if they had been permitted to do so, they feared to act, as our previous action justified them in doing, and failed to render as efficient service as they would have done had they been treated differently the first years of the war. Here, with us, were men, women, and children, who had been working faithfully for us at Stevenson, asking nothing but to be allowed to follow us, protected from molestation, and this was mercilessly refused; when to have extended it would have required no action on our part. All that was necessary was to let it be understood that we would not allow them to be siezed and carried away. These people were in a more pitiable condition than they would have been had they rendered us no service, for they would now be more cruelly treated by their masters or others who seized them than they would have been had they not been laboring for us at Sevenson.

THE MARCH RESUMED.—NASHVILLE.

After leaving Tullahoma on the morning of the 3d of September, we marched until one o'clock A. M. of the 4th, when we halted for two hours for rations and rest; then resuming our march and continuing until two o'clock A. M. on the 5th, when we reached Murfreesboro, where we joined another part of the army. Here we were allowed to rest until noon, when the army was again put in motion on the line of march for Nashville, where we arrived on Saturday, the 6th of September, 1862, at two A. M.

I now, with my regiment, joined the division of Gen. Wood, from which we separated at Mooresville, Alabama, on the 18th of July.

I made a brief report in writing, of our action at Stevenson, and sent it to Gen. Buell, as I was then acting directly under his command.

As an evidence of the incessant manner in which we were occupied, and of the fatigue we underwent, I would state that up to the time of our arrival at Nashville I had not once taken off my clothes since the Thursday of the week previous; that is, from the 28th of August to the 6th of September, and every night after Sunday, the day we left Stevenson, for the few hours' rest we could take we lay down wherever we bivouacked, without tents or covering of any kind. Most of the time we were without provisions, and we supplied ourselves in such manner as we best could.

After leaving Tantallan my legs commenced swelling, and every day would swell until they filled my large military boots so that it was difficult to draw them; and an impression made in the swelling, as a dent with the finger, would remain for an hour or more. The swelling would subside when I was in a recumbent position, but as soon as I mounted my horse would again commence, and was always accompanied with a pricking sensation over the entire surface, which made the pain almost intolerable; but from which on this march there was no escape, and no opportunity to apply any remedy. I have never suffered as much, physically, as during the march from Tantallan to Nashville. Surgeon Ewing expressed himself as quite apprehensive of the effect of the condition of my limbs, and said that if I continued to ride on horseback there was great danger that from dropsy, or erysipelas, my legs would become permanently diseased, and perhaps endanger my life; when, with rest and prompt medical treatment I would soon recover, and be as well as ever. He insisted on presenting my situation to General Buell, and did so in person. General Buell granted me leave of absence for thirty days, and I left Nashville Sunday night, of the day of my arrival, by stage for Franklin, Kentucky, for home; which, however, I was only destined to reach after a series of adventures and by way of Richmond, Virginia, and Libby Prison. Near Tyree Springs the stage was surrounded by guerrillas, I was captured and taken to the headquarters of Generals Bragg, and Hardee, near Carthage, on the Cumberland River, from there to Knoxville, Richmond, and home after a short sojourn in Libby Prison.

LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE STATE PIONEER SOCIETY.

(Continued from Page 269 Pioneer Collections, Vol. 8.)

Number.	Names.	Place of Birth.		Date of Birth.	Place and Date of First Residence in Mich.			Present Residence.	
		Town or Village.	State.		Town.	County.	Date.	P. O. Address.	County.
497	Mrs. Eliza Wiswell	Lebanon	Connecticut	Aug. 5, 1810	Detroit	Wayne	June, 1843	Chicago	Cook, Ill.
498	Mrs. Lucy (Holden) Clark	Hillsboro	New Hampshire	June 21, 1807	Bellevue	Eaton	August, 1838	Bellevue	Eaton.
499	Manasseh Hickey	Phelps	New York	Sept. 7, 1820	Detroit	Wayne	Feb., 1837	Detroit	Wayne.
500	Edwin C. Hinsdale	Hinesborough	Vermont	July 30, 1821	Richland	Kalamazoo	May 30, 1834	Detroit	Wayne.
501	John S. Estabrook	Alden	New York	Jan. 22, 1826	St. Clair	St. Clair	June, 1845	East Saginaw	Saginaw.
502	Helen Norris Estabrook	Ypsilanti	Michigan	Aug. 26, 1831	Ypsilanti	Washtenaw	Aug. 26, 1831	East Saginaw	Saginaw.
503	T. H. Jacokes	Geneva	New York	Oct. 20, 1820	Lodi	Washtenaw	Sept., 1832	Lansing	Ingham.
504	Laura A. Jacokes	Wayne Co.	New York	June 19, 1827	Ypsilanti	Washtenaw	1828	Lansing	Ingham.
505	James H. Jerome	Coshecoton	Pennsylvania	Sept. 28, 1812	Detroit	Wayne	Sept., 1828	Saginaw	Saginaw.
506	George Willcox	Arlington, Bennington Co.	Vermont	Oct. 29, 1806	Springport	Jackson	1848	Springport	Jackson.
507	S. M. Pearsall	Scipio	New York	Dec. 11, 1817	Troy	Oakland	June 15, 1827	Grand Rapids	Kent.
508	Alonzo L. Smith	Paris, Onelda Co.	New York	Apr. 25, 1814	Woodstock	Lenawee	Sept., 1835	Woodstock	Lenawee.
509	Heman Palmerlee	Grandville	New York	Dec. 3, 1820	Bruce	Macomb	May, 1832	Walker	Kent.
510	Mrs. Sophia Chapin	Trenton	New York	Sept. 11, 1811	Marengo	Calhoun	June, 1833	Marengo	Calhoun.
511	John E. Day	Romeo	Michigan	Jan. 11, 1838	Armada	Macomb	Jan. 11, 1838	Richmond	Macomb.
512	Henry Baker Lathrop	Hanover	New Hampshire	July 6, 1808	Detroit	Wayne	April, 1834	Jackson	Jackson.
513	Theodatus T. Lyon	Lima	New York	Jan. 23, 1813	Plymouth	Wayne	May, 1828	South Haven	Van Buren.
514	George Taylor	Mereworth	England	Jan. 2, 1810	Pittsfield	Washtenaw	Sept., 1845	Lansing	Ingham.
515	Warren Parker	Grieg, Lewis Co.	New York	Nov. 15, 1829	Chesterfield	Macomb	Aug., 1833	Chesterfield	Macomb.
516	James C. Bishop	Franklinville	New York	April 1, 1828	Sherman	St. Joseph	Oct., 1836	Burr Oak	St. Joseph.
517	John Strong, Jr.	Greenfield	Michigan	April 7, 1831	Greenfield	Wayne	April 7, 1831	South Rockwood	Monroe.
518	Talcott E. Wing	Detroit	Michigan	Sept. 24, 1819	Detroit	Wayne	Sept. 24, 1819	Monroe	Monroe
519	Henry B. Holbrook	Peru	Massachusetts	Jan. 4, 1807	Plymouth	Wayne	Feb. 21, 1829	Portland	Ionia.
520	Mrs. Marion Turner	Amherst	New York	Dec. 8, 1819	Eagle	Clinton	Oct., 1836	Lansing	Ingham.
521	Sanford M. Green	Grafton	New York	May 30, 1807	Owosso	Shiawassee	May 1, 1837	Bay City	Bay.
522	Alfred Mason	Springfield	Vermont	Feb. 3, 1808	Comstock	Kalamazoo	May, 1833	Battle Creek	Calhoun.
523	James Penoyer	Fabius	New York	Oct. 1, 1812	Flushing	Genesee	Dec., 1836	Clayton	Genesee.
524	Mrs. Lura C. Partridge	Flushing	Michigan	May 25, 1839	Flushing	Genesee	May 25, 1839	Flushing	Genesee.
525	Ezra Rust	Wells, Rutland Co.	Vermont	Sept. 23, 1832	Newport	St. Clair	1837	Saginaw	Saginaw.
526	Henry Fralick	Minden, Montgomery Co	New York	Feb. 9, 1812	Plymouth	Wayne	Oct. 19, 1827	Grand Rapids	Kent.
527	George VanNess Lothrop	Easton	Massachusetts	Aug. 8, 1817	Schoolcraft	Kalamazoo	Oct, 1839	Detroit	Wayne.
528	Henry E. Downer	Utica	New York	May 13, 1838	Detroit	Wayne	Oct, 20, 1855	Detroit	Wayne.
529	Nelson B. Green	Williamstown	Massachusetts	May 4, 1824	Webster	Washtenaw	1833	Fowlerville	Livingston.
530	Wm. Seward Gridley	Schenectady	New York	July 13, 1838	Jackson	Jackson	Dec., 1868	Jackson	Jackson.
531	Jno. E. King	Northampton	Massachusetts	Nov. 27, 1818	Detroit	Wayne	March, 1834	Detroit	Wayne.
532	Thomas Lee	Holme, Yorkshire	England	Mar. 12, 1810	Detroit	Wayne	June, 1832	Leesville	Wayne.
533	Anna M. (Mann) Thompson	Unadilla	New York	April 3, 1826	Marshall	Calhoun	Sept, 1836	Jackson	Jackson.
534	Lois F. (Baxter) Selfridge	Tecumseh	Michigan	Aug. 1, 1834	Tecumseh	Michigan	Aug. 1, 1834	Jackson	Jackson.
535	Joseph H. Wetmore	Wetford	New York	Mar. 27, 1826	Gun Plain	Allegan	Nov., 1835	Allegan	Allegan.
536	James Bailey	Scipio	New York	July 7, 1802	Bloomfield	Oakland	April 30, 1824	Birmingham	Oakland.

LIST OF MEMBERS —Continued.

NUMBER.	NAMES.	PLACE OF BIRTH.		Date of Birth.	PLACE AND DATE OF FIRST RESIDENCE IN MICH.			PRESENT RESIDENCE.	
		Town or Village.	State.		Town.	County.	Date.	P. O. Address.	County.
537	Charles Upson	Southington	Connecticut	Mar. 19, 1821	Constantine	St. Joseph	Oct., 1845	Coldwater	Branch.
538	Charles Grant	Colerain	Massachusetts	Oct. 2, 1794	Lyons	Ionia	Autumn 1838	Bengal	Clinton.
539	Edwin F. Uhl	Rush	New York	Aug. 14, 1842	Ypsilanti	Washtenaw	Spring 1844	Grand Rapids	Kent.
540	Chas. S. Hathaway	Grand Rapids	Michigan	Aug. 20, 1848	Grand Rapids	Kent	Aug. 20, 1848	Detroit	Wayne.
541	David R. Corey	Onondaga Co.	New York	Mar. 10, 1841	Lebanon	Clinton	May, 1848	Lansing	Ingham.
542	A. D. P. Van Buren	Kinderhook	New York	April 21, 1822	Battle Creek	Calhoun	Oct., 1836	Galesburg	Kalamazoo.
543	William H. Haze	Port Hope	Canada	April 13, 1816	Farmington	Oakland	April 16, 1838	Lansing	Ingham.
544	Florus S. Finley	Geneseo	New York	July 11, 1819	Scio	Washtenaw	Oct., 1847	Ypsilanti	Washtenaw.
545	Jane M. (Tooker) Finley	Superior	Michigan	Aug. 26, 1826	Superior	Washtenaw	Aug. 26, 1826	Ypsilanti	Washtenaw.
546	David H. Jerome	Detroit	Michigan	Nov. 17, 1829	Detroit	Wayne	Nov. 17, 1829	Saginaw	Saginaw.
547	Geo. H. Cannon	Day	New York	Dec. 30, 1826	Lodi	Washtenaw	1833	Shelby	Macomb.
548	James Little	Greene Co.	New York	About 1792	Oneida	Eaton	Autumn 1847	Lansing	Ingham.
549	Florence (Bagley) Sherman	Detroit	Michigan	Oct. 24, 1855	Detroit	Wayne	Oct. 24, 1855	New York city	
550	Geo. H. Hopkins	White Lake	Michigan	Nov. 7, 1842	White Lake	Oakland	Nov. 7, 1842	Detroit	Wayne.
551	Goodenough Townsend	Wheelock	Vermont	Oct. 18, 1812	Dundee	Monroe	Sept. 16, 1836	Davison	Genesee.
552	Martin V. Montgomery	Eaton Rapids	Michigan	Oct. 20, 1840	Eaton Rapids	Eaton	Oct. 20, 1840	Lansing	Ingham.
553	Geo. W. Parks	Elba	New York	Oct. 11, 1831	Aurelius	Ingham	Nov., 1855	Lansing	Ingham.
554	Eaton Branch	Rutland Co.	Vermont	April 8, 1808	Ann Arbor	Washtenaw	May 10, 1833	Lawrence	Van Buren.
555	John L. Mitchell	Southbury	Connecticut	Feb. 13, 1823	Jackson	Jackson	May, 1850	Jackson	Jackson.
556	Marion L. (Hinsdill) Withey	Hinesborough	Vermont	July 9, 1829	Richland	Kalamazoo	June, 1833	Grand Rapids	Kent.
557	Artemas J. Dean	Sandy Hill	New York	Dec. 21, 1820	Adrian	Lenawee	Feb., 1839	Adrian	Lenawee.

REPORTS OF COUNTIES, TOWNS, ETC.

ALLEGAN COUNTY.

SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF A FEW OF THE PIONEERS.

BY D. A. McMARTIN, VICE PRESIDENT FOR ALLEGAN COUNTY, FEBRUARY 2, 1881.

WILLIAM G. BUTLER

came from Connecticut in the spring of 1830, and settled in town 3 north, of range 16 west, on section 9, where the village of Saugatuck now stands, on the north side of the Kalamazoo River, and about one mile from Lake Michigan. He came by way of the lakes and landed at the mouth of the Kalamazoo River with his wife and two children and household effects. He soon erected a log cabin and began the business of trading with the Indians. It is believed that Mr. Butler and family were the first white settlers in Allegan county. There were some French traders with the Indians previous to the arrival of Mr. Butler, but they did not come to stay, their business being to exchange poor whisky and trinkets with the Indians for furs.

Mr. Butler's business frequently took him away from home, and especially when he had to go to mill at Elkhart, Ind. During the first three years of their sojourn there, Mrs. Butler did not see a white woman. In the year 1834 there were other arrivals, viz.: Edward Johonnett, R. R. Crosby, Daniel and Benjamin Plummer, and Stephen D. Nichols, all of whom became neighbors to Mr. Butler, who continued to be a prominent citizen of the place until his death in 1857, when he was killed while engaged in log rolling. One son now residing in St. Louis, is all that is left of the family.

DR. CYRENIUS THOMPSON

was born in the town of Hudson, Summit county, Ohio, in January, 1802. Early in life he studied medicine and graduated at Middlebury College, in Vermont. In 1828 he married Miss Anna Pelton of Euclid, Cuyahoga county, Ohio. He came to Michigan in 1830, bought a farm and settled on Gull Prairie in the spring of 1831. He practiced medicine but little, his time being devoted to farming. He soon became dissatisfied with his prairie farm because of a scarcity of water there, and sold it. He then purchased the east half of the northwest quarter of section 20, in town 1 north, range 11 west, and I think he was the first settler in range 11, Allegan county. He built a board shanty on his land, fastening the boards to the frame with wooden pins. Mr. Thompson was a very worthy citizen, always foremost in the cause of religion and education; he died April 17th, 1853, aged 51 years. His widow, Mrs. Anna P. Thompson, still resides on the farm first occupied in 1832. She had three children, two sons and one daughter. The oldest son died in 1854, the other still lives on the old homestead. The daughter, Myra E., widow of the

late Dr. Erastes Upjohn, lives in Nebraska, where her husband died. The farm and residence of Mr. Thompson is in the town of Gun Plain.

FRIEND IVES

was born in Plymouth, Connecticut, December 22d, 1790. After arriving at his majority, he traveled for a time, selling Yankee clocks. After marrying he settled and remained a few years in New Lebanon, Columbia county, New York. He next emigrated with his family to Medina, Ohio. In 1833, having sold his Ohio farm, he came to Michigan and purchased land in the town of Gun Plain, and commenced farming anew. In politics he was a democrat. He was elected one of the associate judges for Allegan county, and was a member of the State Legislature one term. Mrs. Ives's maiden name was Harriet Warner. She was born July 17th, 1792, and died March 17th, 1867. Mr. Ives died February 22, 1874.

JOHN MURPHY

was born in Dutchess county, New York, October 19th, 1794. He was married January 4th, 1825 to Miss Mary Ayers. She was born in Bridgewater, Windsor county, Vermont, December 19th, 1804. Mr. Murphy came to Michigan in the spring of 1835 in search of a home. From Detroit he came on foot through the State to Allegan county and bought eighty acres of land on section 34 in the town of Gun Plain. In the autumn of that year he went east for his family, and soon returned with them. They boarded at Mr. Seeley's while building his house. When Allegan county was organized he was elected the first sheriff, which office he held two terms. In the autumn of 1852 Mr. Murphy was elected to represent his district in the State Legislature. He died June 19th, 1874. Mrs. Murphy is still living on the old homestead with her son, Andrew J. Murphy.

JOHN ANDERSON

was born in Mayfield, Fulton county (then Montgomery county), New York, December 29th, 1797. He was a son of Daniel Anderson, a native of Scotland. On the 23d of February, 1826, John married Miss Laura Rice of Mayfield. She was born February 19th, 1799. In the spring of 1834 he came to Michigan with his wife and two children. He left his family at Grass Lake, in Jackson county, and went on foot to Kalamazoo. Not finding government land there to suit him, as the best had been located, he went down the Kalamazoo River to where the village of Plainwell now stands. There he purchased the northwest quarter of section 29, town 1 north, 11 west. He at once returned for his family and brought them to the place he had selected for a home. He soon erected a log house and took possession of the same with his family and commenced clearing up his land. He cleared up a large farm and erected good buildings thereon. A part of said farm is now in the village of Plainwell. Mr. Anderson was for several years postmaster in the town of Gun Plain, and was also, for several years one of the associate judges of Allegan county. He was a very worthy citizen and a prominent member of the Presbyterian church of Gun Plain. He died January 17th, 1876 or 7, I am not certain which.

C. C. TROWBRIDGE'S LETTER.

DETROIT, *Sept. 5, 1878.*

DON. C. HENDERSON ESQ., MY DEAR SIR:—I cheerfully comply with your request for any details respecting the early history of Allegan which would be useful to you in preparing an article on that subject.

In the summer of 1834, the Honorable Samuel Hubbard, one of the judges of the supreme court of Massachusetts, was visiting Detroit with his wife. He remarked to me one day that if he could find the right man he would like to give him a few thousand dollars to invest in wild lands in Michigan, in Hubbard's name, profits to be divided. Mr. Sidney Ketchum, then living at Marshall, was in high repute for energy, good judgment, and integrity. I introduced him to Mr. Hubbard, and a bargain was made for Ketchum to invest five thousand dollars. After Judge Hubbard returned to his home in Boston some of his friends desired to join, and did join him in further investments in wild lands, but of these I have no knowledge. They were quite distinct from "the Boston Company" lands, in which I was a partner.

During this summer of 1834, Mr. George Ketchum, then living at Marshall, Messrs. Stephen Vickery and Anthony Cooley of Kalamazoo, and Mr. Alexander L. Ely of Rochester, N. Y., projected the village of Allegan. Mr. Oshea Wilder, a civil engineer, had ascertained by examination, that there was about eight feet fall in the river at that place. Mr. Sidney Ketchum, in his searches for land, fell in with these parties, and it at once occurred to him that, to give value to the investments of Judge Hubbard and his friends, they, or some of them, ought to be interested in the village. So he entered into an agreement with George Ketchum and Vickery & Cooley, to buy for Hubbard their undivided interest, being two-thirds of east ½ southeast ¼ section 29; southwest fractional ¼, south fraction, southwest fraction of northwest ¼ section 28, 2 north, 13 west; and north part of west fraction of northwest ¼, northeast fraction of northwest ¼, southwest fraction of northeast ¼, and northwest fraction of southeast ¼ of section 33, in same town and range. Of Mr. Ketchum the judge and his friends bought southeast fraction of northwest ¼ 33, 2 north, 13 west; and they bought also the Brown fraction: northeast fraction of northeast ¼ section 33, 2 north, 13 west.

Mr. Elisha Ely of Rochester had entered into an agreement with Geo. Ketchum and Vickery & Cooley, in November, 1833, to purchase one undivided half of their lands as above described, and to build a dam and erect a saw-mill; and in May, 1834, the parties seem to have agreed that this interest should be conveyed to Alexander L. Ely, the son of Elisha. A deed was accordingly executed to Alexander, but it was never recorded, as the affair took another turn, *to wit*, the admission of Hubbard and his friends.

In 1834, Samuel Hubbard, Edmund Munroe, and Pliny Cutler of Boston, and Charles C. Trowbridge of Detroit entered into an agreement to buy of George Ketchum, Vickery & Cooley, and Hubbard was to hold the title. Hubbard subsequently lent some thousands of dollars to Ely, and Trowbridge was made a trustee to hold Ely's interest for Hubbard's benefit.

Very soon this little matter took on larger form. The four gentlemen mentioned organized themselves into "The Allegan Company," and they purchased twenty odd thousand acres of land, calling themselves in that transaction, for the purpose of keeping the accounts separate, as Ely had no interest in these lands, "The Boston Company."

The village plat was made, Mr. Sidney Ketchum worked hard, Mr. Alex. L. Ely and his father removed from Rochester to Allegan, the canal was dug, the dam built, and saw-mill erected, a school-house and several tenement houses soon followed, settlers came, and the most sanguine visions were indulged. It was proposed to have a railway from the Michigan Central at Kalamazoo to Allegan, and a steamboat on the river to Singapore at the river mouth, and thus to take the traffic, east and west, now going by Michigan Central and St. Joseph, to Chicago and Milwaukee. You may laugh now, at the idea of the millions of bushels of wheat from the west being carried across the lake in large vessels and up the Kalamazoo in a steamer of the capacity of the "C. C. Trowbridge" as the little boat was called, thus requiring three or four transshipments; but you must recollect that in those days people knew little about such things. When the Michigan Central was projected, no one thought of going around Lake Michigan to Chicago by rail; and it was pronounced by a distinguished civil engineer absurd to think of a railroad being built around the south shore of Lake Erie. The terminus at Detroit was at the Campus Martius, and when the Central moved down to the dock there was a sedition among the draymen, whose occupation was taken away. "Times change, and we change with them," says the old Latin proverb.

On the 1st June, 1835, according to the register of sales, Mr. Joseph Fisk purchased the first lots that were sold, namely, numbers 282 and 283. From that time on, the village grew apace, and by the beginning of 1836 its prospects were so good that Mr. Ely was offered one hundred thousand dollars for his interest of one-third in the property. He refused it, on the ground that he had embarked in this adventure with a view to have a home and to enjoy the luxury of helping to build up a city. But he was willing to unite with the other holders and sell forty shares in the property at five thousand dollars each, that is, forty shares in the net product, Judge Hubbard and Trowbridge to retain the title as trustees. A few shares were sold. Some of them reverted —some were paid for and the proceeds expended upon the works.

You were not old enough to appreciate the different phases of the inflation, beginning with a gentle breeze in 1834, increasing to a gale in 1835, to a storm in 1836, to a change of wind and an adverse tornado in 1837, leaving wrecks on every hand, succeeded by a dead calm which lasted up to 1844; times growing harder and harder in 1838, 1839, and 1840, and then beginning, but only beginning, to mend, and gradually improving up to 1845. The holders of Allegan property and the adjacent wild lands wrote sums in their inventories which would occasion a hearty laugh in these days. "They all did it." The whole country had lost its balance. When the day of reckoning came, the venerable Joseph Campau remarked to me that he was reminded of a boy playing with an inflated bladder, which was pricked by another boy and collapsed so rapidly that the holder was utterly confused. This was an apt illustration of the facts actually transpiring in the order mentioned above. However, people were deluded by the suspension of specie payments. Debtors caught the infection as soon as the bank suspension was legalized, and *they* suspended too. Property ceased to be salable, and the grand idea was broached of relieving their wants by making their unsalable acres the basis of banking. The Legislature passed the general banking law, and the wildcats sprang from their lairs in every part of the state. Singapore, and Allegan, and Marshall, and Sandstone, and Lapeer, with fifty others, sent forth millions of beautiful notes, the engraving of which was never paid for, and in

a few months, as you will recollect, there was another collapse, which in its effects ultimately ruined the old chartered banks.

But the plucky people at Allegan felt that, if they only had a fair chance they would worry through; and so, in December, 1837, the company contracted with Captain Geo. S. Porter to build and run a steamboat from Allegan to Singapore. I suppose the boat was launched in May or June, 1838, as I find a letter from Captain Porter, dated in May, describing the proper colors to be presented by the gentleman who was to be honored by the transfer of his name to her. The subsequent history and ignominious fate of this *noble vessel* is to be found in the Allegan chronicles in charge of Colonel Joe Fisk. All I recollect about it is, that my lands in Detroit were levied on to pay a note which I had endorsed to the builder—the only time in my life when a judgment for debt was rendered against me.

And Mr. Ketchum did not lose his pluck, for I find in the old files, an agreement between him and Henry Willis, now of Battle Creek, dated 17th June, 1838, by which Willis became the general agent of the "Allegan Railroad Company," "to continue till the road was completed, unless sooner discharged by the Board of Directors." I don't think the directors discharged him. Ergo, he is in their service still.

However, the road was not built, and the little boat had no traffic, and times grew harder and harder, until some one who owed the company suggested that the company should set the debtors at work on the race and dam, which were then in a demoralized condition, and pay them in company due bills, which they would turn in on their contracts. This was done, and it would have amused you to see the various uses to which this local currency was put. Everybody owed the company, therefore the "company orders" were equal to gold. I spent some days with Mr. Doan Davis at his hotel. One evening there was a writing class of young men and young women in the dining room. I was agreeably surprised. I said: "Doan, how do these young people contrive to pay the master?" "Oh!" replied Doan, "they pay in 'company orders.' They take them for their services, and as he owes the company, they are gold to him." Another evening there was a dance. Doan's wagon brought the young people. The pipers came from some creek above Allegan. Doan gave the party a nice supper. "How's this Doan?" "All right," said he, "I owe the company, the pipers owe the company, and it is gold to us." "Well," I asked, "how do you do for small change?" "Easily," said Doan, "Judge Ely has a little attachment to the saw-mill, and there he turns out wooden bowls."

That was in 1840. It was all very well as long as the company had work to do, and there were debtors to receive the currency; but company orders would not pay taxes. A financial cloud covered the whole country. One of the Boston partners had failed in business. Another had sold out to Mr. Jabez Fitch. Mr. Fitch had died, and in 1844 I suggested that before we were entirely broken up, we had better divide the wild lands. This was agreed to. Judge Littlejohn had previously made a careful survey of them with copious notes. We made an inventory of them, classified and appraised, and from this we divided by lot all the unsold, about twenty thousand acres.

In 1849 the trustees of the Allegan village property, in order to close their trust in legal form, sold out at auction all that remained on hand, including all contracts executory; and subsequently the proceeds were divided among

the parties in interest, not, however, until Judge Hubbard had died, leaving me the sole survivor of the original partners.

It has been a source of gratification to me that, during the long years from 1834 down to the end, which is to a very recent date, not one letter or word of dissension ever took place between the early partners or their successors. It was understood in the beginning that I should act for the parties at this point, and I have bushels, almost, of letters and documents and many volumes of clerk craft, full of the history of the "rise and fall" of one of the schemes of inflation of the times of 1835–6.

Now, I have given you a yarn, the principal merit of which is that it is written in more readable hand than you could write it.

Yours truly,

C. C. TROWBRIDGE.

BAY COUNTY.

HON. ALBERT MILLER FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE MICHIGAN STATE PIONEER SOCIETY.

Albert Miller, the first President of the Pioneer Society of the State of Michigan, elected February 3, 1875, was born at Hartland, Windsor county, Vermont, on the tenth day of May, A. D. 1810. He is a descendant from the old Puritan stock of New England, and spent his childhood and youth in his native town, where he had the advantages of a common school education. Being but seven years old when his father died, he had to make his own way in the world, and when he was in the twenty-first year of his age he took the course that Horace Greeley afterwards recommended for young men, and came west. At that time, in New England, Michigan was considered the far west.

Arriving in Detroit on the 22d day of September, 1830, he proceeded towards Saginaw, his place of destination; but on his arrival at Grand Blanc, where he met acquaintances from his native town, he was persuaded to remain and purchase a farm in that vicinity. In May, 1831, his mother and his two sisters joined him at his new home in the wilderness. In October, 1831, his youngest sister was married and removed to Saginaw.

On Mr. Miller's first visit to Saginaw in 1832, he got a view of the broad river, skirted by its dense forests, and beautiful prairies with their rich soil, the river teeming with fish and wild fowl, and the forest stocked with game; which so exactly corresponded with the imaginary picture he had previously formed of the locality, that he decided to have a home on the banks of the Saginaw.

In the autumn of 1832 he sold his farm at Grand Blanc and made preparations for a home on a lot of land that he purchased from government, on the east side of the Saginaw river where it is formed by a junction of the Shiawassee and Titabawassee rivers, to which point he removed in February, 1833; since which time his home has been at different points within a half mile of the Saginaw River.

At the organization of Saginaw county in 1835, Mr. Miller was appointed Judge of Probate and a justice of the peace for the county; which offices he held for many years. He was a member of the Legislature in 1847, and has held many other offices of honor and trust in township, county, and State.

HON. ALBERT MILLER.

BAY CITY.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

[Extracts from a Sermon by Rev. J. Ambrose Wight, D. D., Pastor, May 1, 1881.]

DEUTERONOMY, 8:2.—And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee.

* * * * * * * * * *

We meet to-day to study history; and one question is: Has our past anything of interest, or of comfort, or of hope, for us? Have we ourselves been, in any beneficial sense, instruments of, or actors in, history, on any scale, larger or smaller? Has God done anything for us, as a congregation, or by us, which forms any part, however small, of the historic record; and have we occasion to rejoice to-day, and to thank God, and take courage? Or have we only to mourn that privileges have been accorded to be undervalued and neglected; opportunities to be unembraced; talents to be wasted, or left unused?

This church has now filled out a quarter of a century; for though not formally organized till the month of September ensuing, it commenced its life of work and worship in the month of May, in the year 1856, and has steadily pursued it till this hour.

Its first leader in the work of gathering, stimulating, and organizing, was Rev. Lucius I. Root, a man of consecration, zeal, and energy; and a workman that needed not to be ashamed. We had hoped until two years since, that he would be with us on this occasion to assist us in remembering the way in which God has led us; but the Master called him away, just two years ago to-day, to the better employ and enjoyments of the upper field.

This was then, by emphasis, a church in the wilderness; for the forest hemmed it in on every side. This ground on which we worship to-day, was overgrown with great trees; and even this ridge of land on which this edifice stands was but comparatively *dry* ground.

A city, called Lower Saginaw, had been surveyed here in 1836; but a city on a map does not always, in this then western land, involve churches; and none were organized for some years from that time. Roman Catholic missionaries had visited this Saginaw Valley as early as 1829; the first residents, after the Indians, being French people of that persuasion. Their first permanent work did not begin till 1850. The first Protestant service of a public nature was held in 1841, in "a little red school-house," now part of a dwelling at the foot of Washington street. The meeting was under the conduct of Hon. James G. Birney, an Elder in the Presbyterian church, and afterward twice a candidate for the Presidency of the United States—being supported by the "Liberty, or Anti-Slavery, party." Mr. Birney continued the leadership of a religious service for a time.

A union church edifice was commenced in 1849, and was completed in 1853; and the Methodists having at the time more strength than any other denomination in the place, the building became theirs, and is still used as the original part of their pleasant house of worship on Washington street.

The services of the Episcopal Church were commenced in 1850. The German Bethel Lutheran Church was organized in 1852. Thus our picture

of the Presbyterian Church has these organizations in its foreground. Since 1856 we have several additional church organizations.

The original members of this church numbered eight, as follows: Albert Miller, Mary Ann Miller, Abigail Smith, Frances T. Root, Jesse Calkins, Angeline Miller, Mary E. Trombley, and Nancy M. Hart.

Of these persons, Albert Miller, Mary A. Miller, and Abigail Smith are still members of this church; Mrs. Nancy M. Hart and Angeline Miller are residents of this city, but have transferred their relations, the first to the Presbyterian Church of Minneapolis, Minn., and the second to the Congregational Church of this city.

During its twenty-five years the church has had two pastors, and one stated supply. Mr. Root was installed by the Presbytery of Saginaw in November, 1858, and resigned in February, 1860.

Rev. E. J. Stewart acted as stated supply from June, 1861, to December, 1863. During this time two houses of worship were built upon this ground; the first being burned during the first service held in it, and while the Communion was being administered, in December, 1861.

This building, or the original part of it, was built during the year 1863, and was dedicated in December of that year.

The present pastor commenced his work here May 1, 1865, and was installed by the Presbytery of Saginaw in November following.

Previous to the building of this edifice the church worshiped in the schoolhouse already mentioned, though not by themselves; afterward in the courthouse, and in a public hall on Water street; continuing this migratory and unsatisfactory sort of church life till the close of 1863.

The church grew, while it had a minister, from the beginning. In the first nine years of its life it had enrolled ninety-four members, of whom fifty-six united upon profession of their faith. At the close of the nine years its members, as returned to the General Assembly, numbered eighty. Its resident membership was about forty.

During the sixteen years succeeding 1865, it has added three hundred and seventy-two, making a total of four hundred and sixty-six; of whom one hundred and forty-eight have been dismissed to other churches, and twenty-seven have deceased. At present there are connected with it three hundred and ten members. Of the members added in the past sixteen years, one hundred and seventy-nine have been added on profession of their faith. The largest number so added in any one year was in 1876, being forty-one.

Two items in the above statement will challenge attention, viz.: The small number of deaths and the comparatively large number of dismissions. Twenty-seven deaths, out of four hundred and sixty-six persons, in sixteen years, would seem a singular statement indeed in an older community where the whole number might be taken in a single year. The explanation of the small death rate is doubtless found in two facts: first, that we live in a healthful climate; and second, that our church is largely made up of young persons. Twenty-one of these deaths have been of women. This will not seem so strange, when it is stated, that of the four hundred and sixty-six church members, three hundred and twenty-four are also women. If woman was first in the transgression, she is surely first in the return from it.

As to the dismissals, they are only a symptom. We scarcely realize the restlessness of our western populations. By western, I mean the European as well as the American people. I was surprised to find recently, while in

Minnesota, that removals were the great obstacle to church growth and prosperity there—many of the churches there losing as many members in a year as they received. Restlessness is not a trouble in New England and the Middle States only, in our country. Migration is as common from western Texas, even, as in any part of the country. No part of Europe or America is in a settled condition. This need not disturb us, for God's great plans have been often wrought out by migrations, and the great evil of Oriental lands is stagnation.

I count over two hundred and eighty families, and single persons not attached to family here, who have worshipped with us, and been either workers in the church, or pew-holders, during our sixteen years, who have gone from us. As to such as have worshipped unknown, they have constantly constituted from one-fourth to one-third of the congregation. Those who have been here and gone are living far west and far east—in Canada, New York, California, Arizona, Texas, Minnesota, Washington, and Oregon Territories, or elsewhere.

What could more forcibly remind us that our whole life on earth is processional? We come and stay awhile, and then move on, and others step into our places continually, and we have little idea who is behind us; yet our successors are getting ready. Some of them are swimming kites and playing with dolls, or are possibly yet in their cradles; or possibly have got beyond all these, and are already reckoning these as the "childish things."

Yet let us not mistake in counting members who have left us as a loss, if, especially, their stay with us was of value. The use and aim of a church is to train a people for use, wherever they may be, or go. The aim is to infuse something of heaven into their souls, that they may reproduce and increase it, whenever they shall travel or sojourn; and carry it to heaven with them when they go. Our concern is, therefore, not so much how many we shall get and keep, but what we shall do *for* and *with* them while they stay.

Among our dismissals are twelve to the church of West Bay City, and fifteen to the Congregational Church of this city. Most of these, in each case, were to constitute the nucleus of those churches in their organization.

Eighteen persons have held the office of Ruling Elder in the church since its beginning, viz.: Albert Miller, Scott W. Sayles, Geo. E. Smith, B. B. Hart, Jas. L. Monroe, Jas. Remington, H. D. Tomar, Wm. A. Cathcart, Caleb Jewett, F. A. Bancroft, Jesse F. Romer, J. L. Dolsen, John Haynes, Wheeler L. Plum, Wm. H. Burr, Miles Ayrault, D. C. Smalley and Wm. C. Haines. Seven of these, viz.: Albert Miller, F. A. Bancroft, Jesse F. Romer, John L. Dolsen, Miles Ayrault, D. C. Smalley and Wm. C. Haines yet remain in office.

In May, 1871, the church adopted what is called the system of rotary or term eldership; the body of elders to consist of three classes; each class to serve for six years, and an election to take place in May of each alternate year.

Of Deacons the church has had three, viz.: Albert Miller, Leon Trombley and H. D. Tomar. Judge Miller is still in that office.

But a church takes its standing, not simply by what it seemingly is, but by what it does. In fact its doings determine what it is—"By their fruits ye shall know them,"— and our Lord has said it is more blessed to give than to receive.

In its earlier life this church, like most of its neighbors in this and other

States, was a receiver. Home missionary aid was extended to it for the first eight or nine years of its existence—at least while it enjoyed the services of the gospel ministry. This house was built, originally, by assistance from abroad. It is, therefore, with satisfaction that we have been able to repay these sums many times over by aid given to other churches in a condition like ours in the early days of our weakness.

In the last sixteen years this congregation has contributed some $3,681 for foreign missions; $2,626 to home missions distinctively, and $7,852 to various missionary objects, or $14,159 in all, for missionary work. This is rather beneath than above the actual amount. The average is $884 per annum for the sixteen years.

Sixteen years ago the church was in debt some $700. There has been expended in the way of additions to the building, or furniture and facilities, not far from an average of $1,000 per annum, for this same period. The Lecture and Sabbath-school room, in the rear of the church, was added in the year 1868; and in 1872 the two wings were built, by which the seating capacity of the building was increased about one-third. In 1875 the organ was purchased, and the old gallery, with a part of the vestibule, made into a niche, for its reception.

Of moneys contributed for missionary purposes, the range has included, during the past twelve years, all the objects presented by our General Assembly, viz.: Home and Foreign Missions, Sustentation, Publication, Church Erection, Ministerial Education, the Freedmen, and Ministerial Relief.

The Bay County Bible Society and the American Sunday-school Union, have also been steadily remembered. Nor has the cause of Sabbath Schools in the Saginaw valley, as a special work, been forgotten. In our earlier days, when the church was weaker than now, very considerable help was extended annually in this direction for a number of years. For a time it contributed $75, or more, per annum, in sustaining the agency of Rev. L. M. Hunt and others, in special Sabbath-school work in this vicinity.

It has also been our privilege to assist several neighboring churches in their beginning; some of them in the city and others beyond its limits. Some six such churches occur to me at present.

The work done by the church has varied, both in amount and direction, with the varying years of its history, and according to the force at its command. At one period the Sabbath-school work was the leading feature with us. The Valley Association was sustained and made effective in the employ of an agency; then our young men took up the work of organizing and conducting, for a time, such schools, in the neighboring settlements, till a local interest could be awakened which should continue them. For two seasons such schools were sustained at Essexville, Kawkawlin, Salzburg, Southeastern Bay City, by Messrs. James Monroe, Bidwell, Kimball, Scotford, Plum, and Burr; while J. H. Monroe kept up a school, mostly unassisted, for some six years, four miles eastward upon the Tuscola road.

In 1870 the chapel, at Twenty-third street, was built at a cost of $1,500, and has been since enlarged and furnished at an expense of $500 more. In this building a Sabbath-school has been steadily maintained. A prayer meeting was also held there for about two years, by the young men of the church; all to the manifest advantage of that neighborhood and also to our own help.

At present the church has its two schools, which seem to be all that its working force can properly sustain. The whole number of persons connected

with these schools is now about four hundred; the average attendance is not more than three fourths of that number.

During the earlier years of the church its prayer meetings depended very much upon the presence and leadership of its minister; the membership, as has always been the case, and is yet, being scattered over a good deal of territory. This dispersion of membership has always been a disadvantage to our social and evening meetings. Our city is large, territorially, by reason of the extent of ground required by our leading branches of business. For many years our prayer meetings have been steadily three per week. They were for some years, four per week.

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It does not fall in with the plan of a general survey of our quarter century to dwell long upon the facts belonging to the past year, yet some brief mention of a few leading ones may be required.

Our missionary contributions for the year have been: to Foreign Missions, $252.00; to Home Missions, $323.00; to other missionary causes, $311.00, with a subscription in hand for the same, of $250.00—in all, $1,136.00 to benevolence. The congregational expenses are $3,408.00.

Of the moneys collected for benevolence, $447.39 are the weekly gifts of the congregation from thirty-two known givers. The Ladies' Society's collections were $181.82, which sum is divided between home and foreign missions. The Young Ladies' Band collected $40 for foreign missions. The Church Sabbath-school has collected $42 for the Alaska mission, and the Chapel School $12, divided between the home and foreign work.

Of special gifts, $100 has been paid to assist the young church at Caro. The Ladies' Association having given us $25 to procure the Spiritual Songs for our evening worship, the chapel edition of Songs of the Sanctuary, some ten years in use, has been sent to the church to be organized at Pinconning.

My death-list for the year numbers eleven, including but two members of the church. Mrs. Huldah L. Bradley has but recently departed. Of her long residence here, and of her useful life of suffering, we have of late spoken and need not repeat. Though her connection with the church was but recent, she had long filled an important place among us, and the vacancy which her departure leaves is sadly felt.

Mr. O. H. P. Goodwin had been long a resident here. He was for a time a trustee of this congregation, and at the time of his death was an alderman of the city. His widow is one of the older members of this church.

Two loved members of our Church Sabbath-school have been taken from us, in the very bloom of their youth. I refer to Miss Ella Laing, aged twelve, and Master Eugene Lewis, aged fifteen. These persons were, each of them, conspicuous for their gentleness, docility, and amiable traits of character. They were favorite pupils of their respective teachers, and were loved of all who knew them. Their parents and friends have the sincerest sympathy of all their acquaintances.

Besides, there was an infant child of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Zundell, the latter a member of this church. There are also five young children on my list, whose parents are not identified with us.

We cannot soon forget that dire catastrophe, occuring immediately after our anniversary of last year, when a man in the prime of his life was cut off, as in a moment. I allude to the death of Mr. Alexander Falconer, at Pinconning, by falling under a moving railroad train; leaving a young widow with

an infant child, together with a large circle of friends, to mourn his loss. Mr. Falconer was a man with large business interests in his hands, and was trusted and respected among us. His coming here was but recent, but we had hoped much from his stay with us. His case is another illustration of the truth, that in the midst of life we are in death.

I had hoped, till within a few days, that one member of the church would be all requiring mention in this connection. But death is all but our guest to-day. His dark shadow is still hung over us, and the departure of one very dear to us is marked by the emblem of a broken life, occupying her accustomed seat to-day. Mrs. Susannah Hamet, a member of this church since 1861, has just left us. As her departure is so recent, and I propose to speak of her more at length, I will only say now that we are sorely stricken in this removal. How could we be consoled, but for the confident hope for such as she, of a better life to come.

I have, perhaps, given enough of facts and figures. Nor do I propose to speak at length of needs or deficiencies: another occasion may do for that.

But I may be pardoned the statement that this church has not furnished, in its quarter century of life, a foreign missionary, nor a minister of the gospel at home. How much the pressure of business life, in this new region, with its natural material tendencies, may have to do with this fact, I cannot now stop to inquire. I know that ministers and missionaries, as a rule, are the more natural product of old and settled churches; and that they come, generally, of a godly ancestry. But they come too, by a spiritual necessity, of an immediate parental faith and prayer. When these rise high enough, they are found in new churches, and on the frontiers. Where there are Hannahs, there will also be Samuels.

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I know that my thanks are of little value; but I give them partly in your name. And I trust and know that no well-meant effort escapes the Master's eye. It is He who once said, of the humble endeavor of a loving heart—"She hath done what she could."

I trust that this beautiful drapery surrounding us to-day, is both an emblem and a prophecy of the future prosperity of this church, and of the unfading flowers, and the ever vernal beauty of that land where we hope to be gathered without the sad reminder that death is abroad; but where

> "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
> Stand dressed in living green."

And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and the word of His grace, which is able to build you up and give you a place with them that are sanctified. AMEN.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

The evening exercises, which were the celebration of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Sunday-school connected with the church, were opened with a voluntary by the choir, followed by prayer, a song by the school, and the secretary's report, which was as follows:

The early records of the school are very defective. The school was organized with the commencement of Rev. Mr. Root's labors. Its superintendents prior to May, 1865, were as follows: Mr. Baldwin, S. W. Sayles, Dr. Geo. E. Smith, P. S. Heisordt, and Jas. L. Monroe.

From May, 1865, the superintendents have been in the following order:

Messrs. Geo. W. Hotchkiss, James L. Monroe, J. H. Monroe, Caleb Jewett, Winsor Scofield, J. L. Monroe, and F. A. Bancroft. The longest terms of office were by Mr. J. L. Monroe and Mr. Bancroft. Mr. Monroe served five years and Mr. Bancroft seven.

The time of holding the school has always been immediately after the morning church services.

The number belonging to the school has been as high as three hundred or more. The present number is about two hundred and sixty.

A complete list is kept of the intermediate classes, teachers, and officers, but none of the two infant classes or three Bible classes. The present membership is made as follows:

Scholars in intermediate classes	152
Scholars in infant class (estimated)	40
Scholars in adult classes (estimated)	40
Teachers	21
Officers	8
Total membership	261

The number of classes in the school is twenty-four, one of which is an infant class, three are Bible classes, and twenty-three intermediate classes.

ATTENDANCE.

The aggregate attendance during the year was 6,497, and there having been forty-six sessions of the school, the average attendance was 141. This shows an increase of sixty-six in the aggregate and eleven in the average attendance. Commencing with the year, April 30, 1872, a complete table of attendance, showing the ups and downs of the school in that regard, has been prepared as follows:

YEAR.	Aggregate Attendance.	Sessions.
1872	7,045	46
1873	6,536	46
1874	9,278	48
1875	7,987	50
1876	7,595	46
1877	8,055	46
1878	7,644	46
1879	7,200	47
1880	6,563	43
1881	6,497	46

THE FINANCES.

The financial report is as follows:

RECEIPTS.

Amount on hand at beginning of year	$62 19
Amount of collections during year	181 94
Total receipts	$244 13

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid for periodicals, balance on library, programmes, etc	$194 97
Balance, April 30, 1881	$49 16

The present financial condition of the school is:

Assets, cash on hand $46 19
Liabilities, none.

LIBRARY.

As to the library, there have been no additions made to it during the year. It will be necessary this year to get some new books, as the last were purchased in 1879. The librarians report that but one volume has been lost, and thirty-seven kept out longer than the rules allow, (two weeks).

The present condition as thus shown for the last year will give an idea of it from year to year.

The school has always enlisted the interest of the church at large and been attended by a considerable number of the members of the church, not only as teachers but as members of the Bible classes. The pastor's class has varied from three to sixty, and at one time and another a goodly proportion of the church members have been in it. It has been lessened of late years by the organization of a young ladies' and also a young gentlemen's class.

After this report had been read and adopted, and a song by the scholars, the school was addressed by Rev. Mr. Cooper of Detroit, and formerly of Saginaw, and Rev. Dr. Wight, and the exercises concluded with another song by the children.

ADDRESSES.

By Hon. Albert Miller.

Fifty years ago there were about one hundred inhabitants between the northern limits of Oakland County and the Straits of Mackinaw. At that time my residence was in the settlement of Grand Blanc, better known then by its French pronunciation, "Graw Blaw," (Big White,) the name given by the French settlers of Detroit, on account of its having formerly been the place of residence of a big white savage. The settlement numbered, at the time referred to, about seventy-five souls, not more than half a dozen of whom had ever made a profession of religion; but notwithstanding that fact, it was a very quiet, orderly settlement,—violations of the Sabbath by hunting, fishing, and ordinary labor seldom occurring. The people were well satisfied with their location, and the idea generally prevailed that unless the Sabbath was respected the settlement would not prosper.

The first sermon I heard in Michigan was delivered by a Presiding Elder from the Ohio Conference. His name was Gilruth, a large, portly man, with all the characteristics of an old-time Methodist minister. That was in 1831, and I think the first sermon preached in that settlement. In 1832 Charles and John Butler resided in the southern part of the Grand Blanc settlement (they had been connected with a Congregational Church in Western New York), and in the summer of that year the people gathered on Sabbath afternoons at the house of one of the brothers to hear a sermon read and prayer offered. In the summer of 1833, Rev. James F. Davison of the Methodist connection, preached occasionally in the settlement. During that same summer a Congregational Church was organized, which was the first church organization between Pontiac and the Straits of Mackinaw. I attended the fortieth anniversary of its organization in 1873, where I met many of the old settlers, and some of the original members of the church. One of the latter was Capt. Charles Butler, then hale and hearty at eighty-five years of age. In

1825 Capt. Butler commanded the canal boat Seneca Chief, and conveyed Gov. Clinton and staff from Buffalo to New York, when the Erie Canal was formally opened and the ceremony performed at New York of mingling the waters of Lake Erie with those of the Atlantic. I have often heard him relate the circumstance and speak of the ovations at different points on the line of the canal, and of their splendid reception at New York. Capt. Butler died about a year ago, aged over ninety years.

In 1833 I removed from Genesee County to Saginaw, but I believe the first church organization after the one at Grand Blanc was a Congregational Church in 1836, at Mount Morris, six miles north of Flint. The place was then called the Coldwater settlement, on account of the strict temperance principles of the people. About that time a Presbyterian Church was organized at Flint. The M. E. Church had a preaching station at Flint, but I believe no church organization till after the ones above referred to.

In the summer of 1833, the Ohio M. E. Conference attempted to establish a Missionary Station among the Indians at Saginaw, and also to furnish preaching for the white settlers at that point. They sent out a smart, young minister named Frazee, well educated, a fluent speaker, and who was fond of a good horse, as I believe most Methodist ministers are. Mr. Frazee met with a rather cool reception among the Indians; the traders did not encourage them at all in the matter of having teachers among them, telling them that their business was hunting, not looking at papers, as they express the act of studying. At one time, after preaching on a Sabbath at a white settlement on the Tittabawassee, Mr. Frazee was inquired of as to his congregation. He said there were some women present, but the men he believed had all gone hunting. After visiting Saginaw once or twice, he found that the besetting sin of a portion of the people was selling whisky to the Indians, and on one occasion in his sermon he boldly denounced such practices, which caused as great an uproar in a small way, as Paul's preaching at Ephesus did; for like Demetrius and his followers they knew that "by this craft they had their wealth." During the night after the sermon, "certain lewd fellows of the baser sort" entered the stable where the minister's horse was kept, and sheared the hair from the animal's mane and tail. In passing through the country on his return, the horse displayed a prominent sign of the depravity of human nature. The next minister that came to the Saginaw Circuit was the Rev. Wm. H. Brockway, a young man particularly well adapted to his work, and subsequent years have shown him well adapted to other positions in life than a pioneer missionary. Mr. Brockway mingled freely with the people, assisting them in whatever labor they were engaged in. He would rebuke every sinful practice that came within his knowledge, in such a way as to give no offense, thereby gaining the respect of the people and doing much to check the evils of profanity, drunkenness, and Sabbath-breaking. Mr. Brockway was a good preacher and powerful in prayer. At the first meeting he held in a log schoolhouse on the bank of the Tittabawassee, in his prayer he made an earnest appeal for the outpouring of the Spirit, and a revival of God's work in that place. Some years afterwards, during a series of meetings held in that same old schoolhouse, there *was* a revival and many souls converted. A venerable lady, who has recently gone to her rest, always believed that the revival was in answer to Mr. Brockway's first prayer in that house. I recollect on an occasion of a quarterly meeting he preached in the "mess-house," attached to the American Fur Company's trading house, to a congregation of about twenty, not one of

whom was a professor of religion, and the collection amounted to seventeen dollars. Mr. Brockway left Saginaw early in 1836, and his immediate successors did not fill his place. After the Indian title to the land in the vicinity of Saginaw had been extinguished, and before it was offered for sale by the U. S. government, the locality was visited by Dr. Charles Little of Avon, N. Y. He was greatly pleased with the country and had great faith in the future of the Saginaw Valley. Dr. Little made some choice selections of land in the vicinity of the fort, at Saginaw, and on his return to Detroit left money at the land office to purchase land when it should be offered for sale. The purchase was made by Dr. Little with a view of setting his family on the land when the proper time should arrive. When the great tide of emigration was setting in from the east, in 1836, Dr. Little's eldest son, Norman, with others, purchased the site of the village of Saginaw, with a view of expending large sums for the improvement of the town. With the contemplated improvements it was thought that in the near future Saginaw would be a pleasant place to reside in.

Rev. H. L. Miller, who married a daughter of Dr. Little's, came with his family in 1836, to reside permanently at Saginaw. There was a great accession to the population during that season, and in the fall a Presbyterian church was organized, which was presided over for the next two years by Mr. Miller as pastor, during which time a marked improvement was made in the religious and social status of the people.

In December, 1838, a series of meetings were held at Saginaw by the Rev. O. Parker, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church. There were a number of conversions and several accessions to the church at the next communion season. Among the number were the late Dr. George Davis and wife, myself, wife, and wife's sister. Rev. C. C. Foote preached for the church during that winter. There were times when the church was without a minister, but when there was no preaching, worship was kept up by reading a sermon on the Sabbath, and I believe the Sunday-school was a live institution from its organization. Rev. Harvey Hyde supplied the church in 1842 and 1843, or thereabout. He was a strong Congregationalist and prevailed on the younger members of the church to change its government and connection from Presbyterian to Congregational. I well remember that Hiram L. Miller, who was present when the vote was taken, refused to unite with the new organization, and stated that he felt that it would be his duty to organize a Presbyterian church as soon as one could be sustained. The church remained in the Congregational connection for a time, but did not prosper much. In the fall of 1848 the late Rev. Louis Mills was engaged by the church for one year as stated supply. About the same time I took another move away from church and social privileges—coming to Portsmouth to reside, when there were only four or five families within a mile of us. There were a few families living then at Lower Saginaw who had so far advanced in civilization as to build a small school-house about twenty feet square, which, I believe, now stands connected with another building near the corner of First and Washington streets. A successful mission among the Indians had been established, and as a result, many Indians were converted from heathenism to Christianity. I recollect an incident in my travels in 1846, while far up the Tittabawassee looking for pine land. I had started from my camp at daylight, and while paddling my canoe down the river, about sunrise, my ears were greeted with music, and I was never more charmed by its sound than while listening to a familiar hymn

tune sung in the wilderness by a family of Indians at their morning devotions. The Rev. Mr. Brown, the Methodist missionary at Kawkawlin, preached occasionally in the little school-house at Lower Saginaw, when the people of Portsmouth had the privilege of attending religious worship by walking two or three miles over a rough road, which privilege some of them almost invariably availed themselves of. The first church that was built in the valley and dedicated to the worship of God was the missionary church at Kawkawlin.

In 1850 and 1851, the firm of "Russell, Miller & Crowl" were engaged in the lumber business at Portsmouth, employing a number of men, many of whom had temporary residences for their families. The resident members of the firm desiring some religious privileges for their families and for those in their employ, in the fall of 1850, hired Rev. B. N. Paine, a young man belonging to the Wesleyan Methodist connection, to come to Portsmouth and preach. His first sermon was delivered in the cabin of a propeller that had come to that point for lumber. Soon afterwards a rough building, twenty by thirty feet on the ground, was erected and formally dedicated to the worship of God. The building was afterwards enlarged and improved for a school-house, and was used for school and religious purposes till the new school-house (the one that was burned) and the Baptist church were built. Mr. Paine did not remain long at Portsmouth, and after he left, the house above referred to was open for all denominations to preach in, and was for some years a regular preaching station for the Methodists. During the revival of 1857–8 it was the scene of many rich spiritual blessings. In the spring of 1851 I was staying over night at the Northern Hotel, at Flint, where the office of the Flint and Saginaw stage was kept. In the evening a very fine looking young man came in and engaged a passage for the next day to Saginaw, saying he would be found at Mr. Atterbury's, the Presbyterian clergyman. At that time tri-weekly stages were able to do all the passenger business between Saginaw and the outside world. The plank road was not completed, and a passage from Flint to Saginaw was anything but pleasant; and it was a wonder to some of his fellow passengers what should call the young man to Saginaw at that time when the roads were so bad. It was suggested to him on the way that there must be some female attraction at Saginaw. I afterwards became acquainted with the young man (who was none other than the Rev. D. M. Cooper), and knew him long as the beloved pastor of the Presbyterian church at Saginaw. Soon after Mr. Cooper's settlement the church at Saginaw was changed from Congregational to Presbyterian; a church building was erected and the church enjoyed general prosperity during his pastorate. In 1855 the population of Lower Saginaw and Portsmouth had increased so much that it was thought advisable to make a move towards hiring a Presbyterian minister to locate at Lower Saginaw. A subscription paper was circulated and three hundred dollars was subscribed towards supporting a minister for one year, expecting the Home Missionary Society would pay the balance of a necessary salary. The late Mr. William Jennison, father of Charles E. Jennison, was the prime mover in starting the subscription. One or two parties had looked the ground over in 1855, but no one had accepted the proposition of the people. In the spring of 1856, while at East Saginaw on business, I was introduced to the Rev. L. I. Root, who had been invited to visit that town with a view of organizing a church. In conversation with Mr. Root, I learned that he could not entertain the proposition of the people of East Saginaw for a moment, the people there desiring a Congregational church, and he could only work in

Presbyterian harness. I invited him to Lower Saginaw to look over the ground there. In a day or two he came, accompanied by Mr. Cooper. After weighing the matter carefully and prayerfully, he determined to come; and about the first of May, 1856, he arrived with his family, and commenced his labors by gathering a congregation, preaching the gospel, visiting the people, organizing a Sunday-school, and performing all other duties that a pious, active, energetic man could, to promote the cause of Christ and build up a Presbyterian church in this place.

The dispensation of Providence, which has so recently called from earth a beloved member of our church, one who has for so many years participated in all our church festivals, and who was always active in making preparations for them, and in performing all other duties that would promote the interests of the church, or add to the pleasures of its membership, and one who anticipated great delight in participating in the pleasures and duties of this occasion, expecting to meet Mr. Cooper, a beloved pastor of former days, reminds me forcibly of a circumstance in the early history of this church which may be appropriate to relate at this time.

Near twenty years ago, when this church worshiped in the court-room (which was over a store on Water street), at a time when there was no excitement and no especial religious interest manifested, a young lady came before the session to be examined for admission to church membership. She made a good profession of her faith in Christ, and gave good reasons for her hope of salvation. The circumstance cheered the hearts of the members of the session, and the remark was made at the time that a young lady who had force of character and determination enough to confess Christ under such circumstances would be likely to maintain a sterling Christian character. The young lady disappeared from our midst a short time afterwards, but returned again as Mrs. Oscar F. Hamet, and all who have known her since, will testify to the correctness of the prediction made at the time the young lady united with the church.

By Hon. N. B. Bradley.

We have met to-day to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the existence of this society. Twenty-five years ago to-day was organized the First Presbyterian Church of what was then Lower Saginaw. It is both a right and a duty that we should thus assemble ourselves together to commemorate an event which has been crowned with so many and such rich blessings, and to rejoice that there is so much in our present position to encourage us in our future labors, in the Master's service. The little band of devoted Christians who originally composed the society consisted of only eight persons. It has now grown into a strong, and vigorous, and self-sustaining congregation. As the result of that organization, which for a long time met for worship in an exceedingly primitive building almost literally in the woods, we have a congregation strong in numbers, devoted in purpose, and united in action. Now for the first time in our history, we close this twenty-fifth year of our existence, not only out of debt, but even with a surplus in the hands of our treasurer.

But we ought not to be content with this gratifying condition of our affairs, even financially, much less morally and spiritually, many reasons as we have for encouragement. We are here as citizens, as well as members of this congregation, and what better time than now, under the pleasant and favorable auspices by which we are surrounded, to take the preliminary steps for the

gradual creation of a fund for the erection of a new and more commodious church edifice, and thus to show our gratitude to the Author of the many blessings that have been showered upon us during the quarter of a century of our existence as a church organization, and at the same time provide for a steadily growing necessity for better and larger facilities for usefulness? The time is soon coming when we shall not only need, but must have, a new and more convenient, as well as a larger church building.

This, it seems to me, is one of the duties that presents itself for our earnest consideration. It is one, too, that we should prepare to meet with willing and cheerful hearts. There are, of course, other duties and responsibilities daily presenting themselves. Upon the way we discharge the first, and sustain our part under the others, our religious as well as our financial success depends. We are all enlisted in a common purpose, and have an equal interest in the continued success of the cause to which we are devoted and our church dedicated. Upon this subject you will pardon me for the suggestion whether we make the pecuniary sacrifice we conveniently might towards the various religious objects which constitute the avowed and appropriate work of the church, and in which we are all thus equally interested. Do we all contribute as liberally as we might, or in proportion to our ability and as God has blessed us? Only recently I have read an account of a Presbyterian congregation in a small village in Iowa raising $15,000 for a church edifice. It is an example that should stimulate us to renewed efforts in the same direction.

As individual incidents, in the aggregate, make about all there is of our history, and as personal reminiscences may therefore be still in order in the review which the occasion naturally suggests, I trust I may properly so far digress from the line of remarks I have indulged in as to refer briefly to the circumstances under which I became connected with this church.

Before I came to Bay City I was a member of the Methodist Church, and it was my purpose to continue my church relations with that denomination. But the circumstances to which I will refer over-ruled my intentions, and rendered it personally desirable that I should associate myself with this church and thus become one of you. I at first occasionally attended here as the most convenient place of worship, but with no intention of permanently uniting with any Presbyterian Church. Gradually, however, and almost imperceptibly, I began to sympathize with you, till finally I formed so strong an attachment for the church that I have not been disposed to sever my pleasant relations with you.

But perhaps a stronger reason for my being still a member of this church is due to an event which at that time was naturally looked upon as a serious and almost an irreparable misfortune. I mean the burning of the first church edifice erected by the society, and only the next Sabbath after it was dedicated.

This calamity enlisted all my sympathies, and I resolved within my own mind, without consulting any one, to do what lay in my power to remedy your great misfortune. With this purpose in view, I drew up a subscription paper and started out the very next day on a canvass of the town to solicit subscriptions towards rebuilding the church, confining my efforts to the upper portion of the town. I met with such a cordial response to my appeals that in a very short time I had raised about seven hundred dollars.

While still prosecuting the canvass I met P. S. Heisordt and Jas. L. Monroe, Esqs., who, it seemed, had started out upon their own impulse, as I had upon mine, upon the same mission. They had secured almost the same

amount of subscription that I had. I handed my subscription paper over to them and they continued their labors until a sufficient amount was subscribed to rebuild the church. Work was therefore begun upon it immediately, and the main body of this building was erected without unnecessary delay. It was used for worship until it became too small for the necessities of the congregation, when the two wings were added.

Such, in brief, was the motive which induced me to cast in my lot with you, and such is my recollection of an incident which had so much influence in producing that result.

By Rev. D. M. Cooper.

As an introduction to what I have to say on this occasion allow me a personal allusion.

My father was born in Montreal, in the year 1789; thence, a boy of ten years of age, he came to the city of Detroit, where he died in 1876, having been a resident of that city for seventy-six years.

My grandfather, on my mother's side, Col. Stephen Mack, was the first Yankee merchant who pushed his way so far west of Buffalo as Detroit. He arrived there in the year 1807, and entered into partnership with Thomas Emerson, father of the late Curtis Emerson, a name quite familiar in the Saginaw valley. "Mack & Emerson" was a firm well known throughout the northwest, and did an extensive business.

Col. Mack was a man of wonderful enterprise and sagacity. He quickly detected the possibilities of development that lay hidden in this Lower Peninsula, and, with an eye even then to the opening up of this very Saginaw Valley, he organized an association composed of such men as William Woodbridge, Solomon Sibley, John L. Whiting, Austin E. Wing, David C. McKinstry, and Alexander Macomb, and as their agent opened the old turnpike of Pontiac, which was subsequently continued to this point, and laid out the present city of that name.

He early predicted the commercial importance of this region, and but for the untimely death which cut him off in the prime of life, he might have had an honorable place among your pioneers.

I only make this personal allusion to show that I am a citizen of the State of Michigan, "to the manor born," and cannot but feel an interest in everything that relates to her material and moral welfare.

In view of this historical and biographical reminiscence, it seems to me now, as I look back upon it, the most natural thing in the world to find myself, the grandson, in the year 1851, as if under a propulsion from the spirit of the sire, heading towards Saginaw, to him the land of such promise.

On the evening of my licensure by Detroit Presbytery, Rev. Calvin Clark (of blessed memory) asked me if I had ever thought of becoming a foreign missionary. I replied it had sometimes occurred to me. "Well!" said he, "I want you to go right up among the *heathen* at Saginaw." Closely following upon this, I received earnest letters from Saginaw friends inviting me to visit them, which invitation I persistently declined, feeling unfit for the work, and desirous also of further prosecuting my studies under the supervision of Rev. Dr. Duffield. But finding myself shortly after, supplying the pulpit of Rev. Mr. Atterbury at Flint, I concluded to visit Saginaw City, and spy out the land. So I pushed on through sloughs of mud and over "corduroys" in a lumber-wagon stage without springs, the wearisomeness of the way being somewhat

alleviated by an occasional chat with Mr. Albert Miller who rode along side on horseback, as he stated to you in his own interesting paper.

While it is true I found some "heathen" in Saginaw whose heathenish proclivities I will not stop to detail, I found also a godly seed. The Presbyterian church, organized by Rev. H. L. Miller, in 1837, unable to maintain distinctive service, had merged itself into a miscellaneous congregation who were accustomed to meet in the only finished room of the present Court House, uniting with them in the support of any minister of any denomination who proved himself acceptable. At the time of my arrival, it happened to be an Episcopalian clergyman of the name of Adderly who was officiating. Unfortunately he had been guilty of a grave misdemeanor, and upon his refusing to make a public acknowledgment of the same, those who composed the original Presbyterian church withdrew and assembled for worship in the old schoolhouse near by.

It was this little handful of people who had extended me the invitation to visit them, and which, as before said, I had declined because I was anxious still to prosecute my studies. I recall the names of Hiram L. Miller and Adaline his wife; Albert Miller and wife, now members of your own church; Dr. George Davis and wife (both dead), and Mrs. Woodruff, whom many will remember in connection with the old "Webster House." Mrs. Woodruff was sister to Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven. She was a woman of noble physique, of indomitable will, and partaker of many of the characteristics of her distinguished brother. She also is dead.

I found in connection with this church, ten resident members, of which number only three were males. A subscription for the erection of a church edifice was already in existence amounting to $1,200, with the promise from the citizens of a bell in case theirs was the first church edifice erected in the place.

They seemed importunate to have me remain with them. I considered. The subscription, unless speedily secured, would vanish away. They promised to put up the building themselves without burdening me with any of the responsibility. There was no church of our denomination nearer than Flint, to which the Rev. Dr. Atterbury, now of Detroit, was ministering. It seemed difficult to find another man, and so I consented to stand in the breach. As I look back it seems presumptuous for me, so young and inexperienced and in every way so poorly equipped, to have undertaken the pastorate of a church upon the outskirts of civilization as Saginaw was at that day, for I now realize that it requires ripe experience to lay foundations. My only excuse was the importunity of the little organization and the consideration that my shortcomings would be so well supplemented by the ability and experience of that honored servant in the house of God, Hon. H. L. Miller, who is still among us, to bear testimony to Christ. You will pardon, I know, this digression to honor one to whom and to his efficient wife as well, the Presbyterian churches in this whole valley owe a debt of gratitude for pioneer services that they cannot well repay.

And if again you are tempted to remark that I am turning this more into an anniversary of the church at Saginaw City than your own, you will remember how closely linked your own history is with that as the hive from which swarmed the other churches in the vicinity of kindred faiths; and also you will remember that you invited me here to relate, I suppose, what reminiscences were personal to myself.

It was greatly to our discouragement, however, that just as our little church began to gird itself for the building of our edifice, the founding of East Saginaw drew away from the congregation and town many of our best workers.

Nevertheless, I resolved to follow them with the ministrations of the gospel, and accordingly, commenced a regular afternoon service in the new settlement; crossing over the river in the primitive "dug-out." With the exception of Rev. Mr. Adderly, who left this region shortly after my coming, I was the first minister that preached in East Saginaw, and my first service was held in the upper chamber of an unfinished tenement.

The growth of East Saginaw, largely due to the enterprise of the late Norman Little, was marvelous. As a necessary consequence the congregation grew rapidly and soon found themselves occupying a room in the newly built school-house. After serving them for a year and a half, I found the task too much for my strength, and looking around for a suitable man for the position, my attention was called to Rev. L. I. Root, with whom I was intimately acquainted in Princeton Theological Seminary. He came on at my request, but after a survey of the whole field, concluded to cast in his lot with the people of Lower Saginaw, and so became the organizer of your church, and its first pastor. I participated in his installation, Nov. 17, 1858. There were present on the occasion beside myself, Rev. H. H. Northrup, Rev. W. C. Smith, and Rev. D. B. Campbell. Mr. Northrup preached the sermon, text, 1 Cor. 2:2. Rev. D. M. Cooper gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. W. C. Smith to the people. Mr. Root was a man of superior scholarship, of devoted piety, of pleasing address, and of fine ability. We all felt that in losing him the infant organization lost a true and able man; and also that in leaving when he did, he lost a chance of accomplishing here a life-work which does not often occur to any man. Nevertheless he continued on in his Master's work elsewhere, faithful to the end, and has entered into his rest.

Disappointed in Mr. Root, so far as East Saginaw was concerned, I secured the services of Rev. W. C. Smith. While the congregation which I had gathered was under my supervision, I sought in every honorable way to mold it into the Presbyterian form—anxious to have the three churches on the river of the same ecclesiastical connection. But at that time it so happened that a fierce conflict was going on between the New School Presbyterians and the Congregationalists, in which your present pastor, then resident at Chicago, was participating with his usual vigor. The New York Independent, just started, was on the war path. Everybody was taking sides. The small Presbyterian element in the congregation had, previous to coming to East Saginaw, resided within the bounds of the Detroit Presbytery, and had taken offense at some disciplinary act of theirs, in which Rev. Dr. Duffield had been somewhat prominent; and so, when a vote was taken as to what the character of their church polity should be, they acted almost solidly with the Congregationalists. Finding myself and the insignificant faction in sympathy with me, in a hopeless minority, I gave over the contest. Such was the status of the church when Mr. Smith appeared upon the ground. In ecclesiastical sympathy and connection he was a decided Presbyterian, but as an honorable man he acted in full sympathy with the expressed will of the majority. Under his pastorate the congregation was organized as a Congregational Church and received into the General Association of Michigan. To his eight years of faithful work the Congregational Church of East Saginaw largely owe what they

are to-day. He was a man of genial disposition, a good pastor and an excellent sermonizer—a man consecrated and unselfish. At a time when everybody was speculating in "corner lots" and laying the foundation of future fortunes, he steadfastly resisted the temptation to embark in the race for riches. He sought *first* the Kingdom of God, and now all other things are added to him. He died in peace at Urbana, Ill., with the harness on. We were as intimate as brothers, and it gives me great pleasure to pay this tribute to his memory.

Not only was the Saginaw City Church the hive whence swarmed the Presbyterian Church of Bay City and the Congregational Church at East Saginaw, but it sheltered for a time some Baptist bees, with whose lively buzzing you are quite familiar. I assure you they were not expelled because they were drones—far from it. I had no warmer friends or more energetic workers than the dear Fraser family. While with us your Mrs. Dennison and Mrs. McEwen and Mrs. McMasters were as interested and as earnest as though they had no denominational preferences whatever, and it may not be amiss to say that, during the awakening of 1858, it was a common thing to see among the group that bowed in prayer in my study on Monday evenings, the rugged form and genial face of the late James Fraser. Though he never made an open profession of religion, I cannot but feel that the savor of that blessed revival followed him to the end.

In 1851 when I came to the valley the whole population of Saginaw county amounted to 2,690. The population at the present time, including Bay county which was cut off from Saginaw county in 1860, is 100,000.

Saginaw City contained about four hundred inhabitants. At East Saginaw, they were cutting down the heavy forest, laying the foundation for a large hotel called the Irving House, and opening a road to intersect the old turnpike at Cass River. All there was at Lower Saginaw, were a few houses stretched along the shore; among which I remember the residence of Hon. James G. Birney, then prominent as the leader of the Liberty party in the United States. I well remember a pleasant afternoon spent in his house. With his character and public services we are all familiar.

In the year 1859, after eight years of delightful ministerial work I was compelled in consequence of failing health to leave my church and the valley. I left reluctantly and never since have I turned my steps thitherward without feeling that I am traveling homewards, although the old familiar faces are displaced by new and strange ones, with here and there a precious exception.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

EXPLANATION OF CHARACTERS USED—* Dismissed. "P."—Received on Profession. "L."—Received by Letter. Year—Date of Admission.

Original Members, Sept., 1856.

Albert Miller, Mary Ann Miller, Abigail Smith, Francis T. Root,* Jesse Calkins,* Angeline Miller,* Mary E. Trombley,* Nancy M. Hart.*

Present List, July, 1881.

Affleck, John	P.	1875	Bancroft, F. A.	L.	1866
Affleck, Harriet	P.	1875	Bancroft, Felicia H.	L.	1862
Allard, Seaver	L.	1880	Barnett, Marionette A.	L.	1879
Atkinson, Mary	L.	1871	Bassett, Mary J.	P.	1874
Ayrault, Miles	L.	1877	Bialy, Mendal J.	P.	1877
Ayrault, Mary	L.	1877	Bialy, Elizabeth	P.	1877
Ayrault, John	L.	1877	Bialy, Lucretia	P.	1877

Bialy, Carrie A.....P. 1877
Bonnell, Sarah P.....L. 1876
Braddock, Anna C.....L. 1858
Braddock, Mary A.....P. 1865
Bradley, Nathan B.....L. 1880
Bradley, Huldah Lena.....L. 1880
Bradley, Lizzie C.....L. 1880
Briscoe, R. J.....P. 1878
Briscoe, Sarah L.....L. 1878
Brown, Martha E.....P. 1879
Buck, Alma C.....P. 1873
Burke, Margaret.....P. 1880
Burton, Ida B.....P. 1876
Cameron, Mary.....P. 1872
Cameron, John R.....P. 1872
Capell, H. L.....P. 1876
Case, Dudley W.....L. 1873
Carpenter, Harriet M.....P. 1864
Cathcart, Wm. A.....L. 1867
Cathcart, Laura.....L. 1867
Cathcart, Sarah E.....P. 1867
Cathcart, Mary L.....P. 1870
Chapin, Henry.....L. 1874
Chapin, Anna M.....P. 1879
Chatfield, Clarence B.....P. 1877
Chatfield, Charlotte P.....L. 1879
Chron, Mary J.....P. 1869
Clements, Ada.....P. 1870
Clements, Luella A.....P. 1877
Clark, L. L.....L. 1881
Cobb, Geo. P.....L. 1869
Cobb, Mrs. Laura.....P. 1880
Collins, Sarah J.....L. 1871
Collins, Ann Eliza.....P. 1880
Cooke, Julia W.....L. 1867
Conway, Hannah.....P. 1869
Chesbro, Matilda W.....P. 1879
Cottrell, Elizabeth.....P. 1858
Craig, Elizabeth.....P. 1869
Craig, Mary.....P. 1870
Crawford, Wm. H.....L. 1879
Crawford, Cornelia M.....L. 1879
Crawford, Mattie B.....L. 1879
Delzell, Thos.....P. 1862
De Graw, Margaret.....P. 1864
De Graw, Amelia A.....P. 1877
Daglish, Matilda E.....L. 1871
Dolsen, John L.....L. 1870
Dolsen, Ann E.....L. 1868
Dolsen, Matilda.....P. 1872
Dolsen, Fannie McRae.....P. 1876
Dougherty, Isabella.....L. 1880
Dougherty, Adaline.....L. 1880
Dunham, M. J.....L. 1865
Evans, John A. D.....P. 1876
Evans, Henrietta M.....P. 1878
Evans, Eliz. McKee.....P. 1878
Ferris, Annie.....L. 1875
Ferris, Mrs. Augusta.....L. 1879
Fleck, W. N.....P. 1877
Flower, Seldin A.....P. 1871
Flower, Margaretta.....P. 1871
Gaines, Nellie.....L. 1876
Gates, Mary L.....L. 1865
Goodwin, Arathema.....P. 1860
Gordon, Henry.....P. 1864
Grant, Margaret E.....P. 1877
Gray, Anna M.....P. 1876
Green, Frances E.....P. 1877
Gilchrist, Eliz.....L. 1869
Guinep, Harriet A.....P. 1870
Haines, Jessie E.....L. 1879
Haines, Lizzie T.....L. 1879
Haines, Wm. C.....L. 1879
Haines, Mary C.....L. 1879
Haines, Martha B.....L. 1879
Hall, Emily A.....P. 1876
Hall, Charlotte.....P. 1870
Harrington, Wm. H.....L. 1872
Hartley, Mary E.....L. 1872
Hawley, Chas. R.....L. 1866
Hill, Isaac H.....L. 1864
Hill, Mrs. I. H.....L. 1864
Hull, Mary J.....L. 1873
Heisordt, Peter S.....L. 1865
Heisordt, Lodema.....L. 1865
Heisordt, Frederic.....P. 1876
Hotchkiss, Julia A.....L. 1871
Hovey, W. T.....L. 1877
Hudson, Eva M.....P. 1877
Hutcheson, Nellie.....P. 1865
Johnson, Ferdinand.....P. 1875
Johnson, Sarah A.....L. 1869
Johnson, Sarah L.....L. 1865
Kent, Elvira.....L. 1861
Kent, Rebecca.....L. 1861
Kent, Orlo T.....P. 1876
King, Henry W.....P. 1858
Kinney, Eliz.....L. 1876
Knight Harriet.....P. 1862
Lewis, C. E.....P. 1861
Lewis, Kittie A.....P. 1877
Love, Anna L.....L. 1870
Love, Wm. B.....P. 1876
Love, Alice D.....P. 1876
Lindsay, Ellen.....P. 1877
Loomis, Helen B.....L. 1877
McEwan, Margaret.....P. 1858
McCormick, Hattie.....P. 1877
McPherson, Harriet.....L. 1867
McPherson, Adam J.....P. 1873
McMath, John W.....L. 1868
McMath, Ella J.....L. 1868
McRae, Donald.....L. 1873
McRae, Mary.....L. 1873
McRae, Forbes.....P. 1879
McRae, Mrs. Helen.....L. 1879
McDonald, Christie.....P. 1876
McDonald, Jane.....P. 1876
McDonald, Donald.....P. 1876
McDonald, Mary.....P. 1876
McFarland, Peter.....L. 1879
McFarland, Jeannette.....L. 1879
McCready, Margarette.....L. 1876
McLennan, Andrew.....P. 1876
McIntosh, Agnes.....P. 1876
McIntosh, Minnie.....P. 1876
McIntosh, Jane.....P. 1876
McIntosh, Mary.....P. 1877
McLaren, Daniel.....P. 1877

McLaren, Martha.....P. 1877
McLaren, Berthea.....P. 1877
McKinnon, Donald.....P. 1877
McDonald, Mary.....P. 1870
McLane, Jennie.....L. 1872
McEwan, Flora.....L. 1878
McEahren, Sarah A.....L. 1879
Mackintosh, Eliza H.....P. 1879
Marlatte, Paul.....L. 1876
Marlatte, Ellen.....L. 1876
Marshall, Eliz.....P. 1875
Maxwell, Sarah.....L. 1858
Maxwell, Jennie.....P. 1876
Marston, Emily.....P. 1867
Merritt, Minerva.....L. 1869
Meritheu, Eliza A.....P. 1877
Mason, Elizabeth.....P. 1870
Martin, Attie.....L. 1880
Milne, Geo.....L. 1863
Miller, Albert.....P. 1877
Miller, Mary Ann.....L. 1856
Miller, Mary A. O.....P. 1865
Mitchell, John.....L. 1873
Monroe, Julia H.....L. 1871
Moran, Alzina.....P. 1878
Morley, Ira W.....P. 1880
Morrison, Wm.....P. 1873
Morrison, Leonora.....L. 1873
Morrison, Alex.....P. 1877
Morrison, Elizabeth.....P. 1877
Mitchell, Mary B.....P. 1876
Mitchell, Peter.....L. 1863
Mitchell, Mary P.....L. 1863
Munro, Margaretta.....P. 1869
Mullen, Thomas.....L. 1877
Myers, Adaline A..... 1878
Myers, Agnes J.....P. 1878
Norrington, Henry H.....P. 1868
Oliver, John.....L. 1876
Oliver, Ann.....L. 1876
Oliver, Sarah.....P. 1879
Orton, Harriet S.....L. 1874
Park, Theresa.....P. 1870
Park, Bernice.....P. 1870
Pomeroy, Mary L.....L. 1866
Plush, Carrie..... 1874
Porter, Chas. B.....L. 1880
Porter, Abigail.....L. 1880
Potter, Clara A.....L. 1880
Pratt, Bessie.....L. 1857
Pratt, Noah C.....L. 1870
Pratt, Eliza M.....L. 1870
Pratt, Robt. S.....P. 1868
Pratt, Mary.....P. 1862
Pratt, Ella C.....L. 1870
Pratt, Frank S.....L. 1870
Pressley, Matilda.....P. 1858
Pond, Caroline.....L. 1867
Randall, Addie A.....P. 1875
Reid, Carrie.....L. 1873
Richardson, Ida B.....P. 1876
Richardson, Janet.....P. 1870
Rider, E. W.....L. 1878
Rider, Ida B.....L. 1878
Roberts, Mary.....L. 1880
Rogers, Maria E..... 1873
Robbins, Cynthia.....L. 1868
Romer, Jessie F.....L. 1869
Romer, Lucy A.....L. 1869
Reilly, Cornelia.....L. 1864
Savage, Isabella.....P. 1874
Scofield, Winsor.....L. 1868
Scofield, Augusta H.....P. 1868
Scofield, Ida H.....P. 1876
See, Eliza.....P. 1876
See, James A.....P. 1876
Simpson, Wm.....P. 1876
Simpson, Jeannette.....P. 1875
Simpson, Jeannette, Jr.....P. 1876
St. John, Mary.....L. 1866
Shearer, M. J.....P. 1865
Smith, Geo. E.....P. 1858
Smith, Abigail.....L. 1856
Smith, Frankie.....P. 1876
Smith, Isaac N.....P. 1878
Smith, Anna.....L. 1878
Smith, Mary S.....P. 1872
Smalley, Darwin C.....L. 1871
Smalley, Martha.....L. 1871
Smalley, Helen B.....P. 1873
Smalley, Margaret.....L. 1876
Simms, Henry.....L. 1874
Spear, Eli A.....L. 1877
Spear, Sarah B.....L. 1877
Spear, Fred. B.....P. 1877
Speir, Agnes.....P. 1870
Speir, Mary.....P. 1872
Stanton, Mary C.....L. 1869
Stewart, Anna O.....P. 1876
Stone, Wm. H.....L. 1880
Stone, Elvy.....L. 1880
Stryker, C.....L. 1870
Sullivan, Ellen E.....P. 1865
Till, Caroline M.....L. 1874
Trusdell, Hugh.....P. 1874
Trusdell, May B.....P. 1875
Tupper, E. T.....L. 1872
Valentine, Albert J.....P. 1864
Vincent, Catherine.....P. 1869
Vincent, Mary J.....P. 1869
Vincent, Mary.....P. 1869
Vincent, Sarah A.....P. 1869
Wands, W. W.....L. 1873
Wands, Ella.....L. 1873
Wands, Frank L.....L. 1878
Wands, Millie R.....L. 1878
Ward, James S.....L. 1864
Ward, Mrs. J. S.....P. 1862
Warren, Anne.....L. 1880
Watrous, Henry R.....L. 1876
Watrous, Bettie N.....L. 1876
Webber, Nancy M.....L. 1870
Wetherell, J. P.....P. 1858
Wetherell, Antoinette.....P. 1858
Wight, Caroline E.....L. 1865
Wight, Sophia.....P. 1870
Willson, W. R.....L. 1868
Whittemore, Jennie.....P. 1876
Whitney, Kate.....L. 1874
Zundell, Emma V.....P. 1875

MEMBERS DISMISSED.

Adams, Maria	L.	1871
Angell, E. C.	P.	1861
Baillie, Isabella	L.	1879
Baillie, Robena	L.	1879
Bebee, Abigail	L.	1857
Bedell, Frances E.	L.	1869
Beers, Stephen E.	L.	1870
Beers, Mary	L.	1870
Benedict, G. E.	L.	1863
Berry, James	P.	1862
Berry, Mary	P.	1862
Bradley, John S.	L.	1869
Bradley, Lucy J.	L.	1869
Bidwell, John E.	L.	1867
Bishop, Thos. P.	P.	1867
Bishop, Julia A. M.	P.	1870
Blackman, Ida	L.	1870
Blackman, Geo. W.	L.	1873
Blodgett, Sarah E.	L.	1872
Buchanan, S. A.	L.	1872
Buchanan, Sarah E.	L.	1872
Burr, Wm. H.	L.	1867
Brewster, Robt. E.	P.	1865
Calkins, Jesse	L.	1856
Cathcart, Homer	P.	1872
Cathcart, Lucy A.	L.	1872
Carey, Flora	P.	1874
Cooper, Thos. S.	L.	1871
Cooper, Martha J.	L.	1871
De Lisle, Wm. H.	L.	1868
De Lisle, Sarah	L.	1868
De Lisle, Frederica	P.	1870
De Lisle, Theodora	P.	1870
Eaton, Frances M.	P.	1866
Eaton, Mrs. S.	P.	1870
Eaton, Mary E.	P.	1870
Easton, Anna	P.	1876
Eggleston, Mary	L.	1873
Freeman, Chester H.	L.	1870
Gaines, John	L.	1876
Gaines, Mary	L.	1876
Gibb, Matthew	L.	1875
Gibb, Margaret	L.	1875
Gile, Ellen M.	L.	1873
Green, Robt.	P.	1863
Green, Sarah	L.	1863
Harry, Chas. L.	P.	1876
Harry, Clara J.	P.	1876
Hart, Barzillai B.	P.	1858
Hart, Eliza	P.	1857
Haynes, John	L.	1873
Haynes, Willis J.	P.	1873
Henion, Burt G.	L.	1873
Henion, Laurens T.	L.	1873
Hogan, Clara	P.	1870
Hogle, J. S.	L.	1874
Hood, Geo. F.	L.	1874
Hood, Mary	L.	1874
Hooper, Joseph	L.	1869
Hovey, Carrie R.	P.	1877
Hubbard, Grace D.	P.	1876
Hotchkiss, Geo. W.	L.	1865
Hotchkiss, Eliz.	L.	1871
Ingalls, Florence E.	P.	1876
Jerolamen, N.	L.	1873
Jerolamen, Joanna	P.	1873
Jewett, Caleb	L.	1868
Jewett, Edna	L.	1868
Kennedy, Emily M.	L.	1866
Kimball, Thomas	L.	1870
Knickerbocker, J. H.	L.	1876
Knickerbocker, Julia A.	L.	1876
Leland, Reuben	P.	1872
Leland, Fannie E.	L.	1872
Lewis, Wm. E.	P.	1869
Lewis, David	L.	1879
Lewis, Mary A.	L.	1879
Lewis, Susan	L.	1879
Lewis, Maggie	L.	1879
McClure, Helen A.	L.	1874
McDonald, Donald	P.	1874
McDonald, Mrs. D.	P.	1876
McEwen, Rebecca	L.	1860
McKettrick, Isabella	P.	1860
McKettrick, Agnes	P.	1860
McKettrick, Margaret	L.	1866
McLeod, Mary	P.	1876
McLennan, K. D.	P.	1874
McLennan, Mary	P.	1874
McLennan, Hannah	P.	1876
May, Isabella F.	L.	1866
Meisel, Christian	P.	1872
Miller, L. J.	L.	1858
Miller, Jesse M.	L.	1858
Miller, Angeline	L.	1856
Miller, Adaline	P.	1866
Monroe, Jas. L.	P.	1858
Monroe, J. H.	P.	1863
Monroe, Mary A.	L.	1872
Morris, Mary P.	P.	1868
Morrison, Christiana	P.	1863
Murphy, Helen J.	P.	1868
Niles, Sarah E.	P.	1863
Ostrander, J. H.	P.	1878
Parmely, Lucia A.	P.	1863
Pierce, Janet	L.	1862
Plough, Emily	P.	1858
Plum, Mary D.	P.	1870
Pomeroy, Charlotte A.	P.	1864
Pressley, Susan	L.	1870
Putnam, John H.	P.	1869
Putnam, Emma C.	P.	1870
Remington, James	L.	1863
Remington, Mrs. J.	P.	1863
Roach, Wm. J.	P.	1865
Roach, Margaret	L.	1865
Rogers, Peter L.	L.	1866
Rogers, Mrs. L. A.	L.	1866
Root, Frances F.	L.	1856
Sayles, R. F.	L.	1856
Sayles, Marshall F.	L.	1856
Sayles, Rhoda	L.	1856
Sayles, Melissa	P.	1858
Sayles, Ida M.	L.	1871
Schadt, John T.	P.	1876
Schadt, Magdaline	P.	1876
Scheurmann, Cornelia	P.	1862
Scriver, Geo. H.	L.	1863

Scriver, Mrs. G. H.	P.	1864
Sharp, Samuel C.	L.	1866
Smalley, William	L.	1871
Smalley, Cordelia	L.	1871
Smith, Sarah	L.	1860
Smith, Peter	L.	1860
Smith, Geo. R.	L.	1870
Smith, Rachel	L.	1871
Smith, Millie	P.	1873
Stewart, Ellen J.	L.	1861
Sullivan, Adam S.	L.	1865
Sullivan, Cordelia	L.	1865
Tomar, H. D.	L.	1863
Tomar, Mrs. H. D.	L.	1863
Townsend, Melissa	L.	1870
Travis, Ira C.	L.	1869
Travis, Alta A.	L.	1869
Trombley, Leon	P.	1857
Trombley, M. E.	P.	1856
Valentine, Elfrida	P.	1864
Wanless, David	L.	1873
Wanless, Christine	L.	1873
Wortman, Anna H.	P.	1858

DECEASED.

Angell, Richard	P.	1862
Bishop, Mary T.	P.	1867
Bradley, Huldah L.	P.	1880
Brewster, Sophronia	L.	1865
Calhoun, Mary	L.	1872
Cathcart, Sarah	L.	1867
Eaton, J. D.	P.	1870
Ewing, Sarah M.	L.	1876
Gordon, Mrs. Henry	P.	1864
Hamet, Susanna	P.	1861
Haynes, Clorinda J.	L.	1873
Hazen, Ida J.	L.	1871
Hazen, Veldora	P.	1877
Johnston, Hannah R.	P.	1858
McCormick, Matilda	L.	1861
McPherson, Dr. W.	L.	1867
Plum, Wheeler L.	L.	1870
Rogers, Elizabeth	P.	1858
Sayles, Douglass J.	P.	1858
Sayles, Ellen E.	P.	1865
Sherman, Ophelia	P.	1858
Smith, Jeannette	P.	1860
Smith, Catherine	P.	1860
Southworth, Chas.	L.	1858
Valentine, Juliette	P.	1862
Vincent, Harriet	P.	1869
Walton, Louisa C.	P.	1866
Wands, Phebe O.	L.	1873
Watkins, Fanny	L.	1869

BERRIEN COUNTY.

REPORT BY ALEXANDER H. MORRISON, VICE-PRESIDENT FOR BERRIEN COUNTY.

[From the Berrien County Journal, Berrien Springs, June 11, 1881.]

The first meeting of the Pioneer Association of Berrien County was held in the court-house, at Berrien Springs, September 22, 1875. There were three or four hundred pioneers present, who organized, and adopted a constitution, and elected the following officers: President, Levi Sparks; secretary, George H. Murdock; treasurer, Lyman A. Barnard.

We now report the proceedings of the seventh annual meeting, which has just been held.

The constitution of the association has been amended in accordance with its provisions, and is now as follows:

ARTICLE 1. This association shall be known as the Pioneer Association of Berrien County.

ART. 2. Every person who was a resident of the State of Michigan prior to the year 1870 may become a member of this association.

ART. 3. The officers of this association shall consist of a president, a secretary, a treasurer, and a business committee of five members, whose several duties shall be prescribed by the by-laws.

ART. 4. All annual meetings of the society shall be held once in each year, at the county seat of said county, on the first Wednesday of June.

ART. 5. A record shall be kept by the secretary of the association, whose residence shall be at the county seat, which record shall contain the signatures of all members of the association, who choose to record their names therein.

ART. 6. The president, and secretary, and business committee, shall constitute an executive committee, a majority of whom shall constitute a quorum, and who shall ause any additional articles to this constitution required, to be recommended for

adoption, at any annual meeting, and also such by-laws as they may deem advisable to have enacted.

ART. 7. An admission fee of fifty cents from each of the male members shall be required.

The society has met annually at Barnard's grove, which was donated to the society for a number of years. The attendance at all the meetings has been very large, ranging from seven to twelve thousand. No other day set apart for social enjoyment during the year is looked forward to with so much pleasure. Seated in the grove, in the shade of the oaks, the old settlers and visitors in conversation, shaking hands, listening to the proceedings, addresses, music, and singing, time passes swiftly, and when it comes to adjourn, mutual promises are made to be here next year, if Providence permits. Space will not permit us to extend a history of the society. Since its organization the following members have died: Lafayette Parce, Michael Hand, James Graham, Joshua Feather, Sen., Elizabeth Pennell, Susan Barnard, Hugh Mars, Sen., Wm. H. Rector, James M. Platt, John Tate, Benjamin D. Townsend, Darius J. Barber, Jas. Farrell, Garrett VanRankin, Geo. Reynolds, Franklin Muzzy, Philip Kephart, Newton N. Woodruff, Dr. Lyman Barnard, Dr. Joseph Mansfield, Rev. J. W. Robinson, Jesse Helmick, Rachael McOmber, and Thomas Ford.

It is hoped that the old settlers residing in the county, who have not already joined, will do so and sign the roll.

ADDRESS BY HON. GEO. H. JEROME.

MR. PRESIDENT AND BROTHER PIONEERS:—May I not address you as brother pioneers? For, that I might meet you in this sylvan retreat, where abide the nymphs and trip the graces, I have performed, I assure you, a rather big job of pioneer work. I have traversed roads, moving over which, the patient camel, styled in oriental imagery, "the ship of the desert," would be perfectly justifiable in balking. This, too, is a pioneer talk to an association of pioneers. Aye, besides, were I permitted to tell a tale or two out of school, I would, with a voice as coy as maiden's, tell you that I, like yourselves, have felled the forest beech and elm, plied the torch to the mammoth log-heap, chopped cordwood, split rails, vexed the mule along the tow-path; done all this and more, meanwhile all unconscious of any presidential or other extraordinary electricity flaming around and about me. Yes, pioneers, I have been at the plow handles as they whipped around the "tarnal" old stumps, and in the fearful wrestle have burst more than one button off from more than one pair of Kentucky jean breeches. Nor will you now ask me the name of the blue eyed maid, who, with willing and deft fingers, adorned with a brass thimble, replaced the buttons for my early morning's use. The name and fame of her and of all her sisters are ever green and holy, and shall keep even pace with every wave of progress.

Mr. President, and Mr. Secretary: I beg of you, without giving you another scrap of my autobiography, to here and now enroll me as a fellow pioneer, for I assure you much of the magic of my speech—if it have magic at all—will come from a feeling of kinship with pioneers, immaterial as to where the crop has been raised. And in this request, I do not detract the millionth part of a grain from the just deserts and renown of any here this day assembled. For I gladly admit, these magnificent fields already rich in the promise of abundant

golden grain—these beautiful homes, habitations fit for princes—these lawns and arbors and gardens and flower beds—this goodly landscape, stretching far away, shimmering as a very Eden in the sunlight of this first day of summer,—all this that you see around and about, beneath and above, all, with all their hopes and possibilities are yours and not mine. While all this was being done, by brave hearts and stalwart hands, I was away at work in another field. You, having the freedom of selection and of locomotion, came hither. Here it was you pitched your tents and erected your log cabins. And it was your ax that awoke the solemn stillness of the morning. It was your elbow-grease applied at one arm of the lever which piled the great log heaps and that upheaved the big stump that stood plumb in the way of your pot of beans. It was you moving straight on day by day and year by year, never taking one step backwards, with palms ever lifted to the rising day, seconded and aided by the mothers, some of whom, thanks to a benignant heaven, are with us to-day, truly helpmates in the literal and highest significance of the term, and aided still by that grandest and most-to-be-desired of all crops, a crop of brave boys and fair daughters; I say it was you, with these your helpful and faithful agents and ministers, which enables you now, on this very day to shout, like unto the blast of a bugle and with the sweetness of a silver trumpet, to us outsiders, and to many insiders too, behold! Yes, behold! It is you that has wrought this mighty metamorphose. It is you that awoke from its sleep of ages listless, passionless, unbeneficent and forbidding nature, and bade her with the authority of a never surpassed manhood, to come up higher. And as the result of your faith and of your works, but more especially of your works, we have the panorama we behold to day—a panorama that angels might salute with pride and joy. By your own handicraft, with the assisting grace of all the better brood of crafts, you have wrought and transferred to the canvass of your State and country and age a picture rivaling in coloring and outline the best creations of a Raphael or an Angelo. I do not exalt your work overmuch. Figures, with brains to the front of them, tell no lies. Facts, in this era of activity and expansion, astonish more than fiction. As over and against the probable and the possible we have the *au fait*, which my Hoosier friend readily enough translates, "done did"!

And so this is the conclusion of the whole matter; not quite the conclusion either, for rust, and blight, and mildew, although proscribed and cursed often enough, are not yet abolished. Polished steel will gather rust, and burnished gold will pale in the presence of non-use and neglect. So the grandest accomplishments of human design and activity are not immortal. They require continually a repairing hand. The law of their existence is a ceaseless vigilance. It is as true now as when spoken 2,000 years ago on the plains of Judea, if you sleep the enemy will sow tares. Hence, I say to you, my friends, don't be content to simply hold the fort, but strengthen it, and each year, if possible, add to it a new tier of masonry, so when the floods come, and the chariot wheels of the whirlwind rumble about it, it shall still stand, a proud monument of your foresight and watchfulness.

I tell you plainly, friends, as I look about me, I am tempted to scold the stars, chide fate itself that I was not permitted to be a participant with you in your great and nobly accomplished pioneer work. It seems as though this might have been, for I was blessed with a dual birth, at present outweighing my birth companion by some fifty pounds avoirdupois, yet to my great sorrow I have learned that said dual birth has never secured for me a dual residence,

nor other dual rights and prerogatives. Nor, indeed does success seem to run in the line of subdivision. There is hardly enough of any man, however "robust" he may chance to be in any or in all of his triple constitutions, to divide him up and stool-pigeon him out as gudgeons to fame or pelf. He is apt to do the best when he is all collected up into one, concentrate and compact as an iron ball, shot from the muzzle of a howitzer. Then it is he best typifies whatever there may be of omnipotence in human will or thought or action. So I will not lament that whirl in life's great lottery wheel which assigned me to another outpost of pioneer duty, since it matters little in what clime, or territory, or state, or hemisphere, one may have wrought, if so be, his labor has been such as to let sunlight and heavenlight down, thus and thereby evolving the mystery and the glory of the advancing and the better civilization.

My brother pioneers, I hardly know in what train of thought, or with what phrase to address you. May I remind you, that you, and such as you, are not the only band of pioneers, albeit granted a very Spartan band. Other brave troops have been in line before you and are picketed all along those great marches that denote advance, progress, growth. Indeed pioneers crop out far back, almost to the very twilight of time. One of the earliest was Noah's dove, which went forth to prepare the way for the resting of the ark on Mt. Ararat. Jacob was a patient, toiling pioneer for twice seven years, winning at last, by the grace of perseverance, the beautiful Rachel. Joseph, like the seamen of our revolutionary era, was an "impressed" pioneer, but he did, nevertheless, magnificent service in making Egypt fat with corn to supply the sore needs of his wicked brethren. Lycurgus, gathering in the nomadic tribes and giving them laws, was the pioneer of the Grecian republic, an empire not rivalled in all history, sacred or profane. Brutus, the avenger of Lucretia and the slayer of the Tarquins, was the pioneer of Roman liberty and law. John the Baptist was the pioneer of the star of Bethlehem, grand herald of an era and a reign destined by divine ordination to diffuse and to overcome till it fill all the earth as the waters cover the sea. The prodigal son—well, it is rather difficult to place him, accepting, however, the record: he went into a far country, rather too far I suspect; it was not healthy, he made very respectable time in returning, the wisest thing for some pioneers to do. Descending the stairway of the centuries, we come pat on a brave Genoese, Columbus, the world finder. What a pioneer was he! And yet kings derided him, and queens laughed at him, all save one, dear Isabella. Luther, on his journey to meet the Diet of Worms, swearing a righteous oath that he would not turn back though there were as many devils there as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses, acted well and sublimely brave the role of a pioneer. Newton, evolving the great laws of gravitation; Galileo, mapping out the field of the heavens, and dividing it up into sections, half sections, and quarter sections; Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood and of the motion of the heart; Erasmus, not knowing his letters at forty, then learning them and writing more books than most men read, are examples of true and stalwart pioneers. But my limited time forbids individual mention of all the great names which adorn the pages of discovery, invention, art, literature, diplomacy, and broad statesmanship. Pioneers all, conducting plodding—I had almost said inert—humanity up and out of the alleys and by-ways and sloughs of its long pilgrimage to that elevated plane in which we are now permitted to regard and to behold it. Turn back the dial plate of time, if but for a few centuries.

What a transformation do we behold! All the trophy and the crown of pioneer thought and toil!

But, my friends, it would be quite inexcusable to omit the mention of a few other of the world's pioneers.

There is the Mayflower. Its deck has ever seemed to me as the vision of an opening heaven. All Europe was sifted and winnowed that it might garner the fitting seed wheat with which to sow the new continent. This seed wheat the Mayflower bore across the blue billows, the rarest, goodliest freight that ever pressed the keel of brig, or sloop, or argosy. It was landed on Plymouth Rock, and Plymouth Rock is sacred forever more. Oh! had the ship wrecked in mid ocean, what brain does not reel at the thought! What plummet could ever sound the void!

There, too, is the steam engine, at work on land and on water, everywhere, by daylight and by starlight. In summer's heat and in winter's frosts it toils on and on, plowing down the mountains, leveling up the valleys, making the crooked ways straight and the rough places smooth, and is purser and dispenser of the world's products and accumulated wealth. It is to-day performing the work of tens upon tens of millions of human hands and feet, and that too, without remuneration, and giving nobody any apprehension of its going off on a spree, nor of indulging in the foolish luxury of a strike. Pioneers! A salvo, yes a three times three, to your gallant friend and great co-worker.

There also are the steel banded roads, demanding with almost infinite cheek, without question or let or hindrance, the supreme right of way as against the footman, the horseman, the barouche pleasure-rider, and the market laden farm wagon, and are become such a net work as to touch almost every man's farm. Over these great highways, prances in glorious glee a charger, iron ribbed, with lungs of fire, withers strung with strands of toughened metal and having on sandals fleeter than the antelope, fleeter than the messenger bird. And yet like all valuable equine breeds he takes kindly to the harness and is held well in his course with bit and breeching. I tell you friends, railroads are great pioneers, so great indeed as sometimes to move court-houses and jails, and then again if but narrow gauged even, they sometimes keep them from going astray.

Hark! hark! Do you hear that click, click, click? It is from London, talking to you and to me about the markets; or it may be from Petersburg, telling you of the dreadful assassination of an emperor, or of the late fearful earthquake at Scio, engulfing cities and tens of thousands of human beings, or possibly it is from New York telling you of a rise or a decline in stocks, or of a corner in grain. Or it may be from the nation's capital, telling you of deadlocks and resignations and much other trumpery and balderdash. The electro telegraph—wonder of wonders! Miracle of miracles! This pioneer works without armor or diving bell along the deep cañons and over the broad plateaus of the ocean, nor is it afraid of the leviathans of the deep. It threads the tunnels, vaults to the snow capped summits of the Cordilleras, and is fleetest of all things create or uncreate that ministers to man. It outstrips the wind, is swifter than the comet's flight, and taxes thought itself.

But I must not in this direction further enlarge. There is a numerous class of pioneers right in your midst, with you and about you, your indispensable aids, and your faithful servants. Of this class are the greatly improved saw-mill, and grist-mill, and shop and factory, the sulky rake, the mower, and the reaper, cutting a swath wide as a barn door and with the facility and neat-

ness of a Damascan blade. Welling's improved plow is a pioneer of very rare virtue as contrasted with the pug-nosed dirt rooters of our fathers' use. Cleland's "King of the Harvest" is a pioneer of excellent promise compared with that wheezy rattling old separator, which when set to blowing drove all the animals out of the barnyard, and some of them even breaking away from their stalls. Why, I can remember when my father wanted to get all his nine boys up by one single effort he would go and give the old crank of the fanning mill a few sharp turns, and almost instantly every boy stood on his feet. It was a better awakener than a Chinese gong. Yes, the improved horse is to be welcomed as a pioneer. And so is the improved kine and steer and sheep, and the improved hog even; that is, if he ever can be improved, certainly in his case it would be a great improvement if some ecumenical council, or some other sage council, would give him a new name. We recognize, too, as pioneers, the improved seed wheat, and corn and oats and potatoes, indeed the whole great and noble family of cereals, vegetables and fruits. In short, all and each and everything are pioneers, to be welcomed to our homes and to our hearts, which saves labor, increases the sum total of the earth's bounties, opens the gates to new fields and to wider ranges of industry, gratifies the longings of human desire and ambition, serves to promote peace and unity among men, begetting a kindlier and a better brotherhood, and so in their reflex influence drawing us all to a worthier adoration of, and a closer communion with the Universal Father.

But there is a class of pioneers, of which class good specimens and types I see before me, upon which you will allow me to expatiate somewhat. Don't, I pray you, be in the least alarmed, for I am going to let you off easy. I just want to take a little photo of you, of about the cabinet size. And first, I wish to say the mere adventurer does not belong to this class, for he takes with him neither chart, nor compass, nor square, to guide him and to square his conduct. Neither does the dreamer, who rolls and tosses on his bed through all the precious hours, waiting for something to turn up, belong to this class. Nor the tramp, seeking to reap where he has neither ploughed nor sown. Nor yet the Argonaut, whether on his way to Colchis in quest of the Golden Fleece, or that other argonaut, who buries himself in the outlying gulches of the Golden Gate, for he delves to accumulate and to hoard, while the other sort delves to build up and bless. He may be a carpet-bagger, but if so, his carpet-bag has come, you bet, to stay. Our pioneer is a man of deliberate purpose, and calm, collected judgment. He places almost an infinitely higher value on foresight than on hindsight. He never lets his conscience go a visiting, except he goes himself. The principles and habits of birth, home, and early life he esteems among the choicest of his effects, dear to him as wife and children, and when he puts out he takes them along with him to grace his new home, and to infuse their sweet influences on neighbor and friend, if, luckily, he shall find them. He is a man of strong convictions; he is upright and he is downright. The cardinal articles of his faith are, in essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; and in all things, charity; he finding little time to con, or little occasion to use the thirty-nine articles. Possibly no very great scholar himself, yet he will, if necessary, to aid in founding one of the people's colleges at the four corners, hew the timbers by moonlight, in order that the children may have a chance and the opportunity of becoming, when attaining manhood, wiser than were their fathers. He believes in the great law of entail, passing over all there is of virtue, and wisdom, and

nobility, in his day and generation to the uses and behoof of the generation which succeeds him. He is eminently social, of warm and demonstrative attachments. When palm strikes palm, one not having the calendar about him would almost conclude the Fourth of July had come. And his shake goes all through a fellow like the shock of an electrical battery; greeting our stalwart pioneer in his own home, that home which he has wrested from the whippoorwill and the hooting owl, from the prowling wolf and the scalping savage. Aye, that home which he has carved out of the thick wilderness, and made it not alone a domestic joy and blessing, but a portion of the census of his country forever. I say you would hardly think of saluting such a one in the usual way, "how do you do?" for that would seem superfluous, since it is perfectly evident that he has been well, and is altogether well. I confess that when I approach such a man and such a home, I feel like shouting right out, with no bated breath, "whoorah!" for it seems to me that this, in his case, is the more natural and appropriate salutation. Besides, our pioneer in his new home and labors has all his senses quickened, sharpened. Of the truth of this great fact, I think there cannot be a bit of doubt, for his senses have long stood him as sentinels to apprise him of duty and warn him of danger. When a boy, I verily believed my father, although he had an excellent pair of blue eyes in front of him, had also one in the back of his head, for I could never cut up any little dido behind his back but what I was discovered, and when caught, I got of course, the old fashioned orthodox threshing—one of the lost sciences now. I ask you to take a good look at our plucky, all-grit sort of pioneer. What a physique, what a breadth of shoulders, what a branching out kind of a form, how full chested. What lungs; why, you could beat a tattoo on his ribs and not hurt him a particle. What an eye, what a voice. I have a pioneer acquaintance; he lives in Michigan, whom I recently visited, who has a magnificent voice. His whisper is incipient thunder. I asked him how he came by such a voice. He said when night came, after hard days of chopping and log rolling, he felt tired, and yet, feeling social, while sitting before his cabin door, he had been in the habit of holding conversations with his nearest neighbor, just one mile away! Well, as I have never met his counterpart, I infer the social exercise must have killed the fellow at the other end of the line. But why need I enlarge?

Yes, pioneers, whom I now have the honor to address and all such as you, you hardly know your worth and power. True, you may have begun at the bottom, but you are cropping out at the vestibule, and climbing up the sides and reaching out to the very summit of the grand temple. A good man, and a learned and a wise man, once an humble wood-chopper, is to-day the foremost, and I think the best ruler on all this round world. I tell you, it is not place, it is not occupation, it is not station, nor position that makes a man the needed and necessary factor in the upbuilding of society, or of a state, or of a nation. All are live stones, albeit differing in form and size, yet each is hewn and fashioned by the great Architect, to be fitly placed by the master mason into the great temple of American liberty, into whose open doorways are now thronging all tribes and kindred and people beneath the face of the sun.

Let us ever remember the post of duty is the post of honor. The man who pickets the army, spades the trenches, piles the bastions, throws up the breastworks that he may impede the flight of the balls of the enemy's cannon, is alike honorable with him who accepts the sword of Cornwallis or of Lee. So the man who leaves birth, home, and kindred, accepts the dangers, privations,

and hardships of the forest or the prairie wilderness, and with deliberate purpose, wise judgment and skillful hand addresses himself to the work of enlarging the domain of liberty and of country, who helps to build more secure, an empire whose basal rock shall be virtue and intelligence, is himself not only a benefactor, but he is also an essential factor of the nation's estate. Such a man is not to be accounted necessarily the underlying mudsill, as hypocrisy, or casuistry might suppose, but he is one of the rafters and may become a portion of the cupola itself. Tell me, vain politician, boasting statesman, tell me, O, strange compound of being who thinks the be-all and the end-all exists between a pair of polished boots and a shining stovepipe hat, what would have been this country, composed of thirty-eight States with their vast outlying territories and of fifty millions of souls, foremost on all the world's great map, without the axman and the ploughman, the road and the bridge-builder? Tell me what it would have been without the blacksmith at the corners and the log school-house by the roadside, erected by patriots and braves. Tell me, what would it have been without the itinerant pedagogue, boarding around among the people, a walking dictionary, and an open newspaper for all his patrons, and occupying always and everywhere the best feather bed? Tell me what would it have been but for the minister, chopping cord-wood on Saturday, and on Sunday preaching the unadulterated gospel three times, each sermon just an hour and twenty minutes long and with prayers to match? Sir, these were the leaven that shot through the whole lump. Sir, these were the mustard seed that now shadows with its wide branching foliage and fruitage all the land. I am not mistaken, and no pity either 'tis, 'tis true. And it is not of the worth of a farthing candle what estimate the babbler, or he who runs to do the errands of conceit and self righteousness may place upon these things, or what consequence they may attach to this condition or to that condition as affecting in their pitiful esteem the destinies of men and nations, this the adamantine everlasting truth remains the same, to-wit: that the pioneers of our history are the founders and the promoters of our liberties, of our laws, and of our union. A man, I care not what is his name, what his pedigree, nor where he comes from, nor where you place him, is every inch a man, when he fills the place assigned him in the economy of heaven and in the anatomy of human affairs and events. But if he skulks and shirks and fails to fill it he is a blatherskite, a fraud, or something worse. A man has no business in trying to fill the place of the lower animals, nor has he any business in essaying to be an angel, certainly not before his time. To man was vouchsafed dominion o'er the earth, and wise dominion becometh him as jewels become a crown. So it is seen, to found a government and a state, to develop their mighty powers and resources, to magnify their just renown, every citizen is needed, none are exempt, none can be spared. There are wheels within wheels, circles within circles, a niche, a place for everybody. In the great ladder of human society and government there are bottom rounds and top rounds and intermediate rounds, and every round is equally essential and of equal honor. Honor lies in action,—wise, conscientious, heroic action. It lies in duty performed, and the backwoodsman or the pioneer on the republic's remotest bound, who shoulders his responsibility, loves his citizenship, performs his duty, not necessarily according to the rules of civil service, but according to those better rules, an honest heart and a sound understanding, should command the respect and the love of every patriot the broad land over. He, if the republic

is what it professes to be, and what it should be, is to be held in a like esteem with him who treads the velvet floors of the White House, or with him who calls down the plaudits of listening senates. Why not? True citizenship is not hedged about with sordid or selfish conditions. A patriot is a patriot still, though he thunders at the hustings, or with less heat and more actual lightning, thunders at his perverse mules or at his slow paced oxen. This, brethren, is my creed, such are my sentiments, and I hope you will not declare war against them. Human motives and human conduct are now often misjudged. The measure with which we measure men and things is now an arbitrary one, or possibly a flexible and a sliding one. The medium of vision through which we now look, is a smoky or a foggy one. Many of the sounds we hear come not direct, they not infrequently travel by stealthy and sinuous routes, and so the judgments formed and the verdicts pronounced are often as inequitable as they are erroneous and infamous. But when the great court of assize shall sit to pass upon human conduct and to sum up life's values and make its awards according to testimony which it would be bootless to undertake to impeach, many, very many, I fear, will be the reversals. Men and events, very likely in many instances will be found to have changed positions. I tell you when the great ledger is opened and the debit and the credit balance struck, it is quite possible that the widow's mite will weigh heavily over against the stocks and the bags of the railway kings. It is quite probable that the cruse that softened Aaron's beard will be adjudged of greater value than great warehouses of the rarest vintage. And the vote which the widower pioneer went afoot eleven miles to deposit, leaving his children with a neighbor for their safety will be found of very nearly equal value with the vote cast by Lord Roscoe. Yes, when a humanity, divested of its dull ears, of its squint eyes, of its warped and perverted judgment, divested of all its muddy vestures, shall take the judgment seat, beholding all in the radiance of "another morn risen on noon," then shall it set all things in order, oddfellowship will be merged in even fellowship, for the end is the great and the true revealer.

Brave pioneers of grand, old Berrien, I congratulate you with all my heart on the noble work you have accomplished, and for the great example you have set for all the toilers who are to come after you. I congratulate you on your harmonious, healthy, and stalwart organization, that you can and do meet as brothers and sisters beneath the branching vines and amidst the burdened fig trees of your own planting. I congratulate you that you find it in your hearts to invite the Gentiles of Niles to come up and sit with you at these, your Harvest Home feasts, and partake with you of the fat of your cereals, and of the invigorating, mark, I did not say intoxicating, wine of your presses. All, all is delightful. Our every heart is brimming over with not merely the hour and the occasion, but with the sweet memories that this day come thronging as doves to their windows. But before I fall back into the ranks, the humblest, and I fear the poorest pioneer of you all, may I not remind you that there are other lands waiting to be pressed with the feet and handled with the hands of the pioneer. A very considerable portion of our great American farm is still unregenerate. Millions upon millions of acres are now traversed only by the antelope and the buffalo, and awake no echoes, save the unearthly and ungodly whoop of the knife-belted savage. The star of empire has set its glare upon them, and these shall fade away in the dawn and in the uprising of the great civilization. Mexico, tropical and luxuriant, priest ridden and fac-

tion ridden, borne down for long centuries as by a terrible nightmare, is awakening as a giant from his sleep, and is this very hour stretching forth its palms to salute pioneers such as you. The South American states, kindred in their discovery, and kindred in their opportunities with ours, and yet not seeing the light as we saw it, groping their way through strange religious tenets and still stranger political formulas, are now giving cumulative proofs that they desire to become something more than American in name. Ah! brother pioneers, here, right at home, in our own hemisphere, the gates are swinging wide open, and if you feel the rust gathering on your limbs, and your finger joints losing somewhat their old time suppleness, why, then you see here and now a magnificent chance for putting out. Pioneer duty is defiant and aggressive; brave as knighted spur, and true as helmet steel. It accepts all challenges and pales in the presence of neither danger nor opposition. And when here your forests are hewn down and all your prairies upturned, and the rights of human nature asserted and guarded, when the school-house and the church spire shall have dotted every hillside and valley, and freedom the possession and the heritage of all; when this great hemisphere, from Greenland's icy mountains to the far away straits of Magellan, with all the adjacent isles, shall have been gained to virtue, to liberty, and to law, then remember that over and beyond the blue seas there is another hemisphere that will salute your coming, and gladly sit at your feet and learn of you the strange alchemy with which you wrought out the redemption of a continent. Europe, partly from association with our noble army of pioneers, and partly through her own great thinkers and workers, and partly from the irritation of emigration, seems to be moving in the right direction, but alas, infinitely too feebly and too slowly. Asia is the cradle of the race, containing more than two-thirds of the world's population. Oh! how are the mighty fallen! Asia's light is darkness, impenetrable, but not irrecoverable. Her prophets, her astronomers, her kings, and her historians, with the proud cities and marts they recorded, sleep in unnamed graves, covered by the drifting sands, and with the debris of the accumulated centuries. Her Babel-scattered people, with wistful eye and exultant faith, are looking to the new savior and to the new resurrection. And Africa, too, once the abode of philosophy, of learning, and of law, where art flourished as never before nor since, piling its monuments too high for burial amid her desert plains, shall she not, catching the spirit of the closing century, and gathering up the symbols of her great renown, burst the cerements of her long night of entombment, and awakened to new and lasting life and energy, translate her own legends, so long the puzzle of all the nations, and so learning, and art, and genius, once again find their enthronement in the brow of Egypt?

Pioneers, your work is seemingly illimitable. Yet it is not so; it is hedged about and has bounds. This earth which is now thrice belted with the iron of your forges, and over which play the forces of Omnipotence, aye, this little world, only about twenty-five thousand miles around it, and about eight thousand miles through it, and said to be flattened at the poles, a thing I never could quite understand,—this little heap of earth and rock, porous and melted, this I say, of all the uncounted worlds that stretch on and on, and still on, filling all the vast infinitude of space, is the only one allotted to man and his seed forever and forever. Oh, why not then make it a homestead fit and enduring for the just made perfect? Why not make it a regained paradise, where amidst its hanging foliage and fragrant bowers, and along its silver-voiced brooks shall come troops of ministering spirits and visiting angels?

Oh! I ask, with all the fervor of faith and of hope, why not make it the heaven of your dreams and of your prayers?

MEMORIAL REPORT.

DR. PHILIP KEPHART was born January 30, 1807, in Carroll county, Maryland. He received an academic education at Garrison Forest Academy, Owens Mills, near Baltimore, and graduated at the Baltimore Medical College in 1832. After an extended tour through the south and west, he located at Somerset, Pennsylvania, where he engaged in the practice of his profession for about eight years. In 1840 he came to Berrien Springs, where he was married to Miss Susan Kimmel, September 2, and returned to Somerset, where he remained about one year. He then came to Berrien Springs, in October, 1841, where he remained, engaged in his profession and mercantile pursuits until his death, September 23, 1880.

NEWTON R. WOODRUFF was born in Broome county, New York, October 2, 1808. In 1836 he moved with his family to Portage, Kalamazoo county, Michigan. In 1837 he settled in Bainbridge, Berrien county, on the farm from which he was buried. The years of 1852–3–4–5 he spent in California. In 1864–5 he represented his district in the legislature of Michigan. In 1877 he identified himself with the Methodist Church of Watervliet, of which he continued a member until his death. He was an earnest and consistent member of the order of Patrons of Husbandry, having united with it in 1873. He died December 24, 1880.

WHEREAS, In the course of nature and dispensations of Providence, there have been taken from our midst, two most valued and worthy citizens, in the persons of Philip Kephart and Newton R. Woodruff, it is hereby

Resolved, That we, as neighbors, friends, and citizens, express our appreciation of their worth, as men and citizens, our sorrow for the loss, our sympathy and condolence with their families.

Resolved, That in the daily walk and life of Philip Kephart and Newton R. Woodruff, we have examples pre-eminently worthy of imitation.

Resolved, That we request the publication of these resolutions and their presentation to the near relatives of the deceased, as a small tribute of respect and esteem.

To-Day, Life! To-Morrow, Death!

LIFE.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not, clouds will always lower.

DEATH.

Death is the privilege of human nature;
And life without it were not worth the taking.
Thither the poor, the prisoner, and the mourner
Fly for relief, and lay their burdens down.
What is it we call Death?
Look nature through; 'tis resolution all.
All change, no death; day follows night, and night
The dying day; stars rise and set, and rise;
Earth takes the example. See the summer gay,
With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into palid autumn; winter gray,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storms,
Blows autumn and his golden fruits away,
Then melts into the spring,

Soft spring, with breath of flowers,
From the warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the first. All to reflourish, fades;
As in a wheel, all sinks, to reascend,
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

May I not with justice say:

Their life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in them, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This is a man."

How complicate, how wonderful is man!
Distinguished link in beings, endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
Helpless, immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!

Hon. Levi Sparks, special committee on deaths, prepared and read the following:

DR. LYMAN A. BARNARD was born in Cayuga county, in the State of New York, on June 21, 1807. During his boyhood (but at what particular age I am not advised), he joined the grand army of pioneers who were then just beginning their resistless march westward to reclaim the then wilderness wilds of Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, and to build on the vast prairie plains of the great northwest independent and sovereign States.

For a time he was located at Venice, Ohio, when hearing of the beautiful and productive St. Joseph valley, then beyond the borders of civilization, and in possession of the native red man, he left Ohio, and in company with Abraham Townsend in the autumn of 1828, came to the adjoining county of Cass, and located at Pokagon Prairie, being then a young man twenty-one years of age. He continued to reside at that place for a short time, when learning of the superior advantages of the county immediately along the banks of the St. Joseph river, and the beauties of the little prairie then called "Wolf's Prairie," where is now the village of Berrien Springs, he made his first visit here in 1830, fifty-one years ago. Since that time Dr. Barnard's history has been connected more or less with this village and county, although for the next two years he resided here but a part of the time, working mostly in Cass county at Lagrange prairie. During the spring of 1832, he built in Cass county, a small sloop, christened it the "Dart," and hauling it with an ox team across the country to what is now the city of Niles, launched it upon the bosom of the St. Joseph and floating it to the lake he rigged it out and sailed it between St. Joseph and Chicago for eight months. Late in the fall of 1832 he abandoned the lake, and located permanently in this village, and continued to reside here until the day of his death, a period of forty-nine years. To sketch the history of Dr. Barnard from 1832 to this time would be superfluous, as it is well known to almost all pioneers. In 1847 Dr. Barnard became a practicing physician, not so much from choice or a desire to make money, as to alleviate the sufferings of his neighbors. And although unassuming and unpretentious, it is but fair to say that his success in his profession equaled that of physicians who assumed to be greatly his superiors. Dr. Barnard was naturally of such an unassuming disposition that he never sought or desired public office, yet such was the confidence of his neighbors in his integrity, that at their solicitation, he served them for eight years as postmaster and has filled acceptably the offices of supervisor, treasurer, and perhaps others.

In 1838, at the age of thirty-one years, he was married to Miss Susan Brown,

a sister of the late Pitt Brown of this village, and as husband and wife they lived together happily until 1878, a period of forty years, when his wife died. Since the death of his wife the doctor appeared as a pilgrim and a stranger in a strange land, and it was apparent to his friends that he would very soon emigrate farther on to that upper and better country.

On the 5th day of last April, at the age of seventy-four years, lacking a few days, after a life of usefulness to his fellows, having filled up the full measure of time allotted to man, tired and weary of the labors of life, and broken down in health, without fear or dread of the future, he quietly went down into the cold stream and crossed that mystic river whose

> "Dark and shoreless tide
> The known and unknown worlds divide,"

and the sad news went all over the county, filling with gloom the hearts of all the pioneers and others who knew him, that our grand old patriarch, the father of our society, the kind neighbor and true friend, Lyman A. Barnard, is dead.

Perhaps no man who ever lived in the county was more respected and loved than our deceased brother. In all relations in life he was frank, honest, and true; and of him it is said that he had no enemy in all his extensive acquaintance. In politics he held decided views, well known to all, yet he could respect the opinions of those who differed from him, and discuss those differences in candor and fairness. Religiously he belonged to no narrow sect or society. His views of humanity were too large, and all the impulses of his heart too pure and generous to stand upon any party or sectarian creed. All mankind were his brothers, and all lovers of the race his friends. His creed was the "Golden Rule," enunciated by Him who spoke as never man spake, and couched in those sublime and inspired words:

"All things whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

And his religion consisted in living out the spirit of his creed. His church was the grand Brotherhood of Humanity, not in any narrow or local sense, but in its true and proper signification. But it was as a pioneer that we learned to love and respect him most. He was the father of our society. He took the initiative in our organization, and although his retired nature caused him to refuse the position of president, and the office went into other hands, he never missed a meeting, and expended more time and money to make our annual gatherings a success than any one else.

A few years ago he generously gave us a lease of this beautiful grove, running for a long number of years, free of charge. And for days and weeks before our meetings he would be found here putting the grounds in proper condition. No one of all the pioneers enjoyed more these reunions. Ah, how we miss his presence here to-day! And as we mingle our congratulations, and rehearse our trials and adventures in the past, how the mystic chords of memory will bring to mind the glances of that eye beginning to grow dim, and the grasp of that warm, friendly hand. In view of the relation sustained by our deceased brother to this association, your committee offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That in the death of our venerable brother, the Berrien County Pioneer Association has lost its founder and most ardent supporter and friend.

Resolved, That we, as his fellow pioneers, while deeply deploring the loss we have

sustained, will cherish his memory in our hearts and point with pride to his many noble qualities of head and heart, as a fitting example for coming generations.

Resolved, That in his death this Society not alone suffers, but the community as well has lost a valued and true member, one who was always respected, loved and honored in all relations of life.

Resolved, That we tender to his relatives and friends our sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

Resolved, That a memorial page be set apart, and that these resolutions be inscribed thereon by the Secretary, as a tribute to the memory of our departed noble, father, brother, and friend.

The following notices were read by the chairman of the committee on obituaries:

JESSE HELMICK.

WHEREAS, During the past year Judge Jesse Helmick, a member of this association, has passed from this to the other life, it is fitting and proper that we should place upon our records our appreciation of him as a citizen and a brother.

Judge Helmick came to Oronoko township, from Warren county, Ohio, and located land in 1835, and returned to his former home to bring his family, consisting of a wife and six children, to his new home in the wilderness. While clearing his farm he followed his trade, that of a blacksmith, his neighbors needing his skill. During his long life he accumulated considerable landed property, leaving his wife and children in comfortable circumstances. Judge Helmick, like the large majority of the early settlers of this county, was a man of strict integrity, industrious habits, and honest purpose. To such men Berrien county owes her great prosperity and standing. He was frequently honored by his fellow citizens with official position, holding the office of supervisor frequently, and for a long term of years the office of justice of the peace. For a short time he held the office of associate justice upon the bench of the county court. He lived to see his family grow up and settle around him, and become useful citizens, and then died on the seventh of March, 1881.

Resolved, That while the death of such a man is always the cause of regret to his associates in this life, we are consoled by the fact that his departure from us was his advent into the other life where we are soon to rejoin him.

Resolved, That we tender to the widow and children of our departed associate, our sympathy in the loss of the husband and father.

J. W. ROBINSON.

WHEREAS, Since our last meeting, Rev. J. W. Robinson, one of the best known members of our association has been taken from us, he having died at his home in Allegan county, January 13, 1881; and

WHEREAS, It appears from our records that our deceased friend and associate came to Pokagon, Cass county, with his parents in the fall of 1833, where a settlement was made, and where he grew to manhood, receiving such an education as there was afforded in the old log school-house. With such limited advantages he became an earnest student of history, the languages and natural science, enabling him to read German, Greek, and Latin, and to command historical and literary resources in discussion and conversation. He was licensed by the M. E. conference to preach in 1851. His first appointment was at St. Joseph, in this county, and he was for a long time presiding elder of his church in this district, and was a man of more than ordinary power

and of single aim and great earnestness. He delivered the address at our meeting in this grove in 1876, which was an able and very interesting review of the settlement and growth of the county.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his widow and children in their great loss, and with the church which has been deprived of so able a minister.

THOMAS FORD.

WHEREAS, Among the members of our association who has joined our associates who had preceded him to the other life, is Thomas Ford, who died August 12, 1880. He was the son of John Ford, one of the earliest settlers of Berrien township, where Thomas was born, September 1, 1841. Here he resided until a few years before his death, when he went to Idaho and engaged in mining. His health becoming impaired, he returned and settled with his family in this village, where he resided until death called him away; and

WHEREAS, Thomas Ford, during his life among us, was known to us as an industrious pioneer, a man of integrity, and faithfully performed the duties assigned to him. We feel keenly the loss of such a man being called away at so early an age.

Resolved, That we extend to his widow the sympathy of the association in her great bereavement.

MRS. RICHARD MCOMBER.

WHEREAS, Since our last meeting, Rachael McOmber, wife of Richard McOmber, of Buchanan, departed this life; and

WHEREAS, She was a member of this association and one of the earliest settlers of this county, having come here in 1834, stopping at Niles about a year, when they purchased the farm in Berrien township, now known as the poor farm, where they resided, and cleared and improved the place until 1854, when they sold it to the county. She, with her husband, passed through the hardships incident to pioneer life. She was a noble woman, gentle and kind in her manners, and possessing the graces that constitute the perfect wife and mother, and was highly esteemed by all who knew her. In her death her husband and children have lost an affectionate wife and mother, and this association one of its most valued members; therefore

Resolved, That we extend to the husband and children of the deceased, the sympathy and condolence of this association.

DR. JOSEPH MANSFIELD.

WHEREAS, Dr. Joseph Mansfield, who came to southwestern Michigan in 1832, and has been well known in this county ever since, died at his residence in Benton township, in this county, December 21, 1880, at the age of sixty-nine, was respected as a good citizen and honest man by all who knew him; therefore

Resolved, That we deem his name and character deserving of honorable mention in our proceedings, and of a tribute from us to his memory and virtues. And while we grieve to hear of his death and to part with one of our old friends, who was also the friend of man, we will award to his remains every token of respect in our power as one worthy to be remembered, and of a place in our archives.

DEATH OF MAJOR WM. GRAVES.

From the Niles Mirror, April 27, 1881.

Major William Graves died at his residence in this city, last night, at 9:30 o'clock, aged 72 years. This sad event was not unlooked for by our citizens.

Those intimately associated with Major Graves noticed and remarked six weeks or more ago that he was failing, although he continued on duty as city treasurer until nearly the last of March, when he was compelled to seek his room, and soon thereafter was unable to sit up. He continued to fail, and at no time within three weeks would his death have created surprise. A strong constitution and great courage kept him alive longer than his family and friends expected he would survive.

Major Graves was one of nature's noblemen. Honest, manly, outspoken, and entirely unreserved on any question proper to be discussed, such was his uniform, we might say, never failing and never varying courtesy, that he never offended those with whom he discussed public matters. There was much, very much, in his life that was commendable. He was a good neighbor, a kind, considerate, and unwavering friend, steadfast as a rock, and it is said of him that he never had a lawsuit, nor indulged in a personal quarrel. He had the rare, the Christian virtue of always speaking well, and never uncharitably of his fellow men. He never hinted, but if he had a charge to make for an offense committed, he was open and manly about it, and was always ready to back his assertions with indisputable facts. But, as we have already said, he had boundless charity, and this, with his strict integrity, gave him hosts of friends and made him a great favorite with men of all parties, even when taking an active part in party politics.

Major Graves was a man of the old school; courteous, of fine sensibilities, of unostentatious but very strong attachments for his home and family, wise in counsel, and unfaltering in friendship.

He was born on the 19th day of July, 1809, at Southampton, New Hampshire; came to Michigan to reside in 1835.

Major Graves resided continuously in Michigan for upwards of 45 years. During that time he led an active and busy life. For many years he was the agent of the Great Stage Line which ran from Albany to Chicago. At first he was in charge of a division of the line which extended from Rochester to Lewiston, near Niagara Falls, and subsequently he had control of the line which extended from the Falls to Detroit, through Canada, and at length he became the manager and a large stockholder in the White Line, which extended from Rochester to Chicago. This was before the days of railroads, when all traveling was by stage. It will be readily seen that the greatest business capacity was required to manage a line of communication which extended over 800 miles of country. We have always heard that the management of Maj. Graves gave eminent satisfaction. Indeed, his reputation in this direction was so great that in 1856–7, he was selected by the proprietors of the Great Stage Route from St. Joseph, Mo., to California, via Fort Smith, Arkansas, El Paso, Texas, and thence to Los Angeles, California, to inspect and report upon the whole route.

Major Graves, by which title he was best known in this community, received his commission in the State Militia from Stevens T. Mason, first governor of the State of Michigan. This was in 1836 or 1837. He claimed for several years before his death, that he was the oldest living militia officer in the State. Major Graves was repeatedly honored by the people of Michigan and of Niles with their suffrage for offices of honor and trust. In 1852, he was elected Secretary of State for the State of Michigan, and served in that capacity for two years. He was twice mayor of the city of Niles, and was four times elected treasurer of the city. No better evidence can be given of the respect

in which he was held by the citizens of Niles than the fact that he was re-elected treasurer again on the 4th day of the present month. On the day of election, the condition of Major Graves was most critical, and it was generally understood he could not survive, but the citizens, by general consent, seemed to agree that he should "die in the harness," and democrats and republicans cast their votes for the veteran who had been a citizen of Niles for nearly half a century.

Major Graves was an old and honored member of the Masonic fraternity. He was repeatedly Master of the lodge in Niles, and was for several years a Deputy Grand Master of the State.

The death of Major Graves removes a landmark, as it were, from this section of the State. He was known to almost every man, woman, and child in Berrien county, and there were few men in the State who had a larger acquaintance among public men. We believe he has not left an enemy behind him. He was firm in his political, as he was in all his convictions, but his opinions were never advanced in an offensive way, or in a manner to wound even the most sensitive nature. In his friendships he was steadfast and strong. He was a favorite with young men, many of whom were indebted to him for courtesies and kindnesses of which the world knew nothing.

Major Graves, at the time of his death, was between 71 and 72 years of age. Mrs. Graves died two years ago, and the Major survived all except one of his five children. His son Frank was killed as Colonel of the 8th Michigan Regiment while leading a charge in the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864. Mrs. Gen. H. A. Morrow is the only surviving child.

THE BURIAL.

From an early hour on the morning of the calm, beautiful spring Sabbath which ushered in the last week of April, friends came pouring in from neighboring towns and hamlets to unite with our citizens in paying their last sad tribute of respect to one of the oldest, most respected and (judging from the great number present at the obsequies) the most loved of all our citizens, Major William Graves. Soon after one o'clock a few of the more intimate friends of the family assembled at the house of Mrs. Gen. H. A. Morrow, where, after an impressive prayer by Rev. Dr. A. Eddy, of the Presbyterian church, the casket was closed and the body removed to the hearse, six Master Masons, viz: Hon. Henry Chamberlain of Three Oaks, Judge J. E. Johnson, Thomas G. Stevens, Judge B. F. Fish, H. A. Chapin, and Dr. J. S. Reeves, acting as pall-bearers. The procession was then formed on Fourth and Main streets, under escort of Niles Commandery Sir Knights, numbering, with visiting brothers, nearly one hundred, all in full parade dress. These were preceded by the South Bend Cornet Band and the police force of this city. Following the hearse were carriages containing the family of General Morrow and family friends; also a carriage containing Messrs. Landon, Dean, Howard, Bonine, Platt, and Krick, all the surviving ex-mayors of the city. Following these on foot were the mayor, recorder, aldermen and other city officers, also the officers of the county, St. Joseph Valley Lodge No. 4 (of which deceased was a member), Niles Lodge No. 97, with a strong force of visiting brethren from adjacent towns, members of Defiance, Fearless, and Wide Awake hose companies, with badges, followed by a long line of carriages filled with citizens and strangers. The sidewalks were thronged as the imposing funeral cortege moved forward, to the music of a

dirge, to the Episcopal church, of which Major Graves was a communicant. But few comparatively could find access to the church. The rector, Rev. Mr. Tate, supplemented the impressive church service with a brief but timely and appropriate discourse. This ended, the procession re-formed, and proceeded to the place of burial. Upon arriving at the cemetery the casket was placed in the center of the large vacant space fronting the receiving tomb, where, in the presence of some 2,500 or 3,000 friends, the solemn burial service of the Masonic fraternity was read by William J. Gilbert, Esq., the grand honors were given, the usual insignia deposited in the grave, and the procession escorted the family back to the stricken home, where they were dismissed. All agree that upon no previous occasion of the kind was there so large a concourse of people or so imposing a procession. The day was beautiful, the slight shower just after noon served to lay the dust and to cool the heated atmosphere, and the clouds which obscured the sun made it possible for all to join the procession without inconvenience. Few men who have lived among us were more widely known or more truly honored than Major Graves. Added to this, the tender sympathy felt for the now doubly bereft daughter, Mrs. Morrow, and the high esteem in which she and her family are held by all classes, drew together such an assemblage as may never again be witnessed in Niles. The floral offerings were elaborate, consisting of a Maltese cross from the Knights Templar, a square and compass from the Blue Lodges, and a Roman cross and basket of flowers from other friends. Among the strangers present we observed Hon. Digby V. Bell, of Detroit, besides many prominent citizens from South Bend, and representatives from nearly or quite every town in this and Cass counties.

The following poem was composed and read by Mrs. John Snyder:

BETSY AND JOSIAH.

Well, Betsy, dear, another year
So soon has passed away,
And we have lived to see the dawn
Of this Old Settlers' day.
So while you fix our dinner up,
I'll hitch the steady gray
To our new carriage, just from town,
And we will haste away.

Laws, Betsy! who would ever dream'd
Most fifty years ago,
That you and I would rise so high
Or make so good a show?
You laugh and say I'm getting proud
In these my latter days,
And really fear I'm being spoiled
With my fast horse and chaise.

But, Betsy, I'm not half so proud
As when we first came west,
And you and my ox team was all
The riches I possessed.
There where we pitched our little tent,
No farther west to roam,
No mansion ever seemed so bright
As that small woodland home.

While there you spread our little feast,
Then by an out-door fire
You made and baked the first corn cake
For you and your Josiar.
And so we went to keeping house
Where naught but woods abound,
And not a neighbor to be seen
For many miles around.

But you were quite content, and I
The work had soon begun,
Of opening up a passage way
To greet the shining sun.
How soon the forest learned to bow!
E'en while my ax would ring,
Those giant trees fell at my feet
As if I were their king.

I labored hard, I know I did,
But when the day was gone
You always met me with a smile
Or some old-fashioned song.
And then of evenings I would make
Our furniture, you know,
While you sat at the little wheel
A spinning flax or tow.

That little wheel was never still,
And when the children came
So thick and fast, it seemed that you
Kept spinning just the same.
Sometimes the meal got rather low,
Then I'd get rather blue,
But you would smile, and say the Lord
Would bring us safely through.

Why, Betsy, every thing we have,
I owe it all to you,
For you were braver far than I,
And you shall have your due.
But you remember, Betsy, when
I told you just in fun,
That you grew young and handsomer
With every setting sun,

How the next day you sought a trough
And filled it to the brim,
With water from the spring, and then
Stood proudly looking in.
And when I spied you how you stormed
And caused our first hard spat,
Because I told you 'twas yourself
That you was looking at.

So then to make amends I went
Some twenty miles or more
To town, and bought a looking-glass
And hung it by the door.
But, Betsy, they were happy times
In spite of cares and toil,
For warmer hearts or freer hands
Ne'er cleared or tilled the soil,

Than those found there in Michigan,
Most fifty years ago.
They loved their neighbors as themselves,
Just as we're told to do.
Why, bless you, Betsy, now-a-days
You'll hear some young man say—
"The times are hard," when there is work
And lots of ready pay.

Why, I would like to take them back,
And I would like to show
Just what their brave forefathers did,
So they might better know
What labor and what hardships meant.
I think they'd shrink with dread
At what they saw, and hasten back
To their hard times instead.

And, Betsy, girls were different then
From what the girls are now;
These do not like the calloused hand
And honest, sun-burned brow.
They like the men that wear fine clothes
And a deceiving smile,
Who do not labor, yet who live,
And sport a heap o' style.

They tell us that to spin and weave
Was for an earlier race,
And that for these enlightened days,
'Tis rather out of place.
And, Betsy, I have sometimes thought,
Perhaps the young and gay
Might think that these old Pioneers
Were somewhat in the way.

But they are dropping, one by one,
And soon they'll all be gone.
These silver heads and trembling hands
Will join another throng.
We shall miss some of them to-day
Who met with us last year,
But now have laid aside all cares
To never more appear.

And it may next be you and I
That will be called to go
To sleep beside those Pioneers
Of fifty years ago.
So I will pray the best I can
When we from life retire,
That there will be a place up there
For Betsy and Josiar.

Dr. OLIVER C. COMSTOCK

CALHOUN COUNTY.

OLIVER C. COMSTOCK, M. D., SECOND PRESIDENT OF THE MICHIGAN STATE PIONEER SOCIETY.

DR. OLIVER C. COMSTOCK was born in 1806, in the county of Saratoga, State of New York. He practiced his profession ten years in Tompkins County, N. Y., from whence he emigrated to this State in 1836, and settled in Marshall, Calhoun County, where he still resides. He received a liberal education, and is a gentlemen of scholarly taste and habits. He has from its inception been a useful and industrious member of the Board of Historians, and is devoted to the interests of the society, as will fully appear on reference to the published volumes of Pioneer Collections.

TRINITY CHURCH, MARSHALL.

HON. H. G. WELLS, DEAR SIR:—Agreeably to my promise, I send you herewith a condensed history of Trinity Church, Marshall. I send you the history of the church read by Rev. Dr. Montgomery Schuyler at the consecration of the present church. No one is better able than he, to write up its early history; for his time and money were freely given in those pioneer days.

O. C. COMSTOCK.

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF TRINITY CHURCH.

According to appointment, Bishop McCoskry laid the corner-stone of a new Episcopal Church in Marshall, on Thursday, June 27, 1861, in the presence of a large congregation.

The procession was formed at the house of the rector, the Rev. S. S. Chapin. It was composed of the officers of the church, and the following named clergy:

Rev. John Wayland, D. D., of Roxbury, Mass.; Rev. Montgomery Schuyler, D. D., of St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. L. H. Corson of Jonesville; Rev. B. H. Paddock and A. L. Brewer of Detroit; Rev. Mr. Bush of Battle Creek; Rev. Mr. Pulford of Kalamazoo; Rev. Mr. Goodale of Iowa; the Rector of the Parish, and the Rt. Rev. S. A. McCoskry, Bishop of the Diocese.

On arriving at the site of the church, the bishop proceeded with the service. Rev. Mr. Chapin read a list of the articles deposited in the box, as follows:

One Bible. One Prayer book. History of organization of Trinity Church, Marshall. List of Clergy present. List of Communicants. List of names of S. S. teachers and scholars. List of the officers of Trinity Church, Marshall. Journal of Convention of the Diocese of Michigan, 1860. One Church Almanac.

Church Papers.—The Calendar of June 15, 1861. The Church Journal, of June 19, 1861. Gospel Messenger, May 23, 1861.

City Papers.—Marshall Statesman, of June 26, 1861. Marshall Expounder, of June 20, 1861.

Address of Samuel Buel, on opening of Cemetery. Names of Architect, Builder, and Building Committee. List of names of city officers. Names of Governor and Lieut. Governor of State. Names of President and Vice-President of U. S. Date of laying corner-stone.

When the stone had been placed in its proper position, the bishop resumed the service, and striking the stone three times with a hammer, said:

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen. I lay the corner-stone of an edifice to be here erected by the name of Trinity Church, and to be devoted to the service of Almighty God, agreeably to the principles of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, in its doctrines, ministry, liturgy, rites, and usages."

An anthem from the Psalms of David was chanted by the choir and congregation, when the bishop prayed for God's blessing upon the work and upon all those who might hereafter worship in that holy temple.

The Rev. Dr. Schuyler then read the following brief but very interesting history of the parish:

At the request of your rector, I have consented, on this occasion, to give a brief historical sketch of the parish. In the providence of God I was connected with its earliest history as a layman, and afterwards, for a period of three years, as its second rector. There is, perhaps, no one living who is more intimately acquainted with its first struggles for existence, who remembers more feelingly the hopes and fears, the difficulties and encouragements the little band of churchmen experienced in its inception, and who can sympathize more warmly with the present noble enterprise to build a church worthy of the progress of your beautiful city, and the increase and strength of the church and congregation.

Never shall I forget the sense of loneliness and desolation that characterized the return of each Lord's day, when, as yet, there was no place of worship in the little hamlet, consecrated to the service of Almighty God; especially when for months those of us who from childhood had loved the church, were precluded from joining in its time-honored forms.

The first settlement on the spot that now comprises the village of Marshall, was in the spring of A. D. 1831, by George Ketchum, and six others who accompanied him, and by him was the first hamlet built. The Rev. John D. Pierce, a Congregational minister, arrived in July, and preached the first sermon in Calhoun county.

In the month of August, in the same year, Sidney Ketchum followed with his family, and others, among whom was Mr. Randall Hobart, a local preacher among the Methodists, and by him were the first religious services of that denomination held in the little settlement—preaching at first in Mr. Ketchum's house.

In May of the next year, the first Congregational society was organized, consisting of seven members, and the Rev. J. D. Pierce chosen as their pastor.

In the summer of this year the fearful scourge of the Asiatic cholera broke out, and prevailed with alarming severity, taking one out of every seven of their number. This served for some time to check the growth of the settlement, which had begun to look forward with ambitious hopes to a future city; and hence, in the autumn of 1835, when he who now addresses you came, there were only about 150 inhabitants. In 1832 the first school-house of the town was built, and it was there that public worship for the village was solemnized, by the Rev. Messrs. Pierce and Hobart, for several years. The first service of the Episcopal church was celebrated in this school-house, and the first sermon from one of her ministers was preached by the Rev. Charles B. Stout, now of Illinois, in the summer of 1836. At that time the population of the village numbered about 300.

In the succeeding fall and winter the few Episcopalians who were then resident, began to entertain hopes that the time was not far distant when a parish

could be organized, and the village and vicinity were thoroughly canvassed to ascertain what amount could be raised toward the building of a church. In the spring of 1837 the parish was organized, and Messrs. J. W. Gordon and Montgomery Schuyler were chosen wardens; and Dr. J. H. Montgomery, Bradley K. Crissey, Sidney S. Allcott, C. T. Gorham, and Andrew Mann elected vestrymen. In the same spring, the Bishop of the Diocese visited us, and preached in the old school-house, which was the second service of the church held in this village.

The building of the church was immediately entered upon and prosecuted with such earnestness and diligence, that early in the autumn it was completed. That was a glad day for the little band of churchmen when they were ready to present to the Bishop a neat and tasteful little church for consecration. It had been built at a cost of over $2,000, chiefly by the wardens and vestrymen, none of whom were rich, and hence at much sacrifice of time and money to the very few engaged in it. And yet it was gladly met and cheerfully endured by them, grateful that it had pleased God to give them the ability and willingness thus to contribute.

I will read to you an account of the consecration service, as published in the Marshall Times, and afterwards transferred to a church paper in Connecticut, entitled The Chronicle of the Church:

"We learn that on Thursday, the 3d of September last, the new Episcopal church, called Trinity Church, in Marshall, Michigan, was consecrated to the service of Almighty God, by the Right Reverend S. A. McCoskry. The Rev. Mr. Reighly, of Ypsilanti, and the Rev. Mr. Cushman, of St. Joseph, were present, and assisted in the services. 'It was truly,' says the Marshall Times, 'a solemn and imposing service.' As the rite of confirmation was to be administered, the sermon was devoted entirely to that subject. The Bishop, however, made a few excellent and appropriate remarks upon the propriety of setting houses apart exclusively to the worship of Almighty God. * * * The text was from 1st Thessalonians, verse 21—'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.' It was full of sound argument, and while all the energies of the speaker were directed to the establishment of the peculiar doctrines of his church on the subject of confirmation, still he manifested the utmost kindness and charity to the views of those who differ from him. The communion was also administered, and through the whole of the services, which occupied between three and four hours, the utmost order and solemnity prevailed. Many felt with St. Peter at the transfiguration of his blessed Master, 'It is good for us to be here.'"

The Bishop, according to his appointment, spent the first three days of September with us, and the church was opened three times each day, when the services were regularly performed by the Bishop or one of the clergy present.

The Rev. Mr. Cushman remained and preached in the new church about two months immediately succeeding, and for the month of December the Rev. John Noble officiated. Lay services were then regularly kept up until the month of February, 1838, when the Rev. Samuel Buel was called as the first Rector, and entered immediately upon his duties. He remained one year and eight months, and resigned October 14, 1839, leaving a list of communicants, numbering 28. During his rectorship there were eleven baptisms, four confirmations, two marriages and thirteen burials.

For the space of eighteen months the parish was without a Rector; the Rev. W. N. Lyster officiating monthly, at much self-sacrifice, and in the interim lay services were maintained. During this period there were four baptisms, four confirmations, and two burials.

In the spring of 1841, the Rev. M. Schuyler was called, and entered upon

his duties. His rectorship continued for the space of three years—resigning his ministerial charge April 8, 1844. During his rectorship the church building was enlarged at an expense of over $1,000, about half of which was contributed by churchmen at the east. The capacity of the church was increased thereby at least one-third, and a tower and bell added. During the same period there were 53 baptisms, 55 confirmations, 7 marriages, 18 burials, and 56 added to the Holy Communion. In July following, Rev. E. A. Greenleaf succeeded to the rectorship. He continued nearly two years, and resigned May, 1846. During his rectorship there were 24 baptisms, 12 confirmations, 3 marriages, 15 burials, and 12 added to the Holy Communion.

The Rev. Joseph S. Large succeeded to the rectorship, and entered upon his duties in the month of December, 1846. His rectorship continued but for one year, resigning November 1st, 1847, during which time there were 4 baptisms, 6 confirmations, 2 marriages, 6 burials, and 6 added to the Holy Communion. The church was repaired, the lot fenced, trees planted, and other alterations and improvements made.

Nearly a year intervened between the resignation of the Rev. Mr. Large and the calling of the Rev. Hiram Adams, who entered upon the rectorship in October, 1848. During this time there were occasional services by clergymen passing through the town, and at other times lay services were regularly maintained. The Rev. Mr. Adams served as rector for one year and six months, and resigned April, 1850. There were under his ministry 40 baptisms, 32 confirmations, 5 marriages, 11 burials, and 55 added to the Holy Communion.

The Rev. Alvah Guion very soon succeeded, entering upon the charge of the parish in 1850, and resigning in April, 1852, being a period of nearly two years. Under his charge there were 12 baptisms, 1 confirmation, 7 marriages, 13 burials, and 17 added to the Holy Communion.

In the same month of Mr. Guion's resignation, the Rev. Henry N. Strong entered upon the charge of the parish. His rectorship continued five years and four months, and during that time there were 114 baptisms, 42 confirmations, 32 marriages, 62 burials, and 36 added to the Holy Communion. He resigned August 31st, 1857.

The Rev. Charles Jones succeeded Mr. Strong, having been called November 30, 1857, and resigning December 12, 1859, being a period of two years and two weeks. During his rectorship there were 30 baptisms, 25 confirmations, 5 marriages, 13 burials, and 29 added to the Holy Communion.

On April 3, 1858, the old church and lot were sold to the Lutheran congregation for the sum of $2,000, and on the first of June, of the same year, the lot on which the church is now being built, measuring 8¾ rods front by 12 rods deep, was purchased for the sum of $1,124.40.

The present rector, Rev. Seth S. Chapin, was called April 29, 1860. On the 2d day of July, of the same year, it was unanimously voted that a new church should be built, and the plans, as furnished by Mr. Gordon W. Lloyd, were adopted by the vestry. In the month of April, 1861, the work on the church was begun. During the ministry of the present rector, embracing a period of one year and two months, there have been 25 baptisms, 13 confirmations, 2 marriages, 11 burials, and 22 added to the Holy Communion.

[Since the address was delivered, in 1861, there have been 45 baptisms, 46 confirmations, 30 burials, and 11 marriages. There are now 85 families and 150 communicants belonging to the parish.]

In closing this brief history of the parish, I cannot withhold a passing comment upon two facts worthy of special remark.

The first is, that the church was built and ready for consecration before a pastor was called, and when, too, there had only been two services held by a clergyman of the Church within the limits of the parish. This shows what can be done by a few resolute laymen whose hearts are enlisted, and who prize as they ought, the church,

> "Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
> Her hymns of love and praise."

Lay services were begun immediately upon the consecration of the church and have been regularly maintained when there was no pastor, and it is owing, undoubtedly to this fact, that the loss has not been more considerable consequent upon the frequent change of rectors, and the long intervals when there was no pastor to break the bread of life and administer the sacred offices of the church.

The other fact is, the frequent change of pastors, averaging but little over two years as the term of residence for each one. Now, clearly this is not as it should be. I know full well that these changes are by no means owing exclusively to the people, but that they are in a measure responsible, cannot be denied, and it seems as if now they had arrived at a point in the history of the parish, when it becomes them to determine that the sin, in this respect, shall not be all their own for the future. Let me say to them, you are now building a permanent church, of permanent materials—one which shall stand for generations; let it be the symbol of the permanency of the relation which shall subsist between pastor and people.

In conclusion, I would congratulate both him and you upon the style of architecture, and the simple, but beautiful plan you have adopted for your church; let me assure you of my earnest sympathy and prayers for the success of this noble enterprise upon which you have entered. This parish is endeared to my recollection as my first love—the one where I began my ministry as an embassador of Christ, after having lived among you for years in the relations of business—and where lie buried those who once were nearest and dearest to me; and this diocese is alike endeared to my affections—as from the hands of your bishop I received the apostolic rite of confirmation, my first communion, and by him also was ordained to the diaconate and priesthood of the church. Hence it is, that I have felt it a peculiar privilege to take part in these services, and with a full heart do I now bid you—God speed.

At the close of the address the Rev. Dr. Wayland, Rev. B. H. Paddock, and the Bishop made short addresses prompted by the occasion.

The *Gloria in Excelsis* was then sung, and the Bishop closed the interesting service with prayer and benediction.

Rev. Seth S. Chapin resigned his pastorate November 14th, 1866.

10th. Rector Rev. John K. Dunn resigned in June, 1868.

11th. Rector Rev. W. H. Moffatt resigned in August, 1870.

12th. Rector Geo. P. Shetky, D. D., resigned in May, 1874.

13th. Rector Rev. H. B. Whittemore resigned in July, 1879.

14th. Rector Rev. J. E. Walton is the present incumbent, and his resignation is, we trust, many years in the future.

The whole number of confirmations is 404; of baptisms, 596.

Present number of communicants, 141.

Value of church property, $21,368.00.

Trinity church, has from its organization, sustained a Sunday-school, and contributed, according to its ability, to Diocesan, Foreign and Domestic Missions, Nashota Theological Seminary, and to the suffering poor at home and abroad, and has never turned a deaf ear to the claims of destitute churches, indigent clergymen, or to the widows and orphans of deceased clergymen. While her contributions to these charities may not have been large, they have been cheerfully and religiously given. "She hath done what she could."

MEMORIAL REPORT.

From the Marshall Statesman, May 18th, 1882.

HENRY FAILING died in Denver, Col., on the 11th inst., in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

The deceased was born in the county of Herkimer, State of New York. He removed to this State with his small family in 1831, stopping for a short time in Ann Arbor, then a frontier town. In April, 1832, he settled in Marshall, then containing six log houses and about the same number of families. He purchased the farm now owned by Mr. Hamilton, north of the city, and began its improvement, in connection with brick-making. He was always industrious and prudent, and of course made money. All through his long life he had an open hand to Methodist church calls in all places of his residence, to-wit, Marshall, Albion, and Homer. He also paid liberally to Albion College. The aggregate of these benefactions is known to be large, yet they were rarely mentioned by the deceased, and never in an ostentatious manner. From 1854 to 1869 he lived in Albion. His home since that period, has been in Homer, where he married an estimable lady, who survives him. His first wife, who was the mother of his children, died and was buried in this city in 1847. Mr. Failing's long life was characterized by no extraordinary developments. He was always calm, always cheerful, always busy. In the Methodist church, to which he belonged for over half a century, he constantly bore testimony to the abundant support and happiness he constantly enjoyed in her communion and fellowship. His convictions were in his judgment, clear, stable, and scriptural. He thought himself founded on the Rock of Ages, and could not be moved. Certain it is that he never deviated from what he conscientiously believed to be the path of duty. His health had not been firm for some time, and he had been looking for his change with great composure for some years. He leaves to his children the priceless heritage of a good name and a good example, and to his many friends in this county the remembrance of an honored and revered friend, who has but just gone before them to the future to which all are now rapidly tending. The remains were tenderly laid away in the Albion cemetery, May 15, 1882.

REV. W. H. PERRINE, a distinguished Methodist clergyman of Albion, died in that village, January 22, 1881. The following is a brief sketch of his life and labors:

Wm. Henry Perrine, D. D., was born at Lyons, New York, October 8, 1827. His ancestry was of the Huguenots who fled to America in 1785. In 1833 the family settled in Sandstone, Mich., where William procured books and studied by the firelight. When 19 years of age he entered Michigan (now Hillsdale) college, from which he graduated in 1853, paying his way by teaching. In 1850 he was appointed to the South Albion circuit. In 1851 he was stationed at Jackson. After graduating he was appointed successively to Hastings, Detroit, Adrian, Ann Arbor, Flint, Albion college, Lansing, St.

Joseph, and Albion. He married Miss L. E. Benedict, October 7, 1854. Mrs. Perrine filled the chairs of languages and mathematics, and acted as preceptress in Albion college, with ability. In 1858, and again in 1868, they made trips to Europe and the Holy Land. In 1871 the degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by Albion college, in which he filled two professorships. He occupied many positions of note in Methodist conferences, state and national, and has long been a conspicuous figure in that church.

Rev. Dr. Perrine was an artist of more than common merit. While abroad in 1858 he took photographic views of the notable places in the Holy Land, which he enlarged, and I think painted, himself. With these enlarged pictures before him and his audience, he delivered a series of very interesting and instructive lectures. He also labored, and I think successfully, to establish in Albion college a department of fine arts. But the fire of his genius is forever extinguished, and we desire with his numerous friends, to unite in paying our sad tribute to his great and manly virtues.

CASS COUNTY.

CASS COUNTY PIONEER SOCIETY.

The seventh annual meeting of the Pioneer Society of Cass county was held on the 16th of June, 1880, and, like those that have preceded it, was a great success in point of numbers, and the social, peaceable, and enjoyable time experienced by those attending.

The number present was variously estimated, ten thousand being the average guess. Certain it is there was an immense crowd; the streets were thronged from early morning until noon with passing vehicles, and the dense mass of people surrounding the stand, extended farther than any human voice could reach.

Three bands, the Volinia silver cornet, the Calvin brass, and the Mechanicsburg martial bands furnished an abundance of good music.

Rev. S. Ketcham offered an appropriate prayer, and the President delivered the following address:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The seventh anniversary of the founding of this society is reached to-day. Seven years have come and gone since a few citizens of Cass county met in the court-house at Cassopolis, and took the initial steps towards establishing a social holiday for the early settlers of this part of Michigan, and to perpetuate the sayings and doings of those brave men and women who left the comforts and luxuries of southern and eastern homes, to battle with the discomforts and privations incident to subduing a wilderness, and carving out of it a state to be added to the Federal Union.

Seven years! How short they seem! What changes have taken place in our midst in that brief period! Of the earliest settlers of Cass county who were living seven years ago, how many of them are living now, and are with us to-day?

Nearly all of them have settled their accounts with old neighbors and friends, and have taken up their line of march to "the better land," to occupy homesteads staked out for them there by the great Master, who issues

title deeds without fee or reward to the earnest toilers of this world, bearing his sign manual, and the broad seal of his universal government.

In looking over the thousands assembled here to-day, not a score of them, I will venture to say, were living in Cass county as early as 1835; yet I recognize by hundreds the offspring of those brave men, who, between 1830 and 1840, had settled in Cass and the adjoining counties, upon the heavy timbered lands, the prairies, and the oak openings.

If evidence were needed to prove how indispensable the labors of these sturdy, adventurous pioneers have been to the welfare of the State and the country at large, I would point you to the map of our "beautiful peninsula," marked all over with lines, indicating well organized townships and counties—with long lines pointing out the course of railroads, which traverse the State in every direction, and thickly dotted over with thriving cities and villages.

If you needed further evidence I would refer you to the statistics of Michigan, which tell of her resources and wonderful progress. They speak of her well cultivated farms, of her churches and school-houses, of her manufacturing establishments, of her educational and reformatory institutions, of her asylums for the unfortunate and the friendless.

Then if you were to ask me to what or to whom are we indebted for all these? I would answer: To pioneer labor; to pioneer enterprise; to pioneer intelligence.

The early settlers found Michigan a wilderness. They hand it over to you, young men and women, a garden, highly cultivated and adorned. They bid you take it, and so use it, that when old age admonishes you to lay down the burden of life, you will hand it over to your children, and in truth say to them: "Our fathers gave it us to improve; we have improved it an hundred fold; take it and do likewise."

An important part of our mission as a society, is to collect, and on each annual festival of the old settlers, relate the facts and incidents of their emigration and settlement here. In other words, we are commissioned to write from year to year the history of this peculiar people—of this race of men who have excelled all other races in point of sturdy intelligence, and physical endurance.

As fast as we write this history, let us lay it before the generation growing around us, that our young may profit by all that was worthy in their example. In this connection, permit me to urge upon the members of the executive committee in the several townships, the necessity of collating all important facts and circumstances relating to our old settlers, and forward them to the historian of this society, that he may arrange them to be read at each annual festival.

> Hand down their names from sire to son;
> Tell how brave works and words have won
> From western wilds, a state, glorious and free;
> Then left it a noble heritage to thee.

In conclusion, let me further urge it upon all assembled here to-day, that you do not abate any degree of interest you have thus far manifested in these gatherings; but rather let that interest increase until you have established a permanent holiday, not only for yourselves, but for your children, and your children's children to remote generations.

The secretary read the reports of the officers as follows:

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

To the Pioneers of Cass County:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN:—At the annual reunion and picnic held one year ago, Mr. Joseph Harper was chosen secretary of the society. He refused to accept the position, and I have continued to perform the duties pertaining to the office.

My last report showed that orders had been drawn for expenses incurred up to the date of the report, for the sum of $11.37. Since that time I have drawn orders to the amount of $47.95. Total expenses last picnic, $64.45.

No accounts have been audited for the expenses of this reunion.

Since my report one year ago, seventy-four persons have signed the constitution and become members of the society, making the total number of signers at this time, five hundred and seventeen.

The museum has been continued under charge of Mr. I. V. Sherman, at his store, and has been carefully cared for by him as assistant secretary.

During the year L. B. Reames has presented to the society a piece of oak cut from a tree. This piece contained a number of nails driven into the tree to attach a clothes-line to, not less than forty years ago. The nails were wholly covered, and the growth by circles indicates that they had been grown over a good many years.

Uncle Ben. Silver has increased the specimens largely, as follows:

Petrified fir gum from the Willamette valley.

Burnt clay from the inside of a crater, near the summit of the Cascade mountains, Wasco Co., Oregon.

Petrified wood from the Willamette.

Lava from near Iron mountain on the summit of the Cascade, Linn county.

Sack of pebbles from the Pacific coast, containing moss agates, cornelians, petrified oysters, snails, and bright colored stones.

A piece of white cedar bark about six inches thick, from Port Osford, Oregon.

A sample of thick, heavy moss, which grows on all kinds of trees in Oregon.

A beaver's tail, teeth and feet.

Oyster rock from the Pacific coast.

Cinnabar ore, which produces 80 pounds of pure quicksilver per ton, from the Nonpareil mine, in Douglas county, Oregon; exhibited at the State fair in Salem, Oregon, 1879.

A curious perforated stone, supposed to be an Indian implement.

Specimens of timber, vine maple, laurel, chittim wood, and ewe tree.

The society is indebted to Uncle Ben. for the interest and trouble on his part to secure these valuable specimens, and the museum will soon become a more interesting place than at present.

L. H. GLOVER, *Secretary.*

TREASURER'S REPORT.

J. Tietsort, in acct. with Cass County Pioneer Society.

1879.	*Dr.*
June 17—To balance on hand	$73 17
To received donation, Hon. George Redfield	5 00
To donation, Hon. M. T. Garvey	50
June 19—To rent on booths, from L. H. Glover	44 25
June 20—Entry fees from Mr. Glover	17 25

1880.	
June 3—Collected on subscription, per G. B. Turner	$10 00
June 4—Collected on subscription, per H. S. Hadsell	3 25
June 15—Collected on subscription from Treasurer	14 00
Total amount received	$167 42
	Cr.
By paid sundry orders	$53 08
Balance June 15, 1880	$114 34

JOHN TIETSORT, *Treasurer.*

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The following officers were all re-elected by acclamation:
G. B. Turner, President.
L. H. Glover, Secretary.
I. V. Sherman, Assistant Secretary.
John Tietsort, Treasurer.
Charles W. Clisbee, Historian.
Executive Committee—Abijah Huyck, M. J. Gard, Josiah Layland, Henry Keeler, Henry Michael, Robert J. Dixon, Jesse J. Beeson, John Nixon, J. R. Grinnell, J. H. Hitchcox, Jefferson Osborn, J. N. Marshall, D. R. Stevens, R. D. May, James H. Beauchamp, Mason Doane.

PIONEERS PRESENT.

Among those present on the stand, we noted Mr. Branch, president of the Pioneer society of Van Buren county; W. B. Langley, secretary of the St. Joseph County association; Elijah Goble, an early settler on Little Prairie Ronde, but now a resident of our neighboring county of VanBuren, where an ambitious little hamlet, with a postoffice called Gobleville, has sprung up; Hon. A. B. Copley, who has also left the borders of our county, but not liking to get far away, has stopped at Decatur; Hon. George Meacham, the first sheriff of the county; Jacob Rinehart, now 76 years old, who settled on Young's Prairie in 1828; Wilson Harper, now of Berrien; Sewell Hull, also a resident of that county at present, Hon. W. G. Beckwith, Duncan McIntosh, Jesse G. Beeson, Benj. Cooper, Sr., E. C. Smith, and others.

VOLUNTEER SPEECHES.

Upon assembling in the afternoon, short, but pertinent and happy speeches were made by Mr. Branch, president of the Van Buren Pioneer society, W. B. Langley, secretary of the St. Joseph society, Hon. A. B. Copley, and Hon. Jesse G. Beeson.

A GRAND ANTHEM.

The whole audience, led by the band, sung the Pioneer Anthem, composed by Hon. Levi Bishop expressly for this society, to the tune of Old Hundred, the immense volume of sound making the woods re-echo with the song of praise.

THE AWARD OF HON. LEVI BISHOP'S PREMIUM BOOK OF POEMS.

It will be remembered that the Hon. Levi Bishop, of Detroit, donated to the society a copy of his poems, 5th edition, to be given to the pioneer having had the greatest number of children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren.

In the course of the regular order of business, the President announced the names of the competitors for this book as follows:

Orlean Putnam, La Grange; children 9, grandchildren 33, great grandchildren 2, total 44.

James East, Calvin; children 10, grandchildren 38, great grandchildren 6, total 54.

Wm. Griffis, Volinia; children 9, grandchildren 39, great grandchildren 7, total 55.

John M. Fellows, Calvin; children 12, grandchildren 37, great grandchildren 7, total 56.

Dr. Phineas Gregg, Calvin; children 11, grandchildren 53, great grandchildren 6, total 70.

Wm. Reames; children 16, grandchildren 68, great grandchildren 11, total 95.

Mr. Reames was born Jan. 29, 1807, has had three wives, Mary Reames, the third one, was born Nov. 25th, 1812.

The President then said: Until within half an hour I had supposed that this industrious and productive pioneer would be entitled to the book of poems; but Mrs. Lovina Reames, of the same town, aged 83 years, the widow of Aaron Reames, can boast a progeny far in excess of any heretofore announced. She has had children 13, grand children 61, great grand children 42, total 116.

It gives me great pleasure to be able to state that for years I lived on a farm adjoining the one occupied by Mrs. Reames, and learned to know her as a kind-hearted Christain woman, who was loved by all her neighbors and friends. Then addressing Mrs. Reames who sat in front of the stand, Mr. Turner said: In the name of Michigan's most gifted poet, the Hon. Levi Bishop, I am requested to present you this book. It is a token of his high regard for you, the most prolific pioneer in Cass county at present known to this society.

Take it, and rest assured that not only Mr. Bishop but this large assemblage of men and women honor you and yours for having done so much, legitimately, to multiply and replenish the earth; thereby fulfilling a very pleasant duty, and obeying a positive scriptural command. That your, and your children's days may be greatly lengthened in the land, and continued success attend every laudable undertaking of yourself and progeny, is, I have no doubt, the earnest wish of the the thousands assembled here to-day.

MEMORIAL REPORT.

Newsom Tann, of Calvin, was found dead on his farm, August 16, 1879, aged 67.

Alexander Bolter, formerly of Porter, this county, and father of Lemuel R. Bolter, died at his residence in Harrison county, Iowa, June 23, 1879, about the 70th year of his age. Mr. B. was an early settler in the vicinity of Shavehead Prairie, and was remarkable for his eccentricities, one of which is well remembered by all lovers of funny anecdotes, in connection with his second marriage to a young maid which occurred after Mr. Bolter had passed the age of 60 years.

Mrs. Mary Green, wife of Amos Green, of Volinia, died at Manton, Wexford county, Mich., July 15, 1879, in the 48th year of her age. She was the eldest daughter of Jonathan and Elizabeth Gard, and was born in Volinia, June 13, 1832. She married Mr. Green, who survives her, in March, 1851, and three children were the fruits of their wedded life. She had always resided in this county until about a year before her death, when she removed

to Northern Michigan. A woman of strong mind and tender heart, she bequeathed a warm and motherly influence on a host of sorrowing friends at her decease.

MRS. CLARISSA BROWN MEAD, widow of the late Barak Mead, Esq., of Cassopolis, died at her residence in this vlllage, July 28, 1879. She was born in Middlefield, Otsego county, N. Y., December 11, 1805, and December 26, 1822, was married to 'Squire Mead at Amenia, N. Y. In 1834, with her husband, she came to Michigan and settled August 1st, at Edwardsburg, where they continued to reside until April, 1847, when they came to Cassopolis. Her husband died February 26, 1874. Mrs. Mead was one of the organizers of the Baptist Church at Edwardsburg, and lived and died a worthy examplar of the true Christian life. Five children, grown to man and womanhood, survive to cherish her memory.

MRS. MARY ANDERSON, wife of Ebenezer Anderson, of Penn township, died at her residence, August 10, 1879. She was born near Bedford, Pa., November 9, 1798, and when only one year old her parents removed to Ohio, where, January 12, 1823, she married Mr. Anderson, who still survives her, and raised a large family of children, Lemuel, Samuel, and Richard, and the late Mrs. D. M. Howell, Mrs. Sarah Stewart, of Iowa, and Mrs. John Ellen Mowrey, whose well-known traits of character came largely from their deceased mother. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson came to Niles, November 28, 1833, and in 1841 came to Cass county.

COLEMAN C. PECK, of Marcellus, but for many years a resident of Cassopolis, fell dead on the street in Marcellus, February 24, 1880.

GREEN ALLEN, of Calvin, was one of the first colored citizens who settled in Cass county. He was born in Northampton county, N. C., February, 1807, and having removed on account of the blight of slavery in his native State, to Logan county, Ohio, he pushed on to Michigan, where larger and ampler opportunities were afforded his race, and settled in Calvin in September, 1848. Here, by honesty and industry, he acquired a large property, which with an untarnished name he bequeathed to his large family of descendants, among whom are some of the most respected of our county. His death occurred August 17, 1879.

JOHN HARVEY SIMPSON, of Pokagon, died at his residence in that town, August 19, 1879. He was born in New Hampshire, October 2, 1824, and came to Michigan about thirty years ago. He was an active and influential member of the Baptist Church, and a most exemplary Christian and highly esteemed citizen.

MRS. JANE VAN VLIET HULL, wife of Sewell Hull, died near Sacramento, Cal., August 27, 1879, in the 75th year of her age. Mrs. H. was born in New York, and in 1837 came to Niles, Berrien county, and in 1850 removed to Dowagiac, and afterwards to Cassopolis. In 1869, with her husband, she removed to Kansas, and in 1877 they again removed to California. Mrs. Hull possessed great energy and was ever engaged in works of love and philanthropy, and devoted to the propagation of anti-slavery doctrines when they were not as popular as in later days.

NATHAN ROBINSON, of Jefferson died after a very brief illness of a few hours, on Sept. 3, 1879, aged 59, at his home in the southern part of Jefferson township. He was an early settler in this county, but we have not been able to learn the facts in his history.

MRS. HANNAH DECKER died at her residence in Howard township, Sept.

8, 1879, at the age of 64 years. She was an early settler in Cass county, and the mother of Charles Decker, who formerly ran the Cassopolis foundry.

MRS. RACHAEL SHERMAN, widow of Joseph Sherman of Marcellus, died at her residence, Sept. 18, 1879, at the age of 76. She came to Cass county and settled in Marcellus about the year 1842.

MRS. ROXANA HATCH, widow of Noah Hatch, who was the father of Dr. O. M. Hatch of Mason, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Hugh C. McNeil, in Mason, Sept. 18, 1879. Mrs. Hatch, who was formerly the widow Ives, came to Cass county about 40 years ago, and married Noah Hatch in 1842, with whom she lived until his death in 1851. She was the mother of four sons and two daughters by her former husband Ives, all grown to years of useful citizenship in our county.

CHARLES HENRY MORRIS AND ESTHER JONES MORRIS of Volinia, whose foul murder, Sept. 28, 1879, has been on the lips of every citizen, need only a passing notice. Henry, the youngest son of Dolphin Morris, was born on the farm where he was murdered, May 9, 1847. His wife, a daughter of Asa Jones of Edwardsburg, was born near that village about two years later. They were married December 24, 1869. An only child died in infancy in September previous to their murder.

VORTIMER RATHBUN died at Cassopolis, Oct. 17, 1879, aged 45 years. He was born in Sandusky county, O., July 5, 1834. He came to Cass county about 25 years ago, and lived with his father, Lucius Rathbun, and his older brother, Lafayette. He left a widow and four children.

FLOYD GAWTHROP, formerly of this county, and a brother of David Gawthrop, died at his residence in Amherst, Wis., Oct. 20, 1879.

MRS. LORA NORTHROP HULL, wife of Prof. P. G. Hull, and daughter of A. D. Northrop of Calvin, died suddenly at Jackson, Mich., Nov. 14, 1879. She was born at the present residence of her father, in Calvin, March 18, 1855.

DAVID S. BALDWIN, only son of Wm. Baldwin, a pioneer of Pokagon, died at Troy, Mich., Nov. 19, 1879, aged 33. He was born in Pokagon. He had achieved considerable notoriety and success as a banjoist and end man in the negro minstrelsy business.

ELIZABETH BUTCHER died in Calvin, Dec. 12, 1879, at the age of 79 years.

MRS. JUDITH MARLET, a daughter of Dr. G. W. Fosdick, of Volinia, died in Chicago, Dec. 14, 1879, aged 29 years. She was born in Goshen, Ind., but lived nearly all her life in Cass county.

WILLIAM YOUNG, who was most atrociously robbed and murdered, Dec. 16, 1879, at his residence in Howard, came to this county in 1831, and settled on the land he purchased from the government, in 1832. His daughters, Mrs. Corral Messenger, and Mrs. Austin Curtis, survive him, and one, Mrs. Jason B. Coats, has since died. Uncle Billy Young was a man of eccentric habits. He was born in Rutland, Vt., April 17th, 1798.

DAVID BEMENT, the father of Harley S. Bement, Esq., of Jefferson, died at his residence in Ontwa, Dec. 18, 1879. Mr. B. was born in Hartford county, Conn., Oct. 17, 1813, and at the age of eight years was taken by his parents to Ontario county, N. Y. In 1836 he came to the then wilderness of Michigan and entered land in Mason township. Returning to New York, he, in 1838, married Miss Roxana Schutt, and returned to Michigan to carve out a home. In 1843 he swapped for a farm in Ontwa, where he lived till his death. A kind and warm-hearted neighbor, an unflinching democrat, a good citizen,

and an honest man, the whole community mourned the death of David Bement. His estimable wife and five children survive him.

GEORGE ROGERS, of Adamsville, died at his residence, December 28, 1879, aged 51 years. He was born in Wayne county, N. Y., and removed to this county in October, 1849. For many years a justice of the peace, and for four years, 1869–'70–'71–'72, as treasurer of Ontwa, Mr. Rogers faithfully discharged the duties of official station, and died respected alike by political friends and foes.

MILTON HULL, of Dowagiac, was born in Danville, Vt., October 17th, 1804. His father was the sixth settler of the township in Vermont where young Milton was born. At the age of thirty, Milton removed to Niles, and in 1850 to Dowagiac, where he resided until his death, December 28, 1879, which occurred very suddenly, as he was found dead in bed, apparently having died without a struggle. Deacon Hull was a most exemplary Christian citizen, and by his honest and laborious life justified, yea more, magnified his profession.

MRS. AUGETINE MESSENGER died at the residence of her son, Cruso Trudell, in Cassopolis, January 17th, 1880, very suddenly, aged 65 next November. She was the widow of Reverius Messenger.

DANIEL VAN TUYL.—One of the most remarkable men among the early settlers of Cass county was "Uncle Dan." Van Tuyl. He was born in New Jersey, March 13, 1796. His father died in his youth, and with his mother he removed to Pennsylvania, and then, about 1816 he removed to Geauga county, Ohio, and in the fall of 1835 he came to Cass county and settled on the farm now owned by Henry Hanson, in Jefferson. He left six children to cherish the memory of a truly remarkable man. He was nearly 84 years of age, and had never tasted liquor or used tobacco in any shape in his long life. Another commendable habit from which he never varied, was always to pay his debts either before or at the time they were due. His death occurred January 20, 1880.

MRS. JASON B. COATS died in child-birth at her residence in LaGrange township, three miles west of Cassopolis, on January 20th, 1880. She was a daughter of William Young. She was born in Howard township, May 27th, 1836.

GEORGE SMITH, of Milton, who was one of the early settlers of the south part of Cass county, was born in Sussex county, Delaware, September 22, 1810. He came to Michigan in October, 1828, and built a log cabin that year at the foot of Lake street in Edwardsburg, and there lived for several years until about 1830, when he removed to his farm in Milton, where he died January 25, 1880. Uncle George was a peculiar man in many respects, and possessed many good traits of character. He left a large and well-known family. Wm. H. Smith, of Howard, is a son of this venerable pioneer.

JOHN LYBARKER, of Mason, died February, 18, 1880. He was born in Pennsylvania, and came to Ohio at an early day, and twenty-eight years ago came to Mason and settled in the north part of the township. He was a highly respected citizen, and in Mr. Lybarker's death the community lost a quiet and unostentatious citizen. He was repeatedly elected by his fellow-citizens to office, and in all stations acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the community.

NATHAN ODELL, of Penn, died at his residence in that township, February 22, 1880, in his 61st year. Nathan was the fifth son of James Odell, who

bought in 1832 the old Carpenter mill, the first built in Cass county, and was born in Paint township, Highland county, Ohio, September 8, 1819. In 1831 his parents removed to Pigeon Prairie, St. Joseph county, Michigan, and the next year removed to Penn, and settled on section 34, where Nathan lived until his death. His wife, formerly Miss Electa Knowlton, of Mishawaka, Ind., who still survives him, and to whom he was married January 19, 1851, receives the warm sympathy of the many friends of the deceased. His father, James Odell, was a member of the first constitutional convention of Michigan.

BARKER F. RUDD, of Newberg, died at his residence in that township February 22, 1880. He, with his two brothers, Maryrick and Stephen, came to Cass county from Vermont, where he was born, and settled in 1834 on the farm where he died, in Newberg. Jeremiah came in 1836 and died in 1855. His two sons, Jay and Orson, are still respected citizens of this county. Six children and his widow survive him. He was married to Miss Lucinda Brakeman, in Newberg, July 4, 1838.

MRS. JENNETTE H. MORTON, wife of Charles L. Morton, of Cassopolis, died at his residence February 27, 1880, greatly beloved and respected by a large circle of admiring friends and relatives. She was born at Cassopolis, October 27, 1843, and married Mr. Morton February 1, 1870.

MRS. S. M. ROBERTS died at Vandalia, March 1, 1880, in her 62d year. She was born at Lockport, N. Y., August 21, 1818, and married James Roberts at Stockbridge, Mich., February 6, 1844, and in 1851 removed to Vandalia. Under the preaching of Elder Miller she became an earnest member of the Church of Christ, and maintained her active Christian work to her death.

HENRY W. BROWNELL died at Adamsville, March 12, 1880, in the 71st year of his age. He was born in New York, and had resided over twenty-five years in Ontwa township. In his religious belief he was a consistent member of the Society of Friends, or Quakers. Several children, among whom Mrs. Eli Benjamin, of Adamsville, were born to this venerable citizen.

MRS. HARRIET WOODIN SMITH, wife of Charles Smith, of Mason, died March 4, 1880. She came to Michigan from Cayuga county, N. Y., in 1846, on the farm where she died. She was beloved and respected by all who knew her. Mrs. Theodore F. Garvin, of Elkart, is a daughter of the deceased.

OWEN DEAL was born in Amsterdam, N. Y., July 2, 1816, and at the age of three years his parents removed him to Cayuga county, N. Y. In December, 1836, he removed to Diamond Lake. April 2, 1837, he married Miss Angeline Nash, sister of Ira Nash, the first merchant of Geneva. In 1839 he built on the north bank of Diamond Lake a pocket foundry, which he ran for about two years and then came to Cassopolis and began the manufacture of the Baker plow in company with Nathan Baker, who had constructed at Geneva, in 1833, the foundry where the first iron plows were made in Cass county. In February, 1845, he removed to Valparaiso, Ind., and there built and operated the first iron foundry. Seven years later he returned to Cassopolis, and here continued the manufacture of all kinds of iron castings until about 1867, when he removed to Constantine, Mich., and there died March 22, 1880. He was the father of twelve children, ten of whom, with his widow, survive him.

MAJ. JOS. SMITH, whose bountiful table spread under yonder trees at our last anuual gathering fed all who were not otherwise provided, has gone, and his absence to day is most marked. Maj. Smith was born in Bottetourt

county, Va., April 11, 1809, and at the age of three years his parents removed to Clarke county, Ohio, and in 1831 Joseph came to Calvin and purchased the mill property known as the Aiken mill. In 1835 he sold out and bought a large tract of land in Jefferson, where he made his home until 1854, when having since 1847 been engaged in the mercantile business he removed his family to Cassopolis and there continued to reside until his death, April 18, 1880, aged 71 years. Feb. 25, 1830, he married Miss Jennie Lippincott, who with a large family of children survive him. Maj. Smith was a man of large business experience, in which he was eminently successful. Always a Democrat of unyielding devotion to his party he was ever active in the promulgation of his party principles. With Edwin Bridges, Jacob and Abiel Silver, he was chosen delegate to the Ann Arbor convention of Dec. 14, 1836, which adopted a memorial address assenting to the admission of Michigan as a State of the Union upon certain conditions proposed by Congress. Maj. Smith was also a member of the first Legislature of the so-called State, which convened at Detroit, Nov. 2, 1835, and again in extra session July 4, 1836. His colleague was James Odell, the father of Nathan Odell, to whose death allusion has already been made. Smith was also a member of the next, or in reality the first, State Legislature after the admission of the State, which took place Jan. 26, 1837. He was a candidate of his party for the constitutional convention of 1867, but while running ahead of his ticket failed by a few votes of an election. His death, April 18, 1880, was doubtless hastened by a fall he received on an icy step a few weeks before.

MRS. LOTTIE TURNER BANKS, wife of James Banks and youngest daughter of our esteemed President of the Cass County Pioneer Society, Hon. Geo. B. Turner, died at her father's residence in Cassopolis, May 1, 1880, in the 22d year of her age. This young and gentle wife and beloved daughter was most justly esteemed by all who knew her, and we can only lay fresh garlands of sympathy on the new-made grave.

EPHRAIM MCCLARY, of Warsaw, Ind., died at his residence near Warsaw, May 16, 1880. Mr. McClary was born in Tuscarawas county, Ohio, March 31, 1808, and emigrated to Cass county in 1829. He married Rachael Colyar, May 3, 1832, and the following year removed to Kosciusko county, Ind., where he remained till his death, an earnest and consistent member of the Baptist church.

SARAH JANE JEWELL, wife of Elbridge Jewell, daughter of Eli P. Bonnell, deceased, died at her residence in this township, May 12, 1880, aged 43 years, 11 months, and 16 days, highly respected and universally regretted by all who knew her.

MRS. CLARISSA A. COOPER, wife of Horatio Cooper, and daughter of Eli P. Bonnell, one of Cass county's early settlers, died at her residence on La Grange Prairie, May 27, 1880, at the age of 37 years. She was born in La Grange.

MRS. MARY A. PERRY, daughter of Isaac and Mariah Hull, formerly of Calvin, died at her home in Logan, Harrison county, Iowa, June 7, 1880. Deceased was born in Clarke county, Ohio, June 7, 1838, and the same year removed with her parents to Cass county, Michigan. In 1853 she married Joseph Parker, one of Calvin's early settlers, who, with his family, removed to Iowa in 1868, and there he died in 1875. Two years later Mrs. Parker married William Perry. For twenty-five years she was a member of the Disciple church and died in the faith of the Master.

LEVI SANDERS, a well known colored citizen of Calvin, fell dead in the village of Cassopolis, Feb. 28, 1880.

IRA STICKLAND, of Jefferson, was born in Massachusetts in 1820, and died at his residence in Jefferson, June 7, 1880. At the early age of three years he removed with his parents to Ohio, and in 1833 he came to Michigan. In 1847 he married Miss Jane Waldron, who survives him. She was a daughter of Aunt Katie Waldron whose death we chronicled two years ago.

LEWIS RINEHART, of Baldwin's Prairie, died at his residence Dec. 6, 1879, aged 72 years, having been born in Virginia, Dec. 5, 1807. He came to Cass county Feb. 28, 1829, and about 50 years ago married Miss Anna Frakes, now living and present to-day, and by whom he had 12 children. Last year Mr. Rinehart was present at the meeting, and gave some vivid pictures of his early experiences in Cass county.

RUSSELL COOK, who has resided in Pokagon for some 36 years, died greatly respected, Dec. 5, 1879. He was born in Otsego county, N. Y., May 4, 1815.

BENJAMIN JARVIS, one of the pioneers of Cass county of 1834, and who came here from his birth-place, Wayne county, Ind., where he was born May 4, 1824, died at his residence in Pokagon, Dec. 29, 1879. He was a brother of Zadoc and Norman, well-known citizens of LaGrange township.

JOHN HAIN died July 8, 1879, at his residence in LaGrange township, where he settled in 1830. He was born in Lincoln county, N. C., August 15, 1799, and removed to Clarke county, Ohio, in 1820, where about five years after, he married Miss Jane Petticrew. With his brother David, whose death was announced last year, he came and settled on section 31, LaGrange. John was enrolled or drafted in the Black Hawk war, and was thrice summoned to Niles to fight imaginary Indians, and failing to respond at the third call was court-martialed, but after the Indian troubles were over was pardoned. Four children are now living, two in California, and Mrs. Wm. Condon of Jefferson, and John Hain, who occupies the old farm which his father patented from the government under the signature of Andrew Jackson.

JOSEPH MCPHERSON was born Aug. 16, 1800, in Ohio, and Sept. 21, 1821, married Miss Sarah Petticrew. He came to Cass county in 1829, and settled in LaGrange township, where was built the Petticrew mill. In 1842 Mr. McPherson removed to Laporte Co., Ind., and died near Union Mills, July 4, 1879. His son, John McPherson, is the proprietor of the Centennial Mills at Dailey.

MRS. NANCY RICHMOND, wife of Jonathan Richmond, died at her residence in Porter, July 11, 1879. She was born in Ohio, Feb. 1, 1815, and came to Porter, Cass Co., over 43 years ago.

MRS. MARY FINCH KNAPP, widow of William, and mother of Amos Knapp, of Silver Creek, died at her son's residence in that town, Sept. 8, 1879, aged 76 years. Mrs. K. came here from Columbia Co., N. Y., about 36 years ago.

MRS. LAURA H. HAMMOND, wife of Eleazer Hammond, died at his residence in Milton, Sept. 9, 1879. She was born in Rutland Co., Vt., Sept. 22, 1809, and married Mr. H. at Lockport, N. Y., Aug. 31, 1837, and with her husband came to Niles in 1844, and soon thereafter settled in Milton.

MRS. MARY WISE died in Mason township, Sept. 9, 1879. Born in Cass county in May, 1843.

DAVID A. KEENE was accidentally killed by a falling tree in Penn town-

ship, March 16, 1880. He was born in that township, was well respected, and was about 34 years of age.

WILLIAM M. HEAZLIT of Dowagiac, was born in Cayuga Co., N. Y., Sept. 23, 1819, and came to Cass Co., and settled near Dowagiac in May, 1847. He died at his residence, April 2, 1880.

JACOB B. BUTTS, who died at his home in Milton, March 22, 1880, had been a respected resident of this county for upwards of thirty-five years. He was born in Pennsylvania, June 5, 1827. His widow, a daughter of Peter Truitt, and several children survive him.

CLINTON COUNTY.

MEMORIAL REPORT.

From the Lansing Republican, May 7th, 1881.

DEATH OF RANDOLPH STRICKLAND.

On Thursday morning, May 5th, this gentleman died at the Sanitarium in Battle Creek, of consumption, aged 58 years. He was a native of Livingston county, New York, grandson of a revolutionary soldier, and endured the usual rough and self-denying experience of poor boys among pioneer settlers. He worked sixteen hours a day in a saw-mill, and afterwards studied by the light of pine knots. In the winter of 1844 he taught school in this county, saved a little money, and studied law. He commenced the practice of his profession at Detroit in 1850, but soon removed to De Witt, Clinton county, where he was elected prosecuting attorney for four succeeding terms. He was a State senator in 1861–2, provost marshal in 1863–4–5, representative in Congress in 1869–70. In the latter year he was beaten out of a re-nomination by John F. Driggs, but the people elected Judge Sutherland, democrat, and left Mr. Driggs at home. Mr. Strickland was an earnest and zealous republican until the Greeley campaign, since which time he has acted with the democracy and the greenback party. He possessed ability, perseverance, and popular manners, but has suffered from ill health for several years. His home has of late been at St. Johns, where he leaves a widow and four daughters, who will be comfortably provided for by $15,000 life insurance.

From the Clinton Republican.

A telegram received here this morning, May 5th, 1881, announced the death of Hon. Randolph Strickland at Battle Creek, whither he went about four weeks ago to try, as a last resort, the merits of the Sanitarium. But it was too late; consumption had laid its remorseless hand upon him, and he grew rapidly worse after the change.

Randolph Strickland was born in Dansville, Steuben Co., N. Y., February 4, 1823. When twenty-one years of age he started for Michigan, and in December, 1844, commenced teaching school for ten dollars per month in Ingham county. The next summer he labored as a farm hand and the following fall commenced the study of law, and in October, 1849, was admitted to practice in all of the courts of this State. In the spring of 1850 he commenced the practice of his profession at De Witt, then the county seat of

Clinton county. Two years later he was elected prosecuting attorney, giving such satisfaction that he was called to the responsible position four successive terms. He was a delegate to the national convention at Philadelphia in 1856, and voted for the nomination of John C. Fremont. In 1860 Mr. Strickland was elected to the State senate, and declined a re-nomination in 1862 to again accept the office of prosecuting attorney of this county.

Mr. Strickland removed from De Witt to St. Johns in 1862. In 1863 President Lincoln appointed him provost marshal for the sixth congressional district of Michigan, which position he held until the close of the war.

In 1868 he was nominated for congress by the republicans of this district, then composed of eighteen counties, and was elected by 3,400 majority. He left the republican party during the Greeley campaign and was identified with the democratic party until the greenback party entered the political arena, when he at once became one of its most prominent members, his name appearing upon the greenback ticket in 1880 for Secretary of State.

Mr. Strickland was the earliest and one of the most successful lawyers of Clinton county, was closely identified with its development, and few men will leave, upon their death, a larger circle of friends to mourn their loss.

The deceased leaves a wife and four daughters, grown to womanhood, who will be comfortably provided for, Mr. Strickland having carried an insurance of $15,000 upon his life. The Knights Templar, of whose lodge he was an honored member, will have charge of his funeral.

FUNERAL RITES.

The remains of the late Randolph Strickland arrived here from Battle Creek on the 11:15 A. M. train on Friday, May 12, 1881, and were conducted to the family residence by the Knights Templar, in uniform, and resident members of the Clinton county bar.

The funeral services were conducted at the Congregational church on Sunday last by the Sir Knights. The St. Johns city band furnished appropriate music and headed the procession from the home to the church, and as they neared the church they played the beautiful selection "Flee as a Bird," and we think they never played sweeter or more soul-stirring music. The church was beautifully decorated and a large concourse of people were present, many more than could comfortably find seats, to pay their last respects to the deceased. After a solemn service the remains were escorted to DeWitt for burial, where they were placed at rest beside two other members of the family who died during Mr. Strickland's residence in DeWitt. It is estimated that upwards of forty teams were in the procession from this place, and several hundred friends of the deceased from DeWitt and vicinity were at the cemetery upon their arrival, to add their testimonial of respect to the distinguished dead.

From the Clinton Republican, June 2, 1881.

OLIVER DAVIS, whose death at Elsie, May 19, was noted in last week's Republican, was born at Mayfield, Montgomery county, N. Y., March 11, 1797. In 1855 he came to Duplain township, and settled upon a farm one mile south of Elsie, where he lived until his removal to the village in 1865. He spent his earlier years in farming and carpenter work, but later worked at shoemaking. He buried four wives between 1827 and 1870, leaving his fifth wife a widow.

EATON COUNTY.

NINTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE EATON COUNTY PIONEERS.

Pursuant to a call issued by the officers, the Society met at 10 A. M., on June 9, 1880, on the fair grounds of the agricultural society.

After picnic refreshments the large attendance assembled in floral hall for the business meeting and was called to order by the President, George N. Potter. M. L. Squier, Treasurer, and E. A. Foote, Secretary, were present.

The meeting was opened by an appropriate prayer by the Rev. Mr. Doust, pastor of the M. E. church at Charlotte. The record of the proceedings of the last meeting was read and approved.

The Secretary reported the following deaths of members of which he had received information, viz.:

MRS. CLARA Z. BAKER, wife of Alonzo L. Baker, died at Charlotte, Mich., Feb. 13, 1880. She came to this State in May, 1836, and in March, 1841, moved with her husband into this county and settled three miles south of Charlotte.

ALONZO L. BAKER, aged about 70 years, died in the city of Charlotte, March 8, 1880. Born in the town of Bovinia, county of Suffolk, State of New York, May 14, 1809. Settled in East Bloomfield, Oakland county, Mich., May, 1836, and in this county three miles south of Charlotte in March, 1841.

WILLIAM L. LOVE, of Carmel, was a member of this Society, but the usual data for a record entry has not been furnished to the Secretary. He died in Carmel, Sept. 24, 1879, aged fifty years. He had resided forty years in that township.

ALVAN D. SHAW, one of the early and most prominent of our pioneers, died in the city of Charlotte, Dec. 17, 1879, aged 72 years. He was born in the town of Warren, county of Herkimer, State of New York, Nov. 1, 1807. He first settled in Homer, Calhoun county, in this State, in March, 1838. On the twentieth day of February, 1840, he settled in the township afterwards organized and named Carmel; the settlement contained five men, R. T. Cushing, S. N. Dunton, John Dunton, H. Wood, and Mr. Shaw, and one woman, Mrs. Shaw, his wife. Upon the next town meeting day, he, with his neighbor voters, went seven miles to Hyde's mills, in Kalamo, which they supposed to be the place for holding their town meeting. On reaching there they learned for the first time that their town had been set off and organized by itself. But they could not learn the name of their township or the place appointed by the Legislature for holding their first election. Mr. Daniel Barber, of Vermontville, had represented the county at the last session of the Legislature and could give them the desired information. They therefore passed the hat, raised a dollar, and hired a boy by the name of Charles Herring to go post haste through the woods to the Vermont colony. The boy, anxious to earn his money, divested himself of coat, hat, shoes, and stockings, and with head up started on a run through the woods. After about two hours' absence he returned with a line from Mr. Barber informing them that the name of the town was Carmel and that the first election was to be held at the house of Robert Dunn. They returned into Carmel and found the house; which was a low built pioneer shanty, shingled with hollow logs split in two, with hollows laid alternately up and down, so as to run off the water.

Mr. Shaw, a six-footer, had to take his stand where the roof was highest in order to stand erect. These pioneer sovereigns of the newly-made town at once held a nominating convention, made a ticket, and then made a ballot box. They organized an election board, and soon had their election fairly under way. By four o'clock in the afternoon they had in every vote in the township (18 in all) and closed the polls. They then counted the votes, made certificates according to law, and returned to their homes to safely sleep under the aegis of their young town government.

Mr. Shaw was elected one of the county commissioners, who then governed the county instead of the present board of supervisors. He was afterward several years supervisor of Carmel, and after his removal into Eaton he held the same office from that township. He held the office of county clerk, and subsequently that of register of deeds. No man was more generally known and respected throughout the county as an upright and valuable citizen. "Probably no man ever lived in the county who could count such a large proportion of its inhabitants as his staunch and enduring friends." I have lived here long enough to hear our public men thoroughly canvassed by friends and opponents, but I do not recollect of ever hearing a word of fault found with A. D. Shaw, and yet he was remarkably frank and outspoken, never saying "between you and me," and never disguising or compromising his sentiments. It was publicly said of him at the time of his death: "That although as an extensive dealer in tax titles and real estate he had ample opportunity to oppress those in his power, he never took the slightest advantage of any man." His memory seems to render appropriate the oft quoted line of the poet:

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

After reading this report the secretary was informed of the death of Mr. B. F. Mills, of Eaton Rapids, February 1, 1880. No further particulars were given, and his record as a pioneer had not been furnished to the society.

The report of the departed pioneers was followed by the singing of a piece entitled the "Gloom of Autumn," by Mr. and Mrs. Johnson Montgomery. It was well received, and a motion prevailed to place a copy of the song among the records of the society.

A recess was now had for the purpose of enabling new members to sign the constitution and old members to pay their annual dues of fifty cents each.

NAMES OF MEMBERS SIGNING.

John C. Sherman, Nellie M. Sherman, E. R. Ingledue, Mary Ingledue, W. C. Foster, L. O. Smith, Mrs. Alvina F. Pray, Almira G. Munson, George W. Griest, Mary Griest, D. M. Baker, Lucina Jessup, Jane Mitchell, James G. Ford, Mrs. L. J. Ford, Priscilla H. Ford, Mrs. Emily Strickland, Mrs. Ada Williams, John Strange, Mrs. Orinda Strange, Mrs. N. McArthur, Curtis Scott, J. V. Johnson, Henry Baughman, Catharine C. Baughman, Maria L. Richards, Allen Cunningham, R. W. Shriner, Mrs. M. A. Shriner, Mores F. Bailey, Alathea Waldron, Wm. A. Vickery, Mrs. Phebe A. Vickery, Egbert Bickford, Ursula W. Buck, Lilly A. Barnet, Luther B. Bosworth, O. C. Buck, H. M. Towsley, E. W. Hunt, Jonathan Dean, Jr., D. W. Driscoll, Mrs. Alcesta B. Driscoll; total 43. Some of the above had formerly joined but had not signed the constitution.

M. L. Squier, treasurer, here made his report, which was, on motion,

accepted and placed on file. It showed a balance in the treasury of $30.77, after paying $8.15 as the expenses of 1879.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

On motion, the president appointed the following committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year, viz.: Jonathan Dean, Jesse Hart, and Johnson Montgomery.

The committee reported the following as its nomination of officers: President, Robert Nixon, Oneida; vice-president, T. D. Green, Charlotte; treasurer, M. L. Squier, Vermontville: secretary, E. A. Foote, Charlotte.

The committee recommended that the officers appoint three members of the society to constitute with them an executive committee. Report adopted.

On motion of Jonathan Dean it was ordered that hereafter, to avoid consuming the time of the meeting, the secretary and treasurer open office in the forenoon of the day of the annual meeting for the receipt of dues and new memberships.

On motion of J. C. Sherman, the officers were directed to procure the attendance of some person to deliver a regular address before the society at its next annual meeting.

HISTORIC SKETCHES.

Mr. P. A. Durant, who is now engaged in preparing for publication a history of Ingham and Eaton counties, appeared by invitation before the society and read an historical sketch of the organization of Eaton county and the location of its county seat. This paper contained much new and valuable information.

Jonathan Dean, Jr., read an historical sketch of the first settlement of the township of Kalamo.

TERRITORIAL PIONEERS.

On motion, those pioneers who had lived in Michigan previous to its admission as a State, were requested to assemble near the platform, when 41 persons gathered in a venerable appearing group and gave their names and the date of their arrival in the territory as follows:

Benj. E. Rich	1834	John Strange	1836	Weltha A. Dunton	1836
Asa Fuller	1831	Johnson Montgom'ry	1836	Lucius H. Dunton	1836
Mrs. A. Slosson	——	John Tyler	1829	Nathan H. Pray	1825
Mors H. Bailey	1836	Wm. E. Richards	1834	Henry M. Hall	1836
Mrs. Charlotte Bailey	1836	E. W. Hunt	1828	Mrs. M. A. Hall	1837
Martin Fox	1836	Fred. Spicer	1836	Jennie M. Johnson	1836
B. I. Claflin	1836	Sol. C. Perrine	1834	H. M. Towslee	1837
Robert Nixon	1836	Samuel Preston	1835	Ruth Cogswell	1836
Ashbel Tyler	1836	Mrs. Rebecca Preston	1835	Maria Bohannan	1836
Mrs. Lovina Ion	1820	Benj. Covey	1835	Diana Potter	1830
Mrs. Rebecca Preston	1835	Mrs. Ard'lia D. Covey	1835	Mrs. J. F. Carman	1830
Alathea Waldron	1836	B. L. Bentley	1826	Geo. N. Potter	1830
Jane Grant	1835	Philinda Knight	1833	Chas. H. Mills	1826
William Searles	1836	Mary Quantrell	1836		

The meeting, on motion, adjourned.

E. A. FOOTE,
Secretary.

GEO. N. POTTER,
President.

MEMORIAL REPORT, BY D. B. HALE.

GEO. W. KNIGHT died very suddenly on the evening of February 20th, 1878, while on his way home in Eaton Rapids, from Charlotte, where he had been to attend a meeting of the superintendents of the poor, of which board he was chairman. His death was the result of paralysis of the heart. Mr. Knight was born in West Windfield, Herkimer county, N. Y., Aug. 27, 1822. He came to Eaton county, Mich., in the fall of 1839 with his father, who settled in Tyler township (now called Hamlin). In 1843 he was married to Miss Philinda Hamlin, who still survives him. After his marriage he settled in Brookfield township, where he resided for two years. In 1845 he purchased the old homestead, and continued to reside there until the time of his death. Mr. Knight was foremost in every movement looking to the interests of the community, town, and county in which he lived. He figured prominently in bringing our railroads to this place.

Mr. Knight, although an unflinching Democrat, has enjoyed the confidence of both political parties. He has filled three terms as supervisor of Hamlin township, as treasurer four terms. He was one of the pioneers of Eaton county, and was at the time of his death secretary of the organization. At the annual meeting of the stockholders of Eaton and Barry County Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company, held at Hastings, Feb. 19, 1878, Mr. Knight was elected president of the company. He has filled the office of superintendent of the poor in a highly satisfactory manner; the only fault which could be found with him in regard to the latter was that he was possessed of too generous a nature, and could not withstand the appeals of the great number who came to him for aid. In 1876 he was Democratic candidate for probate judge, and such was the esteem in which he was held that he gained many Republican votes.

He was a gentleman of strictly temperate and moral habits, and of marked decision of character. On account of his known integrity and business ability the deceased was often appointed executor in the administration of estates, and always performed his duties faithfully and well.

Mr. Knight previous to his death had expressed a wish that when he died his funeral services be held at his home. His wish was complied with. A large number of his friends and relatives gathered at the house of the deceased on Friday afternoon, Feb. 22, to pay their last tribute of respect to the departed dead.

GENESEE COUNTY.

MEMORIAL REPORT.

BY J. W. BEGOLE, VICE PRESIDENT FOR GENESEE COUNTY.

Flint, February 1, 1881.

To the Secretary of the State Pioneer Society:

Please find enclosed the memorials of six of the early pioneers of Genesee county who have departed this life within the last year. They were all men and women who were well known outside of Genesee county, being leaders in society, business, and politics.

Very respectfully,

J. W. BEGOLE.

DR. ISAAC WIXOM was born in Hector, Seneca (now Tompkins) county, N. Y., March 7th, 1803. He was the third son of a family of ten children. He was instructed in the common schools of his native place until he reached the age of 17, when he entered Geneva Academy, Geneva, N. Y. After studying here for two years, he applied himself to the study of medicine in the office of a country physician, boarding meantime at home. During his stay at the doctor's his father failed in business and became unable to support him there, but, nothing daunted, he applied for a position in a district school, and earned the needed funds to finish the course by teaching. Having reached the limit of his instructor's knowledge of medicine, he attended lectures at Fairfield, Herkimer county, N. Y., graduating there, but not obtaining a diploma, on account of his minority. He received his diploma from the medical society at Penn Yan, Yates county, when he was 21, and was married March 18, 1824, to Miss Mariah Ryal, and immediately commenced the practice of his profession in Steuben county, N. Y., where he remained until the spring of 1829, when he came to Michigan and settled at Farmington, Oakland county, then an unbroken wilderness. Here he bought a farm and improved it through a superintendent. In the spring of 1845 he removed to Argentine, Genesee county, and engaged in a large milling and mercantile business in connection with his practice, which at this time had so increased that it not only embraced the greater part of Michigan, but extended into adjoining states, where he was often called to perform difficult surgical operations. In 1838 he was elected representative to the State Legislature, which then convened at Detroit, and for two years was a member of the House committee on education, taking in that capacity an active part in measures relating to the founding of the Michigan University and other educational institutions. In 1841 he was elected to the Senate, and in that body was chairman of the committee on claims. With the Hon. James Kingsley he drew up the first railroad charter granted in the State. At the close of that term—1843—he retired from politics, devoting himself entirely to his profession, which he continued to the time of his death with very distinguished success. In 1861, at the breaking out of the civil war, he aided General Stockton in raising a body of recruits, called Stockton's Independent Regiment, afterward known as the 16th Michigan Infantry. He was appointed its surgeon, and followed it through twenty-two battles, when he returned to his practice in Michigan. For over

half a century he devoted his attention to surgery. In June, 1845, near Fenton, he performed the first successful amputation of the hip-joint known in the United States. In December, 1862, while in the army, he again safely amputated the hip-joint before a number of medical professors; and since that time has successfully performed sixteen of these markedly skillful operations. He educated forty young men in medicine and surgery, many of whom have become good physicians, among which is his oldest son, William Wallace, who is a noted surgeon of California. He had been a Free and Accepted Mason since he was twenty-one. He had been the presiding officer of various Masonic lodges, and died a member of Fenton Commandery No. 14. He cast his first vote for Andrew Jackson, and was ever after a staunch Democrat until 1878, when he voted for Henry Smith for Governor of Michigan on the Greenback ticket. In social life he was always courteous, with a great fund of anecdote, and a very agreeable companion and father. He always made money-getting a subordinate aim, yet he acquired a competency, and this he used unselfishly, giving freely to all worthy objects, and I think it can be truly said that no man ever tapped at his door and asked for bread that he did not receive it. He died July 24, 1880, at the age of 78 years; and I believe his funeral was attended by the largest concourse of people that ever congregated at Fenton.

HENRY C. WALKER died at Flint, Michigan, February 19th, 1880. He was the youngest of a family of ten children, four of whom were among the pioneers of Genesee county. His parents were Josiah and Joanna Walker. Born in Summer Hill, Cayuga county, N. Y., in the year 1815, his earlier educational advantages were limited. In 1837 he emigrated to Michigan. With the exception of a few months, he made it his home till the time of his death. He early engaged in mercantile pursuits, occasionally teaching school through the winter months. In 1847 he took the first load of goods into Lansing. But business in that city not proving successful, he returned to Flint. He continued in the dry goods business till 1876.

At the time of his death, he occupied several positions of public trust, besides being an officer in the church.

Quiet in manner, upright in all his dealings, faithful in the discharge of every duty, a pillar in the church, and the kindest of husbands and fathers, he was beloved by all who knew him.

"The memory of the just is blessed."—PROVERBS 10:7.

MR. E. FRENCH was born in Woodstock, Vt., May 12, 1810. He acquired an education and then taught school till 1834, when he married Miss Martha S. Dunham, and in 1836 they came to Michigan and settled in Flint, now Flushing. They reared a family of nine children, two of whom have died. Mr. French was a prominent citizen and was elected to many offices of trust by the Republican party. In 1850 Mr. and Mrs. French united with the Methodist church and lived lives of devoted Christains and humbly trusted in their Savior; they were often found by the bedside of the sick and the dying. Mr. French was a steward and one of the trustees of the church, and contributed much of his earthly possessions to promote the cause of Christ. Mr. and Mrs. French had the deepest interest in the cause of religion, and in former years their seats were seldom vacant in the house of God, and their voices were often heard in prayer and praise to their Maker. Mrs. French was born in Woodstock, Vermont, July 17, 1815, and died Feb. 29th, 1876, very sud-

denly, of paralysis. Mr. French died February 27th, 1880, after a lingering sickness of six months. Blessed are they who die in the Lord.

LEWIS BUCKINGHAM, so long a conspicuous denizen of Flint, will appear upon its streets no more. That upright, manly, and venerable form, whose snowy locks and beard could not be passed without attracting attention in a crowd, has been laid in its last earthly resting place. He died on Sunday last, Dec. 6, 1880, at his residence in the Third ward, at the ripe age of eighty-three years and three months.

While Michigan was still a territory, Mr. Buckingham came here with his family from his native State of New York, arriving in Flint on the 1st of May, 1830. Uniting with others, he formed a settlement on the line between the present townships of Mount Morris and Genesee, which, from the strict temperance principles of its founders, was known in those days as "The Coldwater Settlement." These settlers brought with them advanced ideas on the subjects of education and religion; and among the first cares of the little colony was the provision for schools and for worship in such primitive fashion as the circumstance admitted—religious observance being regarded as a necessity, equally with food, raiment, and shelter. Amongst such a class of people Mr. Buckingham was a conspicuous figure; a leader in every good work.

On the 28th of September, 1835, we find the name of Lewis Buckingham appended to a memorial of "citizens of the Territory of Michigan" addressed to the Senate of the United States, asking the passage of a bill then pending in Congress, for confirmation to the heirs of Jacob Smith, of the lands at the Grand Traverse of the Flint River, reserved to him by the Indian treaty at Saginaw in 1819.

In 1836, this State and county were organized as such, and Mr. Buckingham was the first sheriff of Genesee county. He was elected to the office on August 22, 1836, and re-elected in 1838. In 1858, he was a third time elected sheriff. Upon his first election, he removed with his family into the village. For some time he occupied the River House tavern, and there, on May 7, 1837, he and his wife were two of seventeen persons organized into a Congregational Church. This society was afterwards taken under care of the Presbytery of Detroit, and formed the nucleus of the present strong Presbyterian Church of this city. In 1841 it assumed the Presbyterian form of government, at which time Mr. Buckingham was chosen one of the three elders who constituted its first board. Later in life he affiliated with the Court Street M. E. Church; but in all his relations maintained the same consistent, Christian character.

Mr. Buckingham's political principles were intensely anti-slavery; and he was an active member of the free-soil party which kept up its organization in this county, when the dominant parties were whigs and democrats. Upon the organization of the republican party to resist the encroachments of the slave power, Mr. Buckingham's sentiments made him naturally a zealous republican.

He was a man of strong convictions, and free to express them, whether palatable to his hearers or not. Walking and talking in the straight line of duty, he made no attempt to disguise his hatred of sham, nor his contempt for those who made it a cloak. Outspoken, earnest, and uncompromising in asserting what he believed to be right, if he did not make all men love him, he forced them to respect him.

After the close of his official duties, Mr. Buckingham resided upon and

cultivated a farm in the township of Flint, not far from the city limits, on the Fenton road. Subsequently he made his permanent home in the city.

He reared a family of six children; two sons died before him; he is survived by his widow, two sons, and two daughters—H. W. Buckingham, Major G. W. Buckingham, Mrs. M. E. Clarkson, now matron of the Detroit House of Correction, and Mrs. Dr. C. H. Haynes of this city. The funeral services, which were largely attended, took place at the Court Street M. E. Church on Tuesday. The sermon was preached by Rev. Luther Lee, D. D.; Rev. G. P. Tyndall and Rev. J. Venning assisting in the services.

MRS. M. LOUISE THAYER.—Life's sensitive flame bends to the cold breath of death and goes out. The sounds of the busy world die away and the toil and turmoil of life's existence are forgotten in the eternal rest. The mandate of the Creator commands universal obedience, but the law loses its rigor before the hope of immortality—held out to all by the Christian religion, and death has no sting, the grave no victory, as portals to the throne of heaven.

In the death of Mrs. M. Louise Thayer, August 3, 1880, Flint loses one who had been for forty years an energetic promoter of all literary work and enterprises originated in the city; a lady who gave fresh impulse to the associations of a struggling village and growing city.

Forty-three years ago, in the fall of 1837, Mr. Manly Miles came to the small settlement called Flint. With him were his children, of whom Mrs. Thayer was the eldest. Of these children there are now living five, six including an adopted daughter—Mrs. Case and Mrs. Begole, of this city, Mrs. Dewitt Parker, of Bay City, Mrs. Hubert Pratt, of Lansing, and Dr. Manly Miles, of New York. The father, Mr. Miles, died in 1851; fourteen years later Mrs. Miles followed him to the grave. February 7, 1844, Miss Louise Miles married Artemas Thayer. Flint has ever been her home and a family of four boys and one girl drew family associations closer and bound them together, loosened but in one strand by the death of one son, the eldest.

The marked literary tastes and abilities of Mrs. Thayer made her the enthusiastic patron of every organization and association that found a place in the city. She was one of the early promoters of the Ladies' Library, and since its foundation to a short time before her death, took an active interest in its management, either as an officer or an efficient worker. To her was due especially, the novel and enjoyable entertainments that were so often presented to the Flint people in years gone by, and no literary society could fail to flourish with Mrs. Thayer at the head. Could all her poems, short and long, be collected together, many forgotten would be brought to light, and verses of touching sweetness and wonderful beauty of rhyme and metre would recall to friends events well nigh covered by the moss of time. In 1869, Mr. and Mrs. Thayer celebrated their silver wedding, the first silver wedding ever celebrated in Flint. On that occasion a poem of welcome, composed by Mrs. Thayer, was read by the author. We select the opening and closing verses. The happiness of that moment contrasts strangely with the gloom and grief of this.

Kind *Friendship* seems to wreathe gay crowns to-night,
And garland every brow with rosy light;
Faces all beaming with glad smiles we see
In harmony with bright festivity,
Which is the offspring of this day and hour—
To us a precious anniversary,
O'er which soft, silvery clouds in honor soar.

* * * * * *
O'er thirty years of retrospect we stray
Through scenes that seem but as of yesterday;
Yet all this lapse of time but makes more dear
These reminiscences from year to year.
And often, mayhap when the day is dying
Will come from out the pines a requiem
For early loves, for childhood's pleasures sighing
For life responses to that earliest hymn.
Voices from native hill answering come,
Awakening echoes in our lake-bound home.
Sweet murmurings of the past will ever linger
In fond day dreams.
When Time's all potent finger
Points to our *rest*; upon the soul's release,
May we embrace you all in that bright Home of Peace.

FLINT, *Feb. 7, 1869.*
"Silver Wedding."

The funeral took place at the residence, on Church street, Thursday afternoon at three o'clock. Many friends of early days were present, and rich floral offerings gave silent proof of the universal esteem and affection held for the deceased. As an appropriate token of respect from the only literary organization in the city, nine of the prominent members of the Ladies' Library were present in a body, each wearing a tasteful badge of crape and satin. They were Mrs. Royal W. Jenney, Mrs. H. M. Henderson, Mrs. G. M. Dewey, Mrs. F. H. Rankin, Mrs. C. S. Paine, Mrs. Geo. Hill, Mrs. J. B. Atwood, Mrs. G. L. Denham, and Mrs. A. McCall. As the long, slowly moving procession took its way toward Glenwood, many a tear fell in mute realization of the irreparable loss the family and the many friends had sustained.

ARTEMAS THAYER.—Slowly as the years go by, do the men who have watched by our little city since its foundation and aided its rapid growth, take their departure from our midst, and like weary pilgrims—their life task done—turn toward that last home which promises rest, peace, and happiness, leaving to a younger generation the continuance and completion of works begun.

ARTEMAS THAYER died Wednesday morning, Nov. 17th, 1880, at his residence on Church street, in the 66th year of his age. Rapidly failing physical powers had long foretold the approaching end, and Death's stealthy approach was recognized before his entrance.

Mr. Thayer was the oldest member of the Flint bar.

The funeral took place at the house yesterday at one o'clock. Reverends Tyndal and Northrup conducted the services, Mr. Northrup delivered the funeral sermon. The house was filled with friends and a large number followed the remains to their last resting place.

The pall bearers were Wm. Hamilton, D. S. Fox, A. McFarlan, R. Van Tiflin, Jerome Eddy, and Mr. Hicok.

TOKENS OF RESPECT.

A few minutes previous to the closing of business in the circuit court, Thursday, which was in session before Judge Turner, Col. E. H. Thompson rose and said:

May it please your Honor, I rise to bring to the notice of this court an event which has touched the sensibilities of the bar of this city and county, and awakened the sympathies of this entire community, and which, in my opinion, ought not to be passed over in silence. I rise for the purpose of bringing to

your notice the sudden and unexpected death of the Hon. Artemas Thayer, who for the period of upwards of two-score years, was a resident of this city, and for over a quarter of a century a leading member of the early bar of this county, who died at his residence in this city on Wednesday morning last. The deceased was born in Seneca, in the county of Orleans, in the State of New York, and had just passed his 65th year at the time of his death. He came to Michigan in 1836 and settled at Ann Arbor, engaging in mercantile life,—at the same time entering his name as a student at law, with the well known legal firm, at that period, of Hawkins & Lawrence. He was admitted to the bar in due course, and received his diploma from the Hon. Geo. Morell, at that time Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Disposing of his mercantile interests he came to Flint but a few days before me, in the spring of 1838, opened his office, and commenced practicing his profession under very favorable auspices. The bar of Genesee county consisted at that time, of the Hon. Thomas J. Drake (who was also senator from this district), Hon. John Bartow, with whom I had formed a co-partnership, and Wm. Mosley, Esq., who then resided at Fentonville, and held the office of prosecuting attorney. But one term has ever been held in this county by the Chief Justice,—when the Hon. Chas. W. Whipple was appointed to the Bench of the Supreme Court,—the associate Judges of the Supreme Court being at the time ex-officio Judges of the Circuit Court, and holding in this county but two terms a year. Mr. Thayer engaged in his profession with great zeal, and the early records of this court will find him employed in many of the leading cases. He soon became a successful practitioner. His powers were very rapid and of the readiest adaptation. At the bar, with his brother members, there was always an honorable feeling, and if any man despised what is called (and too often now-a-days in vogue) the trickery and dishonorable practice of his profession it was Artemas Thayer. To the younger brethren, just entering into the profession, he was always full of grateful sympathy, and rendered them every assistance in his power, for, in a general, honest thought and common good to all he made one of them. In 1844 Mr. Thayer removed to Pontiac, and entered his profession in his new home with unabated energy, meeting at the bar in that county, the Richardsons, the Hanscoms, the Hosmers, the Wisners, and the Drapers. Finding the profession full and not entirely as successful as he desired, he returned to Flint, resumed his practice and married,—and now, within the short space of less than ninety days, follows his amiable and gifted wife, the mother of his children, and the partner of his domestic and happy home for over 30 years.

"Serenely to their final rest
They have passed;
While the soft memories of their virtues
Yet linger, like twilight hues,
When the bright sun has set."

In 1848, or near that time, Mr. Thayer abandoned his profession, and entered with the same spirit which characterized him at the bar, towards beautifying and building up this infant city. His purchases of real estate covered every ward, and in every ward may be seen, to this day, monuments of his industry in the building of saw-mills, grist-mills, public halls, stores and ornate dwelling houses. Thousands and tens of thousands of dollars were yearly expended in giving life, beauty, and commercial prosperity to the city where he has been for thirty years its chief patron and designer. His name and

labors are truly inseparable with the name of Flint. It is not my purpose to pronounce a vain or fulsome eulogy upon the character of the deceased, but simply to add a tribute of respect to his memory, and to speak of the high regard I entertained for him for a period of over forty years, and my grief at the loss of a friend so highly valued to me, and to this community. I look back upon the early history of the bar of this county and I find myself *alone*. Where are your Birdsalls, your Bartows, your Drakes, your Ruggs, your Averys, and last, but far from being least, the gifted and silver-tongued Fenton? All gone! Passed to that shadowy land, "From whence no traveller e'er returns." Brothers of the bar, let us lay this lesson to heart, and be admonished by the rapid ingathering, by the remorseless hand of the destroyer Death, of so many of our predecessors, compeers, and laborers, that our time is not far off, "and so teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." If the Court please, I deem it but proper, as expressive of my own feelings on the present occasion, to adopt, with but a slight modification, the appropriate sentiments of a gifted author, in reference to the deceased:

> "Not by a Simoon's blast he fell,
> But like the autumn fruit, ripening long,
> Often wondered why he fell no sooner.
> Fate seemed to have wound him up for fully three-score years,
> But freshly ran he on for five years more,
> Till, like a clock, worn out by eating time,
> The weary wheels of life stood still."

He then moved that the following resolutions, which had been adopted by the bar of the county, be entered upon the journals of the court:

Resolved, By the Bar of the city of Flint and of the county of Genesee, that we have heard with profound regret of the sudden and unexpected death of the Hon. Artemus Thayer, one of its oldest and best known members.

Resolved, That we deplore this unexpected bereavement as a public loss to our city and State, and that we desire to place upon record our high appreciation of his many excellent qualities, and of his invaluable services as a public-spirited citizen to the community in which he lived, and that our daily associations with the deceased were of such a character as to leave behind him cherished recollections of sincere respect and affection.

Resolved, That as a testimonial of their high esteem, these resolutions be entered upon the journals of this Circuit Court in due form, and that a copy of the same, under the signature of the Hon. Josiah Turner, presiding judge thereof, and the seal of the court, be presented to the afflicted family of the deceased.

At the conclusion of Col. Thompson's remarks Messrs. Newton, Howard, Baldwin, and Judge Turner made a few remarks, and the latter granted the request of the members of the bar that the resolutions should be entered upon the journals of the court.

Hon. WITTER J. BAXTER.

HILLSDALE COUNTY.

HON. WITTER J. BAXTER, FOURTH PRESIDENT OF THE MICHIGAN STATE PIONEER SOCIETY.

Witter Johnston Baxter, son of Levi and Lois (Johnston) Baxter, was born at Sidney Plains, Delaware county, N. Y., June 18, 1816. First settlers in the valley of the Susquehanna, the families of Baxter and Johnston were closely identified with the pioneer enterprise and the staunch patriotism which have won for that section an honorable place in our early history. Mr. Baxter's paternal great grandfather served during the entire Revolutionary war, enlisting as a private and attaining the rank of captain. His maternal great grandfather, Rev. William Johnston, of Scotch-Irish nationality, settled in Sidney Plains, N. Y., in 1772, and died at Coblesville, N. Y., soon after the termination of the war. His maternal grandfather was born in Ireland, and when 16 years of age removed with his father, Rev. William Johnston, to Sidney Plains. During the whole period of the Revolutionary war, in which he acquired the rank of colonel, he served his adopted country with unswerving devotion.

In 1831 the subject of this sketch came with his father's family to what was then the Territory of Michigan, making a home first at Tecumseh, where they remained for five years, when they removed to White Pigeon; thence, in 1848, to Jonesville. Mr. Baxter received his education in the common schools of Sidney Plains, N. Y., and Tecumseh, Mich., and at the branches of Michigan University in Tecumseh, White Pigeon, and Detroit. The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred upon him by the University. In 1836, he engaged in teaching, and in this vocation he spent a number of years, being at different times connected with several branches of the State University; he was for one year principal of the Collegiate Institute at Ontario, Ind. In 1841, while teaching in Detroit, he commenced reading law in the office of Barstow & Lockwood, and continued his legal studies with Zephaniah Platt, then Attorney General of the State. He was admitted to the bar in 1844, and formed a partnership with Andrew Harvie, which was maintained for four years. During Mr. Baxter's residence in Detroit, he was a working member of the Young Men's Society, and served upon its board as director and as president. In 1848 he removed to Jonesville, and entered into business with W. W. Murphy; this partnership existed until 1874. He has been from its organization a member of the banking firm of Grosvenor & Co., Jonesville; and has been actively identified with the social, educational, and business interests of that progressive town. In 1852, Mr. Baxter was married to Alice Beaumont, a granddaughter of Myron Holly, who will long be remembered as prominent among the earliest and most uncompromising advocates of the abolition of American slavery. Mrs. Baxter was the possessor in an unusual degree of mental and personal attractions; and her death, in 1872, was widely felt as an irreparable loss. Connected from his boyhood with the Presbyterian church, Mr. Baxter has ever been a staunch adherent to its principles, and is well known as a faithful and efficient Sunday-school worker.

In 1857 he was appointed by Gov. Bingham a member of the State Board of Education, and was elected to the position for four successive terms of six years each, serving for twelve years as president. He was secretary of the

State Board of Geological Survey from its establishment until his resignation in 1881. Originally a Whig, he has been connected with the Republican party from its organization, and has been unswerving in his political affiliations. He was elected State Senator from the Ninth district for the biennial term of 1877–8. He has been, during his residence in Jonesville, a member of the State Agricultural Society, serving for one term as president. He is an active member of the orders of Free Masons and Odd Fellows, in Masonry having attained the degree of Knight Templar. In March, 1881, he was elected secretary of the State Board of Corrections and Charities, which office he still retains. Cordially interested in Hillsdale County Pioneer society and in the State Pioneer association, he has been a member of each since its organization; and in each, as president, has rendered faithful service.

PIONEERS.

From the Hillsdale Standard, June 21st, 1881.

The annual meeting and picnic of the Hillsdale County Pioneer Society was held at the fair grounds Wednesday last, the 15th.

The meeting was called to order by Secretary Hewitt, who briefly addressed the meeting, as follows:

"MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF THIS ASSOCIATION:—We have come together on this beautiful summer day, in this pleasant grove, with feelings of joy and gladness, intermingled with sorrow and grief. We are glad and rejoice that so many of us still enjoy the blessings of life, with a degree of health that enables us to assemble ourselves together to carry forward the noble work of this association. We are sad and mourn the loss of a large number of our friends who have heretofore met with us, whose counsel we have listened to with interest, but whose cheerful countenances and familiar voices will be seen and heard no more by us in our earthly gatherings. In the death of Hon. Henry Waldron, the presidential chair of this Society is left vacant. Since his departure we had confidently looked for Hon. Eason T. Chester, of Camden, the senior Vice President of the Society, to take his place. A few weeks ago the sad news reached us that he, too, had passed over the river, and we must look still farther for some one to preside over our deliberations."

Mr. Warren Smith, of Cambria, was then called to the chair, who came forward and addressed the meeting in his usual pleasant manner. The organization being complete, the Rev. S. Crane, of Hillsdale city, invoked the dinner blessing and a recess was taken for social greetings and dinner. The dinner was a good one, such as the mothers and daughters of pioneer families know so well how to prepare. In fact we used to have some good dinners since the first summer of our residence in the county, for in many localities wild fruit, such as plums, whortleberries, and blackberries grew in great abundance. These were gathered and preserved, which, in connection with the vegetables of the garden and field, satisfied the appetites of many hungry and weary laborers.

After the dinner, the meeting was called to order and the election of officers for the next year was had, as follows:

President—A. B. Slocum, Wheatland.

Vice Presidents—Geo. A. Smith, Somerset; H. N. Rowley, Moscow; Hugh Cook, Hillsdale township; N. S. Sharp, Adams; Thos. Robbins, Wheatland; James Lenardson, Jefferson; Sidney Green, Pittsford; J. S. Hancock, Cambria; F. Fowler, Reading; Fred. Chester, Camden; Joseph Divine, Woodbridge; Napoleon Clark, Ransom;

E. C. Brewster, Wright; Wm. Drake, Amboy; J. W. Falley and Morris Lamb, Hillsdale City; Fayette, S. D. McNeal; Allen, John W. Pierce.

Secretary—A. Hewitt, Allen.

Treasurer—L. S. Ranney, Hillsdale.

Historian—Col. F. M. Holloway, Fayette.

In the absence of the treasurer, the secretary made the following financial report:

Money on hand since last year		$11 00
Receipts of this meeting for memberships		3 00
Receipts of this meeting for dues		5 00
Total		$19 00
Paid expenses preparing tables, seats, etc., for festival	$7 25	
Paid for record book	1 25	
Postage and stationery	50	$ 9 00
Leaving a balance in the treasury of		$10 00

Next was the report of the secretary relative to the mortality in our midst during the year just passed, which is much larger than during any other one year since the formation of the society. From several of the townships and wards of the city I have not received reports. I give such as I have, and trust that all will yet be reported either to me or to Col. Holloway, the society's historian, that a record of the departed may be preserved in the books of the society.

The following reports are as received from the vice presidents of the several townships:

Adams—Peter Sprowles, William Owens, Cyrus Knapp, Mrs. Elijah Daniels, and Mrs. Elliot Sherman.

Hillsdale Town—Asa G. Edwards.

Hillsdale City—Henry Waldron, Dr. Alonzo Cressy, Calvin Bolles, Emanuel Bentz, and Mrs. Dr. F. French.

Litchfield—Jeremiah Townsend, Michael Miller, and William Carter.

Jefferson—Isaiah Green, Henry Freeman, Mrs. Louis Mann, Mrs. George Hoard, James Mallory, Samuel Delamater, Asa Smith, and Harriet Petan.

Reading—Stephen Allen, Mrs. Daniel Murray, Mrs. I. B. Southworth, Calvin Hill, Roswell Merriman, and John C. Warner.

Pittsford—Mr. Howard, Mrs. Samuel Day, Mrs. Elmore Stafford, Mrs. J. H. Miner, and John Dillon.

Somerset—William Moreland.

Allen—David Thomas.

Woodbridge—Ethan Stafford, Nathaniel Toynton, Mr. Spatch, Emeline Loughry, Lemuel Blount.

Ransom—Mrs. Adam Helmick, Mrs. Straight, Henry Smith, and John Hammond.

Moscow—Hon. Henry McCowan reports: There have been an unusual number of deaths in our town during the last year. The following were members of our pioneer society, or were eligible to membership therein, viz:

Mrs. Hartraft, aged	67 years.	John Murry, aged	71 years.
Mrs. John Parker, aged	70 years.	Mrs. Joseph Borden, aged	70 years.
Mrs. Sophrona Gould, aged	70 years.	John Louar, aged	77 years.
Ichabod J. Spencer, aged	81 years.	Orlando C. Gale, aged	70 years.
Amander Thompson, aged	58 years.		

Wheatland—G. S. Wells, vice president for Wheatland, makes the following

MEMORIAL REPORT.

ISAAC DOTY died June 24, 1880, aged 76 years and 5 months. Mr. D. was a native of Wallingford, Vt., laboring in woolen mills in several of the eastern states until he was 39 years old, then he came to Michigan, but made no very permanent location until 1864, when he came to Wheatland, where his family still reside.

RALPH BACON died September 14, 1880, aged 61 years and 4 months. He was a native of Cuyahoga county, Ohio, where he lived forty-four years, then came to Michigan, settling in Macon, Lenawee county, where he lived four years, then came to Wheatland, residing here thirteen years, where his family still live.

JOHN PECK died October 1, 1880, aged 61 years. He was a native of Phelps, Ontario county, N. Y., where he lived twenty-four years, then came to Michigan, settling in Hillsdale township, where he lived twenty years, coming to Wheatland in the spring of 1863, where the family yet live.

JONATHAN G. OWENS died Dec. 5, 1880, in Macedon, Wayne county, N. Y. (while on a visit), aged 72 years and 3 months. He was a native of Patterson, N. J. In early manhood he went to Macedon where he lived a number of years, coming to Wheatland in 1857; the family still living here.

MELISSA, WIFE OF JOHN S. ADAMS, died Jan. 16, 1881, aged 60 years and 6 months. She came to Wheatland in 1840 (the husband being absent and no record of her nativity, her son could give only the State of N. Y.).

EVA, consort of the late PHILIP ALPAUGH—should judge her to be 80 years or over—died in December last. She lived some five miles from me, and it not being convenient to visit the family I have no statistics.

ABIGAIL MACOMBER died March 1, 1881, aged 77 years and 6 months; was born in Saratoga, N. Y., living 20 years in Caledonia, Livingston county, 9 years in Rollin, Lenawee county, and the last five years in Wheatland, with Mr. Catlin, a son-in-law.

THE WIFE OF ARETUS BEECHER, an old resident of this town, died April 14, 1881, aged 75 years. She was born in Champeon, Jefferson county, N. Y., and moved with her parents when 11 years old to Orleans county, remaining there some 30 years, and spending the remainder of her life in Wheatland.

I heard to-night of the death of another old resident of this town, which occured May 27th,—Horace N. Barnes, aged about 70 years. Have no record, but from recollections think he has resided here between 30 and 40 years.

FAYETTE—LETTER FROM HON. W. J. BAXTER.

Hon. Alex. Hewitt, Secretary of the Hillsdale County Pioneer Society:

DEAR SIR.—As one of the vice-presidents, I am aware that it is expected of me, and that it is my duty if possible, to be present at your annual meeting, and to present a report of the deaths which have occurred among the pioneers in the township of Fayette during the past year. I have earnestly desired and intended to be present, and until I received notice that your meeting was called for the first day of June, had supposed that it would occur a week later, and so had, as a member of the executive committee of the Hillsdale County Sabbath School Association, united in fixing the annual convention of that association for May 31st and June 1st and 2d at Church's Corners, and as president of the association it seems absolutely necessary that I should meet with them. This will be the first of your annual gatherings that I have missed for several

years, and I trust that it is the only one I shall fail to attend so long as my life and health are spared.

From year to year the death-roll of our early pioneers is lengthened, and the number of those who as active participants cleared up the wilderness and established pioneer homes in this State and county grows less and less, and the sons and daughters of those early settlers will soon be their sole representatives.

During the past year, many, very many, having finished so far as they might, the work that was given them to do, have been called from labor here to refreshment and rest above as the reward of a virtuous and well-spent life. The day is not far distant when not one of the early pioneers will be left, and they will only be known and remembered by the results accomplished by their labors.

For many, very many, of those honored early settlers have we been called upon during the past year to perform the last offices of affection and respect. Among them the president of this Society, whose eloquent voice was by many of us heard for the last time from this stand at our annual meeting one year ago. I trust a fitting tribute will be paid to his memory and worth, and spread upon the records of our Society.

Death has been particularly busy among the pioneers in the township of Fayette since our last meeting. Some have fallen in our midst, and some long identified with us have fallen in the new homes they have made for themselves elsewhere, but I have given the names of all who were pioneers in the township of Fayette who have been during the year called to their long rest, wheresoever they may have fallen, as I have deemed it fitting that their names should be recorded on our books.

MRS. LYDIA LUCE, widow of Deacon Thomas Luce, for many years a resident of Jonesville, where with her husband she encountered and endured the hardships of pioneer life, died at Wellsville, Mich., at the residence of her son, H. W. Luce, July 8th, 1880, aged 87 years. Her remains were brought to Jonesville and rest in our village cemetery with those of her husband, who died several years since.

LANDRUS GOODWIN, who, in 1836, purchased the farm just west of Jonesville, upon which he had ever since lived, died October 17th, 1880, aged 77 years.

SIMEON B. WHITE, since 1841 a resident and active, earnest worker as a former mill-owner, merchant, and produce dealer, had made his home in the township of Fayette, where he reared a family, some of whom are now among our foremost businesss men, died at Jonesville, October 27th, 1880, aged 66 years.

MRS. THANKFUL GAY, widow of Simon L. Gay, who came to Michigan in 1823 and to Hillsdale county in 1836, where she was the efficient landlady in several of our pioneer hotels, died at Jonesville, November 10th, 1880, at the age of sixty-five years. Her son James H. Gay is one of the efficient business men of Jonesville.

RICHARD S. VARNUM, who first settled in Monroe when he came to Michigan as a boy from his early home in Massachusetts, and came to Jonesville in 1841, where he had ever since been a leading business man, died December 26th, 1880, at the age of sixty-three years. He was postmaster at Jonesville under Lincoln and Johnson. He was twice married. His last wife was a daughter of E. P. Champlin, and with her three sons, now all grown to man's estate, now survive him. The sons carry on the business in which he was long engaged.

DANIEL A. WISNER, one of the prominent merchants of Jonesville, who came into the county in 1836 and lived here ever since, died at Jonesville, January 5th, 1881, at the age of 71 years. He leaves a widow and several sons, who carry on the business in which their father was engaged. He was an earnest, active Christian gentlemen.

JOHN JONES, a native of Wales, who came to Michigan when a boy, and who had lived in this county since 1839, died at Jonesville, January 7th, 1881, at the age of 70 years. He was an earnest Christian and an elder in the Presbyterian church at Jonesville for over twenty years.

JOHN D. EVANS, an early resident of Jonesville, and a volunteer from that place in the late war, died at Allen, in this county, in January, 1881, aged 62 years. He came to Hillsdale county in 1836.

MRS. ABEL E. BABCOCK, a resident of Hillsdale county since her girlhood, and for many years past a resident of Jonesville, died February 7, 1881, aged 59 years. In her careful nursing of the sick, and in affording relief to the suffering, it is said she imperiled her own life, and contracted the disease which carried her off.

MRS. JONATHAN B. GRAHAM, who came to Michigan from Connecticut as a young bride in 1835, and for more than forty years resided in this county, honored and loved by a wide circle of friends, died at Jonesville, February 17, 1881, at the age of 68 years.

CHARLES T. DELAVAN, who, with his father, the late Dr. Tompkins Delavan, and a large family of brothers and sisters, came to this county in 1834, where he had since resided, died at Jonesville, February 26, 1881, aged 72 years.

ELIZABETH S., wife of David Thorpe, a resident of this township for many years, died early in March, 1881, at the age of 69 years.

JOHN JERMAIN, who came to Michigan in 1823, and to Jonesville at an early day, where, with his sons, he established the first paper in the county, a large land-owner, and in his maturity a good business man, died at the residence of his daughter in Detroit, about the 20th of March, 1881, at the age of 85 years. His venerable widow, a daughter of Dr. T. C. Delavan, still survives.

URIAH B. COUCH, for many years a resident and active business man in Hillsdale county, a resident of Jonesville while this county was still attached to and a part of Lenawee county, and the first sheriff of the county, and who was with us and took part in our last annual meeting, died at Smith Center, Kansas, March 6, 1881. He was over 80 years of age.

The above list is a long one for a single township in a single year, and yet it contains only the names of such as were strictly pioneers, who endured all the hardships and privations of early settlers in this then wilderness. Many who came later, and were therefore only semi-pioneers, having done much to develop, improve, and beautify the county, have passed to their rest, have not been named for the reason that they did not properly belong to the class of early settlers.

The hands that now trace the names of these worthies, who have aided largely to make our county and State what it is, may themselves, before another year rolls round, be palsied and still. But while God gives us life and strength may we emulate the virtues and seek to build well on the firm foundations laid by our pioneer fathers and mothers. Respectfully submitted.

W. J. BAXTER,
Vice-President, Fayette.

F. A. Dewey of Cambridge, Lenawee county, one of the executive committee of the State Pioneer Society, was introduced, and said:

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen:

It is a great pleasure to me to be present with the pioneers of Hillsdale county to-day, although almost an entire stranger to you, but I am glad to say that I claim to be a pioneer of more than fifty-one years' residence in Lenawee county; and over forty-seven years ago I was somewhat acquainted in this beautiful, fertile, and productive county of Hillsdale. I will detain you but a few moments while we review a few of the honored and historic pioneers who have passed the portals of the tomb to be here no more. We will begin near the eastern boundary line of this county, on the Chicago road, and name Mr. Ebenezer Gay, who was a genuine Yankee, from the rocks and the mountains of New Hampshire. His farm was on the beautiful level plat of ground now called Gambleville. Then there was Mr. James D. Vanhoovenburgh, who kept a tavern, or a good log hotel, also first sheriff of Hillsdale county. He was bought out in 1834 by our esteemed friend, Thomas Gamble, whose proportions, from his large and broad feet upwards, showed dimensions and stock of no inferior quality, with large financial capabilities, true and upright in all his dealings. Then there was his wife, a true pattern of womanly virtue.

A short distance west was the residence of Mr. Branch, who kept tavern; also as a waiter, or chief man Friday, of African extraction, was the cheerful, independent, black Elias, who could play the fiddle or sing for all the girls and boys within the distance of twenty-five miles, and if the darkey did not tell you it was nearer to go around Bundy's hill, Mr. Branch was sure to.

Mr. Bundy erected his house near the summit of the water-shed that divides the waters of the St. Joseph, Maumee, Raisin, and Kalamazoo rivers; in his new method of enumeration he was untiring with hundreds of balls attached to an endless spindle frame. Then there was Col. Little, whose house was open to all strangers. On down by the creek was Silas Benson's place, where the dauntless, invincible regiment for the Black Hawk war of 1832 staid over night. Two miles west, was our truly honored and historic friend, Lyman Blackmar, a man who made himself known in all circles of society as a religious professor. Also his son Ormand Blackmar, who had a great desire to see the Pacific coast and bring home half a ton of gold, while riding in the California forests was shot by a desperado, and left among the glittering, golden sands of the unsurpassed mining region.

We will call a few more pioneers in review, those whom we all delight to speak of. Judge Miller, of Moscow Plains, who was once a leader in the stock line, and raised bountiful fields of grain; also on the opposite side of the road was the farm residence of Herbert Mallory and his son Azeriah Mallory. Shall we ever forget the cheerful, beaming face of that most excellent man? It was with great pleasure and almost heavenly treat many years ago, for myself and hundreds of others to visit at the residence, and enjoy the social hospitalities in the family circle of Azeriah Mallory, a leader in many, nay, most of the good deeds of his town. His farm was one of the best of Michigan. In the rural, quiet farm residence of his devoted family, the angel of death brought the summons to depart hence. With Christian calmness, and a well cherished hope; with no enemies to punish, but a great many friends to reward, his days were ended to be here no more.

At Jonesville, years ago, we met the familiar face of Elder Beniah Jones, the founder of the village; then later, the jovial Jesse Button, who knew every one, could tell more stories, sing more songs, and play the fiddle equal to, if not better, than any one in Hillsdale county. There also were E. P. Champlin, Hon. Levi Baxter, and many more early pioneers, with whom we were well acquainted, (full 40 years ago,) all gone down to the silent tomb. And our unmeasured footsteps are closely following them. Shall we omit two natives, who delighted in good company, with a cheerful taste for whisky, the renowned chiefs, Bawbeese and Miteau. They have gone, we presume, to the good hunting ground, never to return to this, their wild forest home. Their admired camping grounds, you have made into fertile farms, with princely farm dwellings, beautiful villages, and thriving, romantic cities.

In closing this brief, outline sketch, it is our bounden duty to pay a passing tribute of respect to the many unknown to the world, noble, self-sacrificing pioneer women. Truly was she named helpmate, to aid, advise, urge, cheer up, and encourage when sickness laid the strong man prostrated and helpless; want and gaunt despair like a wolf was at his door, then but for those ministering women, many of us now would moulder in the silent tomb. Their sons have grown up, and now with active energy carry on the improvements their fathers began; their daughters, we are happy to say, are models of virtue and cheerfulness.

Dr. L. M. Jones, of Brooklyn, Jackson county, in this State, and a son of Mr. Jones, the first settler in Jonesville, next addressed the meeting.

REMARKS OF DR. L. M. JONES.

It is a great pleasure for me to be with this people and meet them to-day on this occasion. Time once was when I knew, and was personally acquainted with every man, woman, and child in all of what is now known as Lenawee, Hillsdale, and Branch counties, but to-day as I look over this large concourse of people I can see a very few faces that I remember as ever having seen before, and it makes my heart glad to see even the few faces, and grasp the hand of the old and long ago friends. To-day my thoughts go back to the time, as I very well remember, when this whole county was one vast unbroken wilderness (and you see I am not a very old man either), only inhabited by the native Indian. To-day we see in every nook and corner, thrift, intelligence, and progress. Look at these fine farms, brick and frame houses, convenient and costly barns and store houses, the rich mill property, these splendid roads, these great railroad thoroughfares, the flourishing and prosperous villages and large towns, the comfortable school-houses, the numerous colleges and all the various institutions of learning; and its millions of dollars in church property with its numerous costly places of worship and fine churches, with their spires pointing heavenward. Behold the vast and almost inconceivable changes that have taken place within the recollection of your humble speaker, covering only a space of time of fifty-three years. At this time I only propose to speak of a few unusual events that happened in the early days of the settlement of this county, and before the actual history of the county commenced, viz.: from 1827 to 1830. The first settlement of the county was at Allen's Prairie, by Moses Allen in the spring of 1827. The second settlement was at Jonesville by Benaiah Jones in the fall of 1828. The first birth (white child), was the sixth son of Mrs. Jones in 1828. The second birth was the seventh son of Mrs. Jones in 1830; the latter and seventh son died at the age of

eighteen or twenty months, and the former died at the age of twelve years; both were buried in the cemetery at Jonesville. The first marriage was that of Abel Olds and Miss Anna Thiestin in 1829. The first death was that of Mr. Allen late in the fall or early part of the winter of 1829; a very sad occurrence to the few people of the new settlement. My father made his coffin out of the side and end boards of a wagon-box and colored it with lamp black, which gave a very respectable appearance. The second death in the county was at Jonesville, my little brother and seventh son, previously referred to. The first murder, an Indian murdered his young and good-looking wife, as was supposed, in a fit of jealousy; the murder was committed in the day-time, about the middle of the afternoon, within twenty rods and in sight of our house. The instrument of death used was a stiletto, ten or twelve inches long and resembled an old-fashioned spindle used on spinning wheels. The murderer was immediately taken by some of the members of his tribe on the east side of the river, where the Indians in large numbers were in camp; a counsel was called, he had his trial, was condemned to death, and shot at one o'clock that night, and was buried on the spot where he was shot and in the same grave with his victim; the sods of the grave being removed and replaced over the grave with so much skill that it was with difficulty that the grave could be found by us boys next day. The Indians having broken up camp and left the place, in the excavation of the street a few years later their bones were discovered and removed by the workmen.

The flouring mill was at Allen's, a corn mill run by one-horse power, erected by Mr. Allen—a very simply constructed affair—and it was a good day's work to go there and grind out one bushel of corn and get home with it on the same day. The first saw-mill was erected by Mr. Jones, at Jonesville, within ten rods of our house, on the bank of the river; a pit was dug into the side hill, a frame work put up, and logs rolled on and sawed out with a whip saw, one man standing on the log and the other in the pit under the log; thus the lumber was furnished for the first floor and to finish the first house in Jonesville or in the county.

The first school-house in the county was at Allen's by Mr. Corbus. The second regular school was in Jonesville, taught by Miss Aura J. Nicholson.

You will pardon me for this digression from my subject, when I say in conclusion, that five or six years since, a woman speaker (as I see by the papers) gave vent to utterances from this stand and before this pioneer society in regard to Mr. Jones, the first settler and founder of the now prosperous and flourishing village of Jonesville. Her words were ungrateful, uncalled for, and a burning shame to herself, and a gross imposition on this most honorable society, composed of highly respected citizens of this and adjoining counties to whom she was speaking. I desire to say this of Beniah Jones, for his redeeming traits of character and sterling qualities, I revere the name of my deceased father. That he made mistakes and had his faults, I am not here to-day to deny, but that he had integrity and a kindness of heart, none ever knew, only the business men, his immediate acquaintances, and personal friends. He gave up his life for his country, as a Union man on southern soil, in the late war of the rebellion at the age of seventy-one years. Permit me to say that his life has gone into history, and neither you nor I can alter or change the great or small truths of that history. We could wish some portions of it might have been different, but his name and memory will be

handed down to posterity and will be spoken of in honorable circles in the north as in the south for years and generations yet to come.

Mr. Fred. Chester, of Camden, spoke for his township. His remarks were well received, especially those relating to the tribute of respect he paid to his deceased brother, Hon. Eason T. Chester, who with himself was among the early settlers of that part of the county.

Mr. N. S. Sharp spoke for Adams, and in the course of his remarks he gave a thrust at those who uphold or permit groggeries in our midst.

Doctor Whelan gave us one of his interesting talks. He said that Michigan was as healthy as any other part of the country. He contrasted our State with Tennessee; both had fertile soil, but the educational advantages of Michigan left the Tennesseean away back in the dark.

Mr. Samuel T. Sheriff, formerly sheriff of this county, next spoke for the township of Allen. Among other things the speaker said that the possibilities of pioneer life as heretofore enjoyed by settlers in a new country had forever passed away in these United States, and that the arts and sciences had been wrought up to such perfection by the present generation that any meddling with them in the future would only endanger their usefulness.

Hon. Daniel L. Pratt responded to a call for him to address the meeting. He spoke of his boyhood days which were spent on a new farm in the State of Ohio, of the Black Swamp, and the facilities for travel when he emigrated to this county thirty-six years ago. Although a modern pioneer he had witnessed great improvements since his settlement in Hillsdale.

Colonel Holloway next addressed the meeting with his usual earnestness, asking the co-operation of members of the society in furnishing material for carrying on the work assigned to him as historian. He also solicited others that were eligible to join and aid him in his endeavors to perfect the society records. He said that many pioneers had died that were not members of this society, and that this was especially true the last year. He would like to devote a chapter in the pioneer history to the records of the lives of those men and women, and proposed to add a chapter each year.

Luther Hammond, Nathaniel S. Post, and Oliver E. Mosher united with the society.

After another appeal by the Secretary to the friends of the association for their aid in preserving in remembrance the events connected with the early settlement of the county, the meeting adjourned.

It has frequently been asserted and published that Uriah B. Couch was the first sheriff of Hillsdale county. This is not correct. Mr. J. D. Vanhoovenburgh was the first sheriff, as stated by Mr. Dewey, he having been appointed by the governor to that office at the first organization of the county, and while Michigan was a territory. Mr. Chauncy W. Ferris, of this city, was appointed clerk at the same time, and was the first county clerk. Hon. John P. Cook was the first county treasurer. Mr. Vanhoovenburgh held the office of sheriff until the territory was made a State, and the election for State and county officers was held under the State constitution, when Uriah B. Couch was elected sheriff, and was therefore the first sheriff of the county elected by the people.

MEMORIAL REPORT.

BY E. O. GROSVENER, VICE PRESIDENT FOR HILLSDALE COUNTY.

Record of deaths of early settlers of Michigan that have occurred in Hillsdale county during the past year:

CLARINDA L., wife of JOHN L. TAYLOR, died at Jonesville, January 8th, 1880. Moved to Wheatland, Hillsdale county, 1835. She was mother-in-law of O. Palmer of the Jonesville Independent.

ORSON WOOD died in Iowa, January 24th, 1880, aged 58 years. His father, Freeman Wood, was one of the first settlers of Wheatland.

DR. LESTER R. WATKINS died at Allen, February 7th, 1880, aged 58 years. He was a prominent physician, and had resided at Allen thirty-four years.

BETSEY LOCKWOOD, widow of Jonathan Lockwood, a Universalist minister, died March 30th, 1880, aged 79 years. Had resided in the county forty-five years.

WM. H. MILLER died at Litchfield, March 29th, 1880, aged 79 years. He was a man of marked character and ability, was a consistant Democrat of the old school. He had lived in the county many years.

MORGAN LEWIS died at Litchfield, April 14th, 1880, aged 73 years. He had lived in Michigan since about 1832. Was a millwright and farmer.

W. TENEYCK died at Jonesville, April 23d, 1880, aged 70 years. He was a farmer and shoemaker, had lived in Michigan many years.

HENRY DRAKE died at Scipio, April 11th, 1880, aged 62 years. He was a farmer and had been a resident of Michigan from his boyhood.

MR. ——— WARRINER died at Scipio, May 19th, 1880, aged 96 years. He had been a resident of Michigan many years. Was father-in-law of John T. Blois.

EDWARD MERCHANT died at Rochester, N. Y., July 3d, 1880, aged eighty-five years. He had resided in Hillsdale county about thirty years.

MRS. ROXANA S. GEORGE, sister of Mrs. Ransom Gardner, died at Ypsilanti, July 25th, 1880. She was born at Wilton, N. H., in 1806, came to Michigan in 1839, and had resided most of the time in Hillsdale county. She was mother-in-law of General H. Baxter.

SOPHRONIA GOULD wife of Amos Gould, died at Moscow, August 13th, 1880, aged seventy years, had been a resident of Hillsdale county since 1836.

ISRAEL MOORE died at Moscow, September 14th, 1880, aged 62 years. Had been a prominent farmer in Hillsdale county many years.

CYRUS W. KNAPP died at North Adams, September 17th, 1880, aged seventy years. He was one of the first settlers of Adams.

DAVID THOMAS died at Reading, October 7th, 1880, aged 77 years. Had been a resident of the county many years.

HENRY WALDRON died September 14th, 1880, at Hillsdale, aged 62 years. He came to Michigan about 1839. Was a member of the Legislature, and of the House of Representatives in Congress.

LAUNDRUS GOODWIN died at Jonesville, October 17th, 1880, aged 77 years. Came to Michigan in 1836.

SIMEON B. WHITE died at Jonesville, October 27th, 1880, aged 66 years. Came to Michigan in 1841.

MRS. LUCY DAY died at Pittsford, November 4th, 1880, aged 98 years. Had lived on the farm, where she died, forty-six years.

JOHN JONES died at Jonesville, January 7th, 1881, aged 70 years. He had lived in Hillsdale county forty-one years. Was a prominent and much respected member of the Presbyterian church, being a deacon for more than twenty years.

From the Hillsdale Standard, May 31, 1881.

ANOTHER PIONEER GONE.

Died in Somerset, Friday, May 20, Samuel Moreland, of paralysis of the heart. He was born in the county of Dawn, Ireland, in 1803, leaves a wife, a daughter, Mrs. Jabin Strong, and an adopted son, two brothers, James Moreland, of Hudson, and John M., of Somerset. He was buried at the cemetery at Somerset Center, Sunday, 22d. The funeral was the largest ever witnessed in the place. The sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Youngs, of Moscow.

HORACE BLACKMAR, whose long sickness has excited so much interest among our citizens, and caused so many anxious inquiries of late, died Tuesday afternoon, the 24th inst. He has been for nearly seventeen years one of our most active and energetic business men, and his form will be greatly missed on our streets. His funeral was attended on Thursday from his residence. Horace Blackmar was the eleventh in a family of sixteen children, six of whom still survive. He was born in East Durham, Green county, N. Y., July 19th, 1815, and would therefore have been 66 years old next July. His parents moved to Jordan, Cayuga county, some time after this, and here Horace began life for himself at the age of 17, where he became clerk in a store. After some two years spent here he changed to Newark, Wayne county, and finally became a partner in business with Abel T. Blackmar. This partnership lasted two years, when it was dissolved, and Horace formed a business connection with Orin Blackmar, his cousin, with a view of opening a dry goods store in Jonesville, Mich. The goods were purchased in New York and Horace came on and rented a store, but the superabundance of ague that met him on every hand prevented him from carrying the enterprise any further in this direction. He returned and shipped the goods to Knowlsville, Orleans county, and the firm went into trade there. This was in 1838. In 1844 the firm removed to Newark, N. J., and pursued its business there until some time in 1853.

In July, 1846, Horace was married to Miss Cornelia Thompson. To this union five children were born, three of whom, with their mother, still survive.

At the death of Hon. Esbon Blackmar, in 1859, the subject of this sketch took charge of the settlement of his estate. As it consisted, in part, in a large amount of lands in this vicinity, it brought him to this city and caused him to make his final residence among us.

He has been one of our most prominent citizens for some eighteen years, and was universally respected and esteemed. He was an active and energetic business man, and, with a single exception, very successful. He was full of public spirit, and ready to help on every great work. He was honored with many public trusts. While in Newark he was chosen president of the Sodus Point and Southern railroad. He was the second mayor of our city, for a long time president of the Cemetery association, and has for many years been a trustee of Hillsdale college.

He died on the afternoon of the 24th ult., and his funeral took place from his residence on the afternoon of the 26th. The floral offerings were many and very tasteful and elaborate, furnished by friends from home and abroad—a piece from Adrian being exceptionally fine. A very large number of our citizens, as well as friends and relatives from abroad, manifested their respect and sympathy by being present at the funeral.

The services were conducted by the pastor of the Universalist church, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Waldron, of the Presbyterian, the choir of the latter church furnishing the music.

In religion the deceased was a life-long Universalist, his grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Barnes, being one of the first four Universalist ministers in this country. He had the courage of his opinions, and took great interest in the establishment of the church of that order in this city, giving generously of his means and aiding with his council and encouragement, and was always in his place at church when his health would permit.

Jonesville Independent, Nov. 24, 1881.

Died at his residence in this village, Nov. 19, Henry Packer, aged 81 years. Mr. Packer was born in Colchester, Conn., in the year 1800, came to this State in 1835, and purchased a farm on the Adrian road, a mile east of this village. In the year 1840 he removed to Litchfield, where he resided until 1864, when he returned to Jonesville, which has since been his home. He was a representative man, and has held the principal offices in the gift of his townsmen, highway commissioner, justice of the peace, supervisor; in 1844 was elected to represent his district in the State legislature, and was elected judge of probate of the county in 1853. He has been in feeble health for many years, suffering from an affection of the heart, which was the immediate cause of his death. He has long expected his summons to the other world and was prepared to go. He died while sitting in his chair, at 3 A. M., with scarcely a struggle. He was a member of the Presbyterian church.

INGHAM COUNTY.

MEMORIAL REPORT.

HON. HENRY B. MCCLURE, of Jacksonville, Illinois, was born in 1809, near Rutland, Vermont, and died in Chicago, May 21, 1881.

From the Lansing Republican, May 24th, 1881.

This gentleman died of heart disease in a Michigan Central passenger car in the Chicago depot last Saturday morning, May 21, about nine o'clock, aged about 70 years. The particulars of his death—obtained from Rev. J. E. Weed, of this city, who was on the train, in company with C. W. Butler—are as follows:

These gentlemen boarded the day express bound east, Mr. Weed several minutes in advance. He noticed several men standing near the center of the car, and when he had secured his seat, turned and was surprised to behold in the center of this group a gentleman sitting upright in his seat, but appar-

ently dead. Mr. Weed did not recognize him as any one he had ever seen before. His hat was in the seat before him, and in it the name "McClure."

Mr. Butler came in after the body had been removed, and in speaking of the occurrence said, "It is not our Mr. McClure of Lansing, is it?"

Mr. Weed thought not. Soon after a gentleman came in and said, "That man's name was H. B. McClure, of Jacksonville, Ill., and he had purchased a ticket for Lansing, Mich."

Messrs. Weed and Butler then repaired to the baggage-room, where the body had been placed, and recognized the deceased as H. B. McClure, so well known in this city. The railroad officials assured Messrs. Weed and Butler that the body would be properly cared for, and his friends at Jacksonville should be notified immediately, and that they could render no special assistance.

A lady—Mrs. I. M. Goodspeed of Flint, Mich., who came on board the car among the earlier passengers—said that as she took her seat she noticed a gentleman opposite reading a newspaper, and as she passed him he looked up over his glasses at her. While she was arranging her baggage she heard a sound "similar to a snore," and soon afterwards noticed that his paper had dropped from his hands, his head fallen to one side, he had straightened his arms and body as one might do in a spasm, and uttered the word "Oh!" She at once called the assistance of a brakeman, but the gentleman lived only a few minutes, and died without a struggle while the brakeman was holding his hand.

Mr. McClure was a native of Vermont, and son of Dr. McClure, one of the early settlers of Lansing. H. B. graduated at Middlebury college, Vt., about the year 1830, in the same class with the late N. A. Balch of Kalamazoo, and Dr. J. A. B. Stone of Port Huron. He lived for many years in Jackson, Mich., but about 1850 removed to Jacksonville, Ill., to practice law. He was most successful in his chosen profession, and at one time was the partner of "Bob" Ingersoll and Richard Yates. He inherited his father's property in this city, and for the past few years had been engaged in improving it. The McClure block is an evidence of his public enterprise, and he contemplated the erection, at the corner of Washington avenue and Allegan street, of a stone block, of material similar to that used in the new capitol, which he declared should eclipse any private building in Lansing. In fact, it is said that not long since he remarked to a friend, "I am coming to Lansing to build my monument," having in mind the erection of such a building. His property interests in this city are valued at $50,000, and he has also large investments at Jacksonville. He leaves one married daughter, but his wife died several years ago. She is said to have been the most beautiful woman in Vermont at the time of her marriage.

From the Jacksonville, Illinois, Weekly Journal, May 26th, 1881.

Our community was again shocked and saddened Saturday by the announcement that Hon. H. B. McClure, an old, prominent, and wealthy citizen, had died suddenly in Chicago. The first intimation was a dispatch from an official of the Michigan Central railroad in Chicago, to His Honor, Mayor John R. Loar, describing him, stating that he was found dead in a Michigan Central car, and his remains were then lying in the Illinois Central depot. Mayor Loar answered to have the remains taken to the Palmer house and

cared for until the arrival of friends. An answer came that they had been taken to the Palmer house, and were in the hands of the coroner, who would hold no inquest until the friends could arrive. Mr. Henry Stryker, Jr., son-in-law of the deceased, was notified by Mayor Loar, and he telegraphed to Mr. John B. Mayo, who responded that he would remain with the corpse until the arrival of the relatives. Mr. Stryker and Mr. J. H. Bancroft departed last night and will arrive at home probably to-night, possibly not until to-morrow. Mr. McClure left our city Friday morning for Lansing, Michigan, and appeared to be in excellent health. It is supposed his death was caused by heart disease, as it is stated that he has had premonitory symptoms of heart trouble. The announcement was received with unfeigned and profound sorrow, for the deceased was a kind and faithful friend, a considerate neighbor, an honorable, upright citizen, and, until he retired from the profession, a very prominent member of the legal fraternity. He leaves but one child, Mrs. Henry Stryker, Jr., with whom many hearts deeply sympathize in this sudden and severe bereavement. Mr. McClure was one of the vestrymen of Trinity church, of which he had been an honorable member for many years.

Mr. McClure was among the oldest members of the Morgan county bar. He was born in Vermont, near Rutland, in 1809, and was, consequently, nearly 72 years of age, though appearing much younger. He received his academical education at Castleton, and graduated at Middlebury college in 1832. To the unavoidable classical acquisitions of these years, he added the laurels of the successful teacher, by teaching to its close a winter school in the village of Champlain, New York, near the Canada line.

After leaving college he followed his parents, who had removed to Brockport, Monroe county, New York, where he read his profession, and was residing when admitted to the bar, in Albany, in the year 1835. Compelled by failing health to leave New York for a milder climate, he traveled with his young wife, by private conveyance, to Jacksonville, where he arrived in November, 1836, and the following spring established himself in the practice of his profession. His first residence was opposite the present Female College, on East State street, and finally at the southeast corner of West College Avenue and Prospect street, in the vicinity of Illinois College. His first office was over the old market house on the square, and his first sign directly opposite that of the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, on the old court-house. At an early period in the history of Jacksonville, he was for some years its attorney, and has the honor of drafting the first ordinance declaring the retailing of intoxicating liquors as a beverage to be a nuisance, and abating and punishing it accordingly. He was for many years, and until its final suspension, the attorney for the branch of the State bank located in Jacksonville. He was twice elected school commissioner of the county. Although generally declining a partner, he practiced his profession during fifteen or twenty years in partnership successively with the Hon. Myron Leslie, the Hon. William Brown, the Hon. Richard Yates and Henry Stryker, Jr., Esq. He retired from practice in 1873, and has since resided here. His loss will be deeply felt in our city.

At the meeting of the bar of Morgan county, held Monday, to take such steps on the part of the bar as might be fitting respecting the decease of Mr. H. B. McClure, on motion the chair appointed a committee of three to take such action in the premises as the occasion might require. The chair appointed

Hon. Isaac L. Morrison, Edward L. McDonald, and M. T. Layman as said committee, and the following are the resolutions:

Resolved, That the members of the bar have with deep regret been informed of the death of Henry B. McClure, for more than forty years a practitioner before this court.

Resolved, That the memory of Mr. McClure deserves to be cherished and remembered by all for his sterling qualities as husband, brother, friend, and citizen. The members of the bar especially desire to remember and place on record their recognition of him as a wise and able counsellor, a profound and learned lawyer whose talents, industry, and devotion were at all times applied to promote the right. His course at the bar, his intercourse with his professional brethren, and with all with whom he came in contact have richly won the highest esteem of all who knew him. He was able, yet singularly modest and unassuming. In a word his professional character and his bearing towards his fellow men, have made his life a worthy example to us, his brethren.

Resolved, That this court be requested to have these resolutions spread upon its records.

Resolved, That the clerk be directed to forward a copy thereof to his bereaved family with our earnest condolence.

The members of the bar and a number of prominent citizens were at the depot to meet the 6:35 train on the Wabash road from the east, and the remains were conveyed to the late residence of the deceased on West College avenue.

Peaceful, quiet and serene, as had been the life of the deceased, was the day when the last sad tribute of respect was paid to his memory by loving friends and sepulture given to his mortal remains. The funeral services were from Trinity Episcopal church at 3 o'clock, but just prior to that hour, at the late residence of the deceased, in the presence of a few intimate friends and relatives and the members of the bar, a brief service was held, and the casket opened that they might look upon the face of the beloved one whom they would see no more in life. By the time the cortege reached the church it was filled with those who desired to express by their presence their esteem of the departed and their sympathy with the bereaved ones.

A chant was rendered by the choir, after which the rector, Rev. J. D. Easter, read as a scripture lesson, the 15th chapter of Corinthians, beginning with the 20th verse. The 392d hymn, "Just as I Am," was sung by the choir, after which Dr. Easter spoke briefly upon the life and character of the deceased.

He directed his remarks more especially to the religious life of the deceased, who, he said, did not rest his hope of salvation upon the high value he set on his merit, for he was not self-sufficient or self-righteous, but humble in estimation of himself and diffident. He had stated to a near friend who had urged him to become a communicant of the church, that he was not worthy to be esteemed such. He trusted in God, was a faithful student of the scriptures, and was a man of prayer, but might it not be appropriately asked how much more perfect might his character have been, or how much higher a plane might he not have reached, if he had availed himself of the exalted privilege which might have been his as an earnest, devoted, faithful Christian? These thoughts suggest the question of our own preparation. Are we ready for the summons? What preparation are we making? Love to God and trust in Him will always secure a life of integrity, uprightness, honesty, truthfulness, and fill it with the graces unknown to the unregenerate human heart.

At the close of the remarks by the rector, and while the funeral cortege passed out of the church, the choir sang "Jesus, Savior of My Soul."

The members of the bar, with badges of crape worn on their left arm, acted as an escort to the remains, and the following life-long and intimate friends were pall-bearers: Messrs. J. W. King, J. H. Bancroft, Dr. J. R. Askew, Judge Cyrus Epler, Judge E. P. Kirby, A. C. Wadsworth, Hon. Isaac L. Morrison, G. W. Short, J. O. King, and J. W. Lathrop.

At the grave, at Diamond Grove Cemetery, the burial service was given, the mortal remains laid to rest, the mound of earth covered with evergreen and appropriate and beautiful floral tributes, and the sad procession returned again to the busy scenes of life.

Among the relatives and friends from a distance were Rev. Dr. Post, brother-in-law of the deceased; his daughter, Mrs. Van Norstrand; his sons, Freeman and Henry M. Post and wife; Mr. J. W. English and wife, of Carrollton.

From the Lansing Republican, Saturday, June 4th, 1881.

DEATH OF A PIONEER CLERGYMAN.

REV. ALFRED BRYANT, whose death occurred on Thursday night in this city, was born in Springfield, N. J., March 11, 1807. Soon after completing his theological course at Princeton, in 1835, he came west and commenced labor as a home missionary at South Bend, Ind. While engaged in building up a flourishing church in that place, Mr. Bryant also labored extensively throughout the surrounding region. In repeated instances he aided in revival work at Crown Point, Valparaiso, Laporte, Rolling Prairie, Plymouth, Mishawaka, Elkhart, Goshen, Bristol, and other places. While at South Bend he secured the erection of three Presbyterian churches, working on each more or less with his own hands.

After laboring nearly eight years in South Bend he removed to Edwardsburg, Mich. In addition to his labors there, he preached on Sunday afternoons at Cassopolis, Harris Prairie, Elkhart, and other places, and often every week-day evening during the winter. At three of these places he secured the erection of churches.

After five years of successful labor at Edwardsburg, Mr. Bryant accepted an unanimous call to become pastor of the Presbyterian church at Niles. Soon after taking charge of this congregation, and through his influence, their present large church and lecture-room were built. With one exception he never labored in a place for any length of time where he did not secure the erection of the church in which he preached. He continued pastor of this congregation for 15 years, and finally left it with a membership of over 300.

Soon after resigning the pastoral charge of this church in 1862, he was engaged to take charge of the organization and building up of a Presbyterian church at North Lansing. With this church he spent in all, about six years of successful labor. During his residence in Lansing Mr. Bryant preached much at Holt, Okemos, Oneida, and Grand Ledge, and also secured the erection of a house of worship in each of these localities.

In addition to his ministerial labors he wrote several works which have been highly prized by many. For the past year Mr. Bryant has been in feeble health. During the week his symptoms became much more unfavorable, and he continued steadily to decline, until on Thursday night at 11 o'clock he quietly passed away. His work was all done, and well done; all his affairs were arranged, and all needful words spoken, and he went willingly and with

unwavering hope into the better country. He leaves a wife, three sons, and two daughters.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF C. C. DARLING, LANSING, MICHIGAN.

BY MRS. R. C. DART.

Christopher Columbus Darling was born in Woodstock, Vermont, July 1[illegible] 1800. His grandfather and two sons came to this country at a very early date, and located near Boston, Massachusetts. Joseph Darling, the father of C. C., enlisted in the revolutionary war as a substitute for *his* father, at the age of sixteen. After coming out of the service, he married a distant relative of the same name, and moved to Woodstock, Vermont, where he lived till his son C. C. was four years of age, when he moved to Cold Springs, Niagara county, New York, two miles east of Lockport, on the Batavia road. There were ten children in his father's family, four boys and six girls, only one of whom (Mrs. Evaline Laverty, now living in Jackson, Mich.) survived him.

As a family they were very strong and healthy, and with one exception (a brother who died at middle age during an epidemic), all lived to a good old age, mostly passing the allotted three-score years and ten.

At the age of fourteen, the subject of this sketch was able to compete with any man, with his ax, and it has been the delight of his life to accomplish the work of two ordinary men.

Always strong, resolute and ambitious, at the early age of 16, he commenced life for himself. His opportunities for an education were very limited. One winter's attendance at a common district school, was all the school discipline he ever received. He, like many others of those times, pursued his studies during the long winter evenings, prostrate on the floor, by the light given out by an old fashioned, Dutch fire-place.

So strongly was calculation developed in him, that with this limited preliminary education, he was enabled to solve almost any arithmetical problem that could be given him, and when, in after years, his children, during their educational course, would find examples in their mathematics, which they could not work out, he could always give them a ready practical solution. This education and quality of mind enabled him to pursue the vocation he afterwards followed, to-wit: heavy carpentering and masonry, with great facility and accuracy. Indeed, in that direction he was considered very proficient, not so much a workman as a designer and artificer. While yet a boy his capabilities became known and appreciated by contractors and engineers, on the Erie canal, and when (as it sometimes did occur) their experience and skill were baffled by sudden and unexpected emergencies, they would call him into their counsels, and instruct him to do the work in his own way, and, as he has frequently said, he never met an obstacle that he could not and did not overcome.

In 1827 he went to Ohio to assist in the construction of the Cleveland and Ohio canal, and did valuable service in places where indomitable perseverance and good calculation were required.

April 9, 1828, he married Miss Anne Colver, in Tuscarawas county, Ohio, who now survives him.

In May, 1832, they came to Jackson, Michigan, where he purchased the first

piece of land he ever owned in the State of Michigan, to-wit: N. W. ¼, Sec. 35, Town 2, S., Range 1 W.

On Thursday, at 10 o'clock A. M., after he had completed the purchase of his land, with the help of Squire DeLand (father of Col. C. V. DeLand), and two small boys, he commenced the erection of a log house, eighteen feet square, and Saturday afternoon following completed it, and moved into it eighteen persons, consisting of himself and wife, his father's family and his help, where they lived very satisfactorily and comfortably until the October following, when he erected a small frame house for himself. Here was born to him three children, John G., Theodore, and Sarah E. The oldest, Huldah, was born in Ohio, but lived only a few weeks. Theodore lived but a few days. John died at Lansing, December 24th, 1863, at the age of twenty-nine. Sarah is now living, and the wife of R. C. Dart, of Lansing. Frances Mahala was also born in Jackson, but lived only a few days. Henry Clay was born in Eaton Rapids, and lived to be six weeks old. In 1833 he ran a saw-mill at Jackson, the first one built on Grand River at that place. He used to relate the following incidents, which always pleased him to narrate: Once, while out on the pond in a canoe to float logs to the mill, he discovered a number of deer making rapidly for the water. As they plunged into the pond, he started in pursuit, and soon came up to them. Their progress was impeded by a thin ice which had formed on the water. As he approached them he grasped his setting pole, which he had taken to push the logs, and with eight blows dispatched the entire drove—seven in number, and "good fat ones, too." Another incident was often related by Mr. Darling, in telling what kind of a place Jackson was when he first went there: Once when going from his farm to the village of Jackson, he stopped on his way to talk with a neighbor, one M. D. Mills, who was engaged in shingling his house. While thus engaged, a stranger came along on foot, walking in a sea of mud, and apparently much fatigued, and inquired the distance to Jackson. They told him he was already in Jackson and within twenty rods of the center of the village. The stranger looked up in apparent astonishment, and exclaimed: "In God's name, then, pray tell me how far it is to shore!"

During the years of 1834 and 1835 he was mostly engaged in making territorial roads in Michigan. For a few years after the completion of the territorial roads, the influx to Jackson was great, and high hopes were entertained of its soon becoming a place of great importance.

In the spring of 1836, after coming home from the woods, having completed the Clinton and Grand Rapids road, he became acquainted with Messrs. Spicer and Hamlin, who were millwrights, and were in quest of a mill site. Soon after it was arranged that he should go with them to any place he thought would be suitable for their purpose. He took them to the spot where since has grown the beautiful village of Eaton Rapids.

Here they all camped in one of the shanties he had previously built when making a government road through that section. The next day they examined Spring brook and Grand River, at, or near the point of their confluence, and determined to locate there.

They immediately commenced the erection of a saw-mill on Spring brook, at a place ever since known as Spicerville, nearly two miles from the city of Eaton Rapids.

Very soon after this mill was put in operation, they, in the firm name of Hamlin, Spicer & Co., commenced the building of the grist-mill that now

stands in an improved condition, and continues to do work, in the lower part of the city of Eaton Rapids. Judging from the apparent animation with which Mr. Darling was wont to speak of his labors in Eaton Rapids, and the great respect and friendship he always seemed to have for his fellow laborers and associates at that place, it is probable that part of his life-work was the happiest and most satisfactory to him.

During the first year or two, while living in the village, he, at one time kept a few groceries for sale, and also turned his little shanty into a hotel for the benefit of the traveling public.

In the spring of 1847 he came to Lansing, then an almost unbroken wilderness, and erected a small frame building where now stands the three story brick building next south of the Hudson House. In this building, in company with Leonard Rand, he conducted a general store and bakery, which enterprise profited no one but his creditors and debtors, for he paid for his goods and gave an indiscriminate credit, which secured him a lively but very unprofitable business. His next undertaking in business was in the spring of 1850, when he commenced the building of twelve miles of the plank road from Eaton Rapids towards Jackson. This work he performed with most unexampled zeal and fidelity, and if the company had not failed before the final pay-day came around, he would have been handsomely profited by his undertaking. His uniform reticence on the subject of profits from this enterprise led his family and friends to believe that the balance sheet exhibited too large a credit by loss.

His whole life has been one of alternate financial success and misfortunes, but such has been his strength and courage, that his reverses only stimulated him on to renewed effort. There are still living many who delight to tell of his great achievments in the way of dispatching difficult and heavy labors, his remarkable judgment in planning and his skill in managing his employés. He would never undertake any work of importance without the means at hand to pay off any of his help who should show the slightest symptoms of laziness, and all when pay-day came around.

So it came about that the ambitious and handy laborer was his strong friend, and the shirk his pronounced enemy.

Illustrative of his character for energy and push, we recite the following incident: In 1859 he was appointed by the governor of the State to act with another in the laying out and establishing a road in the Upper Peninsula, from Lake Superior south to the Wisconsin State line.

His associate, who was really his senior by appointment, made great preparation in the way of compass, tent and provisions, guide, and pack-horse for transportation, and went in advance to have everything in readiness and comfortably arranged for a summer's campaign. When Mr. Darling arrived at the starting point, he immediately looked over the map of the country and laid his plans for operation, and hiring a strong, resolute man to assist, started with compass and chain, directing his associate to follow with provisions and tent, but so rapid were his movements, that after two or three days' effort of his associate to keep up with camp and provision, the pursuit was abandoned in vexation and disgust, and finding that Mr. Darling could not be prevailed upon to move with greater leisure and dignity, told him to go alone, which he did, accomplishing in two weeks the work planned for the season, in consequence of which he incurred the lasting displeasure of his associate, and rendered tent and provisions a superfluity.

In 1860 Mr. Darling took contracts for building State roads in Clinton, Gratiot, and Montcalm counties, performed with the same energy that characterized his youth, although then sixty years of age. After these roads were completed he gave up jobbing away from home.

There are many evidences of his handiwork in the city of Lansing, to wit: the Universalist church, the main abutments to the Michigan avenue bridge, which, although built to sustain a wooden bridge, he declared would sustain a bridge such as was afterwards built, and stand firm longer than the life of any person then living. The residence of R. C. Dart, the residence of Dr. Bartholomew, the brick building now occupied by Mr. George I. Betts as a residence, the south addition to the Hudson house, which he then owned, and at least ten smaller residences, which he at various times owned, half of which in number he owned at his decease. After the completion of these buildings he performed very little systematic labor, but spent much of his time in reading, which he followed up with the same zeal and pertinacity that he manifested in his heaviest and most important labors. He would take his book as soon as he was dressed in the morning, and read almost unceasingly until late at night, oftentimes till after midnight. In this way, and not long before his decease, he read "Cassell's History of England," Josephus, and many others of similar character. When thus employed he would fail in his appetite, health, and strength alarmingly, and it would require great remonstrance and strategy to get him away from his reading and to work, which to him was nature's "great restorer." In the spring of 1879 he seemed to be fast failing, and it was thought by his family that he would not long survive unless he could in some way be aroused and his ambition stimulated.

After some planning, the idea was conceived of building a cottage at Bay View, Emmet county, and suggested to him that his services would be much needed in the carrying out of the project. At first it seemed to him a great undertaking, and no doubt it was, but he went, and when there, and he saw what was necessary to be done, his ambition was again aroused, and he began to labor, at first feebly, but with exercise and improved appetite, his strength gradually increased, until after a few weeks he worked unremittingly, and developed an uneven, rocky, forbidding hemlock tangle into a stumpless and attractive lawn. His labors here were greatly supplemented by his wife, Anne Darling, who, inspired by recollections of her pioneer life in Michigan, assisted in picking up and burning the brush and logs which covered the ground in thick profusion. He returned from Bay View in September, and would have gone again the following year had his life been spared to him.

Late in the evening of a very dark night, the 9th of February, 1880, he received an injury by falling from the verandah of his residence in the city of Lansing, a distance of about three feet, striking his face upon the frozen ground, rendering him partially unconscious for the time. On the morning of the following Saturday, February 14, he was stricken with paralysis, from which his physician thought he could never rally, but his strong constitution carried him slowly through a three months' illness, so that he was again able to be on the streets, and his mental faculties somewhat restored.

On the 18th of May he again received a stroke which quickly carried him to his final rest, at one and a half o'clock, Thursday afternoon, May 20th, 1880, at the age of 79 years, 10 months, and 20 days.

To him money had no peculiar value, except as it would procure for him and those dependent upon him, the comforts of life. Though not profligate, he

was generous to a fault, especially with those he esteemed. His was a peculiar nature. His aim was always to do right, and so faithful was he to his convictions of right and wrong, he would always act upon them regardless of the opinions of others and of any cost of time, trouble, or expense to himself. In his intercourse with the world he was naturally kind and forebearing, but just; in his family, uniformly pleasant and careful. For one of his apparent sternness and cold nature, he was exceptionally fond of indulging in pleasantries, ever ready to give and receive a joke. In prosperity or adversity he seemed always the same. Hope and courage were too prominently developed to suffer himself to despond under any circumstances, however unfavorable. The resources of his mind when circumstances were seemingly adverse or hostile, were great and varied; and with his strong hope to encourage, ingenuity to contrive, and will to prosecute, he was equal to almost any emergency. He became a member of the Universalist church very soon after coming to the Capitol City, and up to the time of his decease was a firm believer in the Universalist faith, and was ever ready with his personal influence, effort, and means to advance its interests.

Many of Michigan's pioneers have climbed higher than he the ladder of fame, and many may have accomplished a greater life work, but there are few, if any, who have labored with greater zeal and fidelity, or who have done better any work he has ever undertaken to do.

JACKSON COUNTY.

HON. MICHAEL SHOEMAKER, SIXTH PRESIDENT OF THE MICHIGAN STATE PIONEER SOCIETY.

Hon. Michael Shoemaker, the sixth president of the Michigan State Pioneer society, was born at German Flats, Herkimer county, N. Y., April 6th, 1818. At the age of 17 he emigrated to Joliet, Illinois. Seven years later he removed to Jackson county, Michigan, and has since resided in the city of Jackson. For the greater part of the time he has held some position of public trust—inspector of the State prison, collector of customs at Detroit, member of board of public works in Jackson, Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter R. A. M., president of the Michigan State Agricultural society, chairman of the Democratic State committee, etc. He is now serving his fourth term in the State Senate, and a reference to the committees on which he has been placed will show the high opinion of the presiding officers of the Senate of his ability as a business man and a friend of education. His ability as a writer is shown in his contributions to this and other volumes of the Pioneer Collections.

In 1862 he was appointed colonel of the 13th Michigan regiment, serving two years, and engaging in several battles. He was commander of the post at Stevenson, Alabama, which he fortified, and finally, by order of Gen. Buell, retreated, after repulsing a superior force of the enemy, and holding them at bay till the stores, which had been collected to a great amount, and a large number of sick were gotten off by rail; then with the remainder of his command making a forced march to Nashville. At Murphreesboro his regiment made a charge after other regiments had been twice repulsed, and captured sixty-eight prisoners and re-captured two pieces of artillery. Though a Democrat, no

Yours Truly
M. Stevenson

Republican denounced in stronger terms the imbecile, semi-traitorous conduct of Gen. Buell. He was taken prisoner by a gang of guerrillas in September, 1862, and participated for a time in the hospitalities of Libby prison. He comes of a warlike stock; his ancestors being actors in the French and Indian wars and the revolution. A grandmother of the Colonel was born in 1757, in a birch bark canoe while her mother was a prisoner crossing the St. Lawrence to Canada. She was indeed a "child of romance," and lived to see her grandson reach his twenty-first year.

MEETING OF THE COUNTY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Jackson County Pioneer society was held at Clark's Lake, June 22d, 1881.

When it was first announced that the annual picnic of the Jackson County Pioneer Society was to be held at Clark's Lake, many predicted that it would be a failure on account of its being so far from the central part of the county; but the result has proven that these predictions were not correct. For some reason the people of Jackson county have not yet become interested in these gatherings so much as they have in similar meetings in many other counties in the State, and therefore the picnics of the society, all of which have heretofore been held in Jackson city, have not been very liberally attended. The attendance at the one held yesterday at Clark's Lake was estimated at about one thousand. It was largely made up of elderly people who have resided in the county for many years. The picnic grounds are on the farm of Hon. A. H. DeLamater, on what is called Eagle Point, and is unquestionably the pleasantest place in the county for such a gathering. Mr. DeLamater is president of the Pioneer society, and exerted himself in every way during the entire day to make it pleasant for those in attendance. A large number from Jackson and elsewhere are also indebted to Mr. and Mrs. DeLamater for hospitalities extended, including a most sumptuous repast. The Napoleon band —a very fine organization—furnished music for the occasion, and played at intervals throughout the day. At half-past one Mr. DeLamater called the assemblage to order, and Rev. Mr. Lyons, of Napoleon, delivered a very impressive prayer, at the close of which Mr. DeLamater stepped to the front of the speaker's platform and said he was glad to see assembled so many of the first settlers of the county and their descendants, but the absence of many who have heretofore been with us reminds us of the rapidity with which we are passing away. The mortality last year was greater than during any previous year within the history of the society, but this is to be expected; and for this reason I would admonish the younger people to join our society. He also urged those who had items of interest pertaining to the history of the county to hand them to the officers as early as practicable. Mr. DeLamater concluded by giving a brief but interesting history of his settling where he now resides in the year 1834, and contrasted the condition of the county at that time with its condition now.

Mr. H. H. Bingham, ex-president of the society, then read the following list of those who had died between February 22, 1880, and February 22, 1881:

Mrs. Eliza Jenkins, Jackson, aged 55; Delos W. Crippen, Jackson, aged 67 years; Christopher Seman, Jackson, aged 70 years; Caroline Bliss, Jackson, aged 60 years; Mr. Bacon, Henrietta, aged 71 years; Charles Kinch, Henrietta, aged 36 years; John Wicks, Jackson, aged 72 years; Richard H.

Pixley, Henrietta, aged 78 years; Mrs. Albert T. Putnam, Jackson, aged 50 years; Amos Bradford, Spring Arbor, aged 70; Mrs. Noah Keeler, Liberty, aged 59; Mrs. Sarah B. Glasgow, Jackson; J. C. Wood, Tompkins; Mrs. Lovina Clement, Jackson, aged 51 years; James G. McCracken, California, who settled in Jackson in 1837; Rev. L. M. Hunt, Galesburg; Mrs. Betsey M. Davis, Jackson, aged 80 years; Columbus C. Darling, an early settler of Jackson county, at Lansing, aged 80 years; Ami Filley, at Cottage Hill, Nebraska; Albert T. Putnam, Jackson, aged 59 years; Hon. Fidus Livermore, Jackson, aged 69; James M. Holland, Jackson, aged 48; Hon. Truman C. Watkins, Norvell, aged 69 years; Ichabod Cole, Jackson; Joseph C. Ives, Jackson, aged 65 years; James Slayton, Leoni, aged 72 years; Mrs. S. S. Vaughn, Jackson; Mrs. Joshua Haire, Jackson, aged 53; John S. Hurd, Jackson, aged 66 years; Leonard Osgood, Grass Lake; George Lake, Jackson, aged 62 years; Benoni Pixley, Henrietta, aged 74 years; Calvin Weed, Tompkins, aged 80 years; Mrs. Hannah True, Blackman, aged 78 years; Guy C. Chapman, Jackson, aged 79 years; Mrs. Lucy Wilbur, Pulaski, aged 80 years; Abram Soper, Blackman; Gen. Joseph C. Brown, of Tecumseh, an early settler of Jackson county, aged 89 years; Mrs. Sally Worden, Napoleon, aged 60 years; Manley Butterfield, Parma, aged 57 years; Charles E. Ames, Detroit, aged 40 years; Fenner King, Parma, aged 70 years; Mrs. Mary Fielding, Sandstone, aged 78 years; Samuel T. Marsh, Columbia, aged 69 years; Mrs. Catharine Page, Hanover, aged 70 years; Lyman Draper, Rives, aged 68; James L. Miner, Parma, aged 72; John L. O'Dell, Leoni, aged 89; John S. Trumbull, Rives, aged 74; Moses Tuthill, Liberty, aged 72.

Gov. Blair, who was to have delivered the address, not being able to attend, brief speeches were made by Elder Tompkins, of Lenawee county, Judge F. A. Dewey, president of the Lenawee County Pioneer society, W. H. Clute, and B. F. Eggleston, who at the conclusion of his remarks sang "Forty Years Ago."

Mr. Bingham read the following extract from a letter written in 1843, by Franklin Pierce, father of C. L. Pierce of this city, who was then a resident of Liberty:

LIBERTY, *July 2, 1843.*

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER:—We are all in first-rate health. I am getting somewhat gray, and sensibly feel the effects of age and the hardships of a new country. My farm is too large. It keeps us too busy to do it justice. I have 190 acres, about 100 acres improved. * * * * Times have been extremely hard in this country, money bad, crops failed, and produce low. But we are now on the eve of a great change. The wheat crop here is first-rate, and the price at present one dollar per bushel in specie. This is very different from half a crop at 50 cents. * * * Speaking of honorary appointments, I would just mention that Cousin Harrison G. and myself have received commissions on Brigadier General Southworth's staff—he as major and myself as aide-de-camp. The profits of these offices are to pay some $150 apiece for equipage, shiny buttons, gilt spurs, epaulettes, etc., besides spending four days in each year reviewing the several regiments of the 18th brigade of Michigan militia. Only think of the honor to our women—the wives of Captain Pierce and Major Pierce! I should not wonder if they would put their heads in a barrel and sound it to hear the echo. There has

been a wonderful change in this part of the country since I came here, eight years ago. It was then a wilderness. No road but an Indian trail passed through this town, and only one house was built. The first court ever held in the town I held in a log shanty which has since been removed to make room for an English grass meadow. The first mail ever opened in the town was also opened at the same place. The first town record I also made in the same office; but, alas, now nothing marks the spot where it stood but the stump of a hickory and a pile of stones which originally formed the base of the stick chimney. Now our town is more populous than old Windsor, and has greatly the advantage of that town in point of roads, mills, markets, etc. Jackson village, when I came into the county, contained three or four buildings only. It is now a place like Geneva and Canandaigua. The Central railroad now terminates in Jackson, but will be completed to Marshall in September.

The letter is written on an old-fashioned sheet of foolscap paper, folded and sealed with sealing wax, envelopes not being in use at that time. It required twenty-five cents to pay the postage on the missive, its destination being Fulton, Oswego county, New York.

It being nearly four o'clock when the reading of this letter was concluded, and as many of those present resided at remote distances in the county, the exercises were brought to a close, everybody expressing themselves satisfied and delighted with the affair.

BROOKLYN AND VICINITY.

THE VILLAGE—ITS POPULATION AND BUSINESS—EARLY SETTLEMENT—INTERESTING INCIDENTS OF PIONEER LIFE—THE FARMING INTEREST, ETC.

The village of Brooklyn is located in the township of Columbia, in the southeast portion of the county, on the line of the Detroit & Hillsdale railroad, and distant from Jackson about fifteen miles. It has a population of seven hundred, has four churches, four general stores, one hardware store, three millinery stores, one harness shop, two meat markets, four shoe shops, one flouring mill, one planing mill and lumber yard with which is connected machinery for grinding feed; four blacksmith shops, one saw-mill, two cooper shops, one paint shop, one wagon and carriage shop, one photograph gallery, one hotel, two saloons, one cider mill, one feed store, one tin shop, two furniture stores, one drug store, one foundry and machine shop, one egg crate factory, one jeweler, four physicians, one lawyer, one dentist, one Union school building two stories in height, with three departments and a seating capacity of two hundred—Mr. D. C. Pierce, a very competent teacher, being the principal of the school at the present time, 1881. Brooklyn has always been a very healthy place, and we do not believe there is a prettier village of the same size in the State, or one having as many fine residences. Among the more attractive homes here are those of A. P. Cook, Colonel J. H. King, Michael Sheridan, Edward Brighton, Percy Cook, John W. Sharp, John Stowe, Wm. Ennis, E. Ennis, Edward DeLamater, Joseph Townsend, George Green, P. H. Aldrich, Charles DeLamater, Hiel Woodward, Mrs. Olmsted, Wm. Culver, Geo. Stranahan, Geo. H. Felt, Reed Crowell and M. W. Ferris. The society of Brooklyn is also unusually good, there being many people here of culture and refinement. and quite a number who possess superior musical

talent. It will be remembered that Mrs. Florence Rice Knox at one time resided here, and that her sister, Mrs. Percy Cook, whose sweet suprano voice has often delighted Jackson audiences, has for years been a resident of Brooklyn. M. W. Ferris, who is known throughout the State as a vocalist and musical conductor, and whose daughter Cora is equally well known for her musical attainments, also resided here for many years. There are quite a number here at the present time who excel in this respect, among them Mr. G. W. Bertram, who also has a daughter now in her graduating year at the high school, who has developed considerable musical talent, Miss Lydia King and Miss Nellie Sharp, both of whom have sang before Jackson audiences and left pleasant and favorable impressions.

Although the village of Brooklyn was never incorporated until last winter it is one of the oldest places in the county, its settlement dating back to 1833, Calvin Swain, who came from Washington county, New York, locating here with his family during that year, and being the first settler. He built a small shanty in which to live, then erected a saw-mill, and soon afterwards built a more pretentious residence where the Episcopal Church edifice now stands. In 1834 a number of others came in, and from that time forward the growth of the village continued and the surrounding country was gradually settled. In 1836 Messrs. Tiffany, Copland & Co., who were engaged in mercantile business, erected the flouring mill which is still in operation. From A. P. Cook, Esq., who is now President of the village, we obtained many interesting incidents pertaining to the early history of Brooklyn. Mr. Cook's location in Brooklyn was the result of an incidental meeting with Mr. Rufus Tiffany, mentioned above, who was engaged in the mercantile and banking business. Mr. C. was engaged as salesman in a large dry-goods house in Albany, N. Y., and in July, 1838, obtained a month's leave of absence from his employers for the purpose of visiting a friend at Toledo. He came as far as Rochester in a carriage with his parents. From there to Batavia he journeyed by rail, from that point he went by stage to Buffalo and thence by boat to Toledo. While visiting his friend at this place he incidentally met Mr. Tiffany, who seemed to be favorably impressed with his appearance and asked him to go over to Brooklyn with him with a view to engaging in business. Mr. Tiffany's banking business required his entire attention and he desired to make an arrangement whereby Albert M. Harmon, then his book-keeper, and Mr. Cook should form a copartnership and take his mercantile business off his hands. Mr. C. finally consented to go home with Mr. Tiffany and look the ground over, with the understanding that if the prospect was promising, and he could get released from his engagement with the Albany firm, he would embark in the enterprise.

The Erie & Kalamazoo railroad was then in operation between Toledo and Adrian, with flat rails, and by this route the two started on the morning of the 15th of July, for the obscure hamlet in the wilderness which has since blossomed into such a beautiful village. The trip to Adrian, a distance of only thirty-three miles, occupied four hours. From Adrian they came by stage to what is now the village of Norvell, the stage-coach being an ordinary lumber wagon. Here they disembarked and stopped at the stage tavern, then kept by Charles P. Russell, now a well-known citizen of Jackson. After partaking of a late but bountiful supper, Mr. Tiffany and Mr. Cook, with their satchels in their hands, started on foot across the country, through the wilderness and over marshes, a distance of five miles, for Brooklyn, at which place

they arrived at one o'clock in the morning. Mr. Cook was twenty-one years of age on the day after his arrival, and after surveying the situation he perfected arrangements to engage in business with Mr. Harmon, provided he could get a release from his Albany employers. After making arrangements with his future partner, Mr. Harmon, to meet him in New York at a certain time for the purpose of buying goods, he returned to Albany and was successful in canceling his engagement there. He met Mr. Harmon according to agreement, the goods were purchased, and as soon thereafter as practicable, the two partners commenced doing business as general merchants under the firm name of Harmon & Cook, a firm which continued in existence for sixteen years. Subsequently it was Cook Brothers, then Cook, Austin & Sherman, and then, as now, A. P. Cook. Mr. Cook says if at that time he could have lifted the veil of the future and realized that he would always live and finally die in Brooklyn he would have run away, but he only thought of his then surroundings and immediate prospects, and concentrated his thoughts and energies upon his business pursuits. Having everything satisfactorily arranged in his store, on the first day of September, 1838, he hired the only light wagon in the township of Napoleon and drove to Jacksonburg (now Jackson), for the purpose of having some posters printed. He put up at the Monroe tavern, which was then located in rear of where Mr. Field's and the adjoining stores now are, and fronted upon the public square. As he drove up he says he witnessed a sight which made so vivid an impression upon his mind that he will never forget it. Sitting upon the veranda were five men who acted singularly strange. Approaching the clerk he asked what was the trouble with them. With a smile the clerk said he must be a stranger in these parts, or he would not ask such a question as that. Mr. Cook replied that he was, and this was his first visit to Jacksonburg. The clerk then laughingly replied that every one of the five men had the fever and ague in its various stages, some with chills, some shivering and shaking, while others were suffering from an intense and burning fever. This circumstance had a somewhat depressing effect upon Mr. Cook, but did not in the least deter him from the vigorous pursuit of the enterprise in which he had enlisted, and after having his horse cared for he proceeded to the Patriot office, obtained his posters, and returned to Brooklyn. That year the merchants of Jacksonburg were on the verge of bankruptcy, had no money and no credit, and were unable to buy new goods. The stock which Harmon & Cook had bought in New York were the only new goods in the county that fall, and the result was, they reaped a rich harvest.

The only places in the State where new goods could be obtained were at Detroit, from Ira Bidwell at Adrian, from Dayton & Leslie at Clinton, and from Harmon & Cook at Brooklyn. These were also the only points where produce was being purchased to any extent, and the farmers of Hillsdale, Calhoun, Eaton, Jackson, and portions of Lenawee took their wheat and other farm products to Brooklyn, where they also generally invested the receipts in goods purchased from Harmon & Cook, who made $7,700 the first six months they were engaged in business. Those, however, were wildcat times, and it required a great amount of shrewdness and sagacity to steer clear of the breakers which were constantly threatening to engulf all who were engaged in business. For two years Harmon & Cook supplied the Jacksonburg milliners with all the ribbons and silks used in their business, and for a time it looked as if Brooklyn would eventually become the most important

of the two places. At one period during those wild-cat times the price of salt jumped up from $2 to $8 per barrel, and there was but little in the country. Harmon & Cook, however, had 500 barrels in store which they had purchased previous to the rise. Mr. Lathrop, a Jacksonburg merchant who thought the Brooklynites were not posted, went over there and offered Harmon & Cook $3 per barrel for two loads of salt, and expressed astonishment when he was told that they would not sell him a barrel at any price, because they wanted it for their many customers throughout the country for whom they purchased it, and who were depending upon it as a means of preserving their pork. These men, Mr. Lathrop was informed, could buy the salt for two dollars a barrel and would not be charged more than this for it, notwithstanding the market price was $8. Mr. Cook remembers when there were only three jobbing houses in Detroit, one of them being the boot and shoe house of ex-Governor Baldwin. He says he purchased stoga boots from Mr. B., when the ex Governor, in order to fill the order expeditiously, rolled up his sleeves and blacked the boots with his own hands.

We could relate many other interesting incidents connected with Mr. Cook's experience in the early history of the county, but have not the space in this article to go into further details. Mr. Cook, from the moment he embarked in business in Brooklyn, has applied himself most diligently to his avocation and has been rewarded with success. After the county began to increase in population pretty rapidly he invested quite largely in real estate, and now owns several fine farms in the vicinity of Brooklyn as well as in other portions of the county. Of late years he has engaged quite largely in raising stock, and has some of the finest horses and cattle to be found anywhere in the State. His home in Brooklyn is a model of comfort and convenience, and although he is sixty-two years of age, he seems to be just in the prime of life, with many bright and happy years yet before him.

Among the other pioneer settlers of Brooklyn we will mention a few only, who are living in the village. Mr. Joseph Townsend came in 1836, and was clerk of the township during that and the following year. He has accumulated a competency, and is living a quiet and retired life in a pleasant home with his companion. Day Jones came in 1835, built a blacksmith shop, and has continued to do business here ever since. During his residence here he has been justice of the peace for twenty-three years. About four months ago he was obliged to relinquish business on account of rheumatism, and has been confined to his house ever since. B. Thompson came into this neighborhood in 1839, and has since lived here most of the time since that date. Wm. Culver, who is forty years of age, was born near the village, has sold goods here for twenty-six years, having been engaged in business for himself fourteen years during that period. Edward Byers, a successful farmer now living a short distance from the village, came in 1837, and for many years was a resident of the village. J. M. Griswold, the present supervisor of the township of Columbia, is one of the oldest residents, but until late years has not resided here. When quite young he came to Jackson and learned the printing business. Afterwards he published and edited the Lansing Journal for a number of years, and was subsequently the political editor of the Detroit Free Press. He resigned this position and has since lived at Brooklyn, where he has hosts of warm friends. Michael Sheridan, who has been engaged in the mercantile business for nineteen years, came in 1854, and worked at black-

smithing. He has accumulated a competency, and the house in which he lives must have cost upwards of ten thousand dollars. He is highly esteemed by his townsmen. W. B. Sherman, capitalist and produce dealer, and at present engaged in the mercantile business, came in 1846. Edward DeLamater, located at Clark's Lake, four miles distant, came in 1834, and has lived in Brooklyn for the last twenty-one years. Josiah White, who owns a splendid farm just outside the village, came in 1835. Col. J. H. King came twenty years ago. He is one of the most prominent citizens of this section, loans money, deals in real estate, and occasionally engages in the practice of law. John DeLamater, although a resident of the village for a few years only, is one of the pioneer settlers of the town, having located on a farm near Clark's Lake at a very early day. Of the four physicians who are practicing here, Dr. L. M. Jones has been here the greatest length of time, having been practicing here since 1860. He represents the homœopathic school and enjoys an extensive practice. The next oldest is Dr. E. N. Palmer, a skillful practitioner of the allopathic school. He is a graduate of the University, and has been located here ten years. He is a very popular physician, and also has a large practice.

Brooklyn is surrounded on nearly all sides by a fine and well developed farming country, and it was our good fortune to visit a few of the farmers of the township. Among them was Hon. Anson H. DeLamater, who in 1834 located the farm where he now resides, which is on the south shore of Clark's Lake, the handsomest body of water in Jackson county. His farm consists of over two hundred acres of well tilled land, and his home is one of the pleasantest imaginable. Mr. and Mrs. DeLamater are both most hospitable people and always entertain their friends in a royal manner. H. F. Ambler, who lives two miles west of Brooklyn, has a fine farm on which he has resided for nineteen years, having cleared and improved it within that time. He is a successful farmer, raising good stock and abundant crops. He has one of the most conveniently arranged barns that we have ever seen. Jackson DeLamater, who lives half a mile west of Mr. Ambler's, has been in the township forty-five years, but has only recently located on the farm where he now lives, which consists of two hundred acres, and has upon it a young orchard which cannot be surpassed in the county. Near Kelly's corners, five miles west of Brooklyn, are a number of farmers who came in when the country was a wilderness. Among them are Z. Swartout, Nelson Kelly, Thomas Lewis, and J. M. DuBois, who has a farm of 210 acres, and now has three thousand bushels of wheat in his barn, two thousand seven hundred bushels of which he raised last year. The Tompkins brothers are comparatively young farmers who own and manage a farm near Clark's Lake. They have a number of very fine horses, viz.: An 11-year-old Ethan Allen stallion, which is the sire of a 7-year-old mare, a 4-year-old stallion, and a 4-year-old mare, all of which they own. They were all entered at the Hillsdale county fair last fall, and took premiums as follows: Seven year-old mare, first premium in three minute race; five year-old stallion, first money in four year-old stallion race, and the old horse fourth money in the old stallion race, although he had never been before on the track or trained to trot, all of which goes to show that they are unusually good horses.

These, however, are but a few of the leading farmers and substantial citizens who comprise the population of one of the best townships in the county.

THE TOWNSHIP OF COLUMBIA FROM 1832 TO 1836.

Prepared for the Jackson County Pioneer Society by Hon. A. H. DeLamater.

The historical incidents set forth in this paper on the settlement of the present territory of the town of Columbia took place mostly when it was included in the town of Napoleon. At that time Napoleon contained four townships, viz.: T. 3 and 4 S., R. 1 and 2 E. The winter of 1838–9 Columbia was set apart from Napoleon, containing the two south tiers of T. 3 S., R. 1 E., and 4 S., R. 1 E, excepting one-fourth mile on the east side of said township. Since then the boundaries of Columbia have been changed so that its present territory comprises T. 4 S., R, 1 E., except one mile off of the north side of said townships and extending two miles east into townships 4 S., R. 2 E., making the present town five miles north and south and eight miles east and west.

The first settlement in this town was made by Rev. Calvin H. Swain, who in June, 1832, located 40 acres on the west side of section 19, T. 4 S., of R. 2 E., and in connection with his son, Consider H. Swain, immediately commenced improvements. At that time the general government held title to all the land in the town, except four lots, which were located on speculation soon after said lands were brought into market by John Gilbert; being the Jefferson water power on the west branch of River Raisin. Mr. Swain made the location to improve the water power, therefore the brought with him all the iron gearings necessary for a saw-mill and a store of solid provisions and groceries, which with venison and fish, enabled him to sustain his large force comfortably. Immediately after building a shanty on the north side of the river, he commenced building a saw-mill (now known as the Brooklyn water power) with the grit of a true pioneer. The erection of the mill and dam occupied the time to January 29, 1833, when the flutter wheel splashed its first note of civilization to the surrounding forest. They had employed as foreman a Mr. Wood, assisted by Samuel Quigley, a millwright who afterward built several mills in different parts of the county. Mr. Swain foresaw the first want of a settler in a new country was a saw-mill. Along the Detroit and Chicago road, which had been made passable by the government, settlers had located; also at the village of Napoleon, four miles north. They gave sufficient business for said mill. The principal timber was oak, with a sprinkling of whitewood, black walnut and white ash. To procure flour Mr. Swain dispatched an ox team to Lodi plains, where wheat was raised and taken to Ypsilanti or Ann Arbor to grind, making a trip in four or five days. The first wheat raised in this town was on section 24. About six acres was cultivated in the fall of 1833 by Mr. Swain. During this summer he commenced building a large two-story house on the premises where the Episcopal church, Brooklyn, now stands, into which he moved in 1834. Gamaliel B. Swain also built a dwelling house on the lot now occupied by W. B. Sherman's store, and which now stands on the adjoining lot. A post office was established in 1834, called Swainsville, and C. H. Swain was appointed postmaster. The mail was carried on horseback once a week to and from Springville, where it met the mail stage from Detroit to Chicago, via Clinton and Tecumseh.

Through a miscalculation of his lot Mr. Swain built his mill on government land, which was purchased by other parties, and the purchase of the same by Mr. Swain at a time when they had expended so much on improvements crippled them in their resources, which materially interfered with their success.

Mr. Swain established here the First Baptist church, of which he was pastor. Mr. Swain was a man of brain, strong will, untiring energy, and uncommon resources, which well qualified him to battle in a wilderness for a home and the extending of civilization.

Barnabas Case and Benjamin Davis located land on Sec. 8, T. 4 S., R. 2 E., in the fall of 1832, and in the spring of 1833 commenced to make improvements for a home. Their purpose was to make a water-power on the River Raisin at that point, but found the improvements already made by Mr. Swain above them rendered the undertaking impracticable.

In the spring of 1833 Mr. Asahel Knight came from Lodi plains with his family, which consisted of his wife and five sons, Alexes, Allen, Hamblin, Monroe, and Lafayette. He located on Secs. 18 and 19, T. 4 S., R. 1 E., and commenced building a house and breaking land for wheat, etc. His object in settling there was to establish a cattle ranch. The convenience of water and abundance of natural meadows in the valley of Grand River, and an exuberant supply of grass for pasture on the surrounding plains, made it a desirable point. But the rapid settlement of the contiguous territory, soon confined his operations to his own possessions. Stowel Knight, with his family, also located on Sec. 19, and lived there a short time.

In the fall of 1833 Mr. George Stranahan, accompanied by his son George, located a large tract of land (over 400 acres) on the north side and west end of Clark's Lake. They commenced improvements by putting up the body of a log house and breaking land sufficient to plant an orchard, the first in the town, but returned to New York state to winter. In the spring of 1834 Mr. Stranahan moved with his wife, son George, and five daughters, and in May moved into his log house. The privations incident to the settlement in a wilderness, far from supplies, with a large family, none can appreciate except those who have had experience. While Mr. Stranahan was absent with his teams, moving his household goods from Detroit, his wife and five daughters were stricken down with a serious illness, caused by exposure and change of water. George was also afflicted with fever and ague. Soon after Mr. Stranahan returned his daughter Catharine died, aged 18, being the second death in town, Mr. Putnam's being the first.

Clark's Lake was named by Mr. Clark, of Monroe, the surveyor employed by the government to survey the territory. While he was meandering the lake he was so pleased with the surroundings that he gave the lake his own name. This fact shows that of all the lakes he saw in his practice this one was the most beautiful.

In 1834 very important additions were made to the resident population. Edward DeLamater, Anson H. DeLamater, and Samuel Marsh came from Onondaga county, New York, and landed at Detroit, April 30. They came on foot to Manchester (Abram, Anson, and Isaac DeLamater, the father of Edward DeLamater, had moved their families there the previous year) and then pursued their way westwardly on the Indian trail, running north of the Raisin to the head of Clark's lake. After examining the country in the vicinity with reference to its capacity for continued settlement, they were so well pleased with the beautiful wild parks and table lands that they concluded to settle on the south side of Clark's lake on sections 20 and 29, adjoining each other. They hastened to Monroe to enter their lands. While there they purchased one yoke of oxen, a wagon, chains, etc., and started for their new possessions. At Clinton they purchased a breaking-up plow, and at Man-

chester added two yoke of cattle. Thus supplied they commenced breaking up the virgin soil for vegetables and wheat, boarding with Asahel Knight, their nearest neighbor. A. H. DeLamater being the only married man of the trio, commenced building a log house, and on July 4th started for York State, and soon returned with his wife to the wilderness of Michigan. For each of the three pioneers ten acres of land was ploughed, using three teams. Two incidents of the summer illustrate some of the disadvantages of pioneer life. The understanding was that if anything was broken of the common property each should share alike in the expenses of repairing, and the one on whose land the accident happened should do the traveling necessary to get the repairs made. While plowing on the land of Mr. Marsh, A. H. DeLamater came in contact with a large grub, the iron standard broke and there was a general crushing of the plow. DeLamater sang out "Come ye sinners, poor and needy." Marsh retorted. "D——n you, if you had to travel through the woods to Ypsilanti with an ox team to get the plow exchanged, you wouldn't sing 'come ye sinners.'" The trip took five days' hard work for Mr. Marsh and his team. When the ground was prepared for sowing A. H. DeLamater went to Washtenaw county to purchase wheat for seed and for bread for the ensuing year. He took part of the load to Tecumseh to be ground and then returned home. In consequence of the new and crooked route to avoid marshes it took five days. E. DeLamater returned to York State in the fall and came back in the fall of of 1835, bringing his wife and settling on his location. Samuel T. Marsh married Miss Mary Jane DeLamater, daughter of Anson DeLamater, in September, 1835.

Joseph and Hiram King and Elijah Webber, with their families located early in the spring of 1834 on sections 24 and 25, west of the village of Brooklyn, and commenced improvements by building log houses and breaking up land for wheat. Calvin Love and family and his son, Wm. C., arrived soon after and located farms on section 13, one mile north of Brooklyn.

Day and Ransom Jones came during the summer of 1834 and established a blacksmith shop in the village.

Isaac, John, Robert and William Quigley settled in the northeast part of the town this summer and commenced improvements but soon after sold their land to other settlers.

In the fall Jacob Every and James Swartout came from the eastern part of York State with their families and located farms on section 32. They were the first in the south part of the town and were the last settlers of 1834.

In the year 1835 there was a great rush of hardy pioneers, and most of the remaining government land of this town was located for permanent homes. In February, Anson DeLamater with his family, one son, A. W., and three daughters, Mary Jane, Nancy, and Hannah, also Isaac DeLamater, and family, six sons, Washington, Charles, Jackson, Cook, Wallace, and Newell, and two daughters, Maria and Sophia, came and located farms. Isaac located south of the lake, and Anson on Secs. 18 and 19. Both commenced vigorously to improve their farms.

Early in the spring of 1835 Rufus Tiffany established his mercantile business at Swainsville. He started in the little brown house erected by Mr. Swain, but soon moved to the site now occupied by A. P. Cook. In a few years it spread out into an important establishment in every branch of trade.

Mr. Tiffany purchased the northeast quarter of southeast quarter, S. 24, for $500, and had the same surveyed and platted for a village by A. H. DeLama-

ter. Soon after a meeting was called and the name of Swainsville changed to the village of Brooklyn. He bought other land, and engaged in farming in addition to his mercantile establishment. His varied business ability and capital undoubtedly fixed the location of business in the village of his choice as the center of a large trade.

William Randall, with his sons, Gideon and Flavius, Joseph Randall, Alden Hewett, and C. A. Crary located the remaining land south of Clark's Lake and commenced improvements on their possessions immediately, building houses, etc., except Joseph Randall, who moved his family one or two years after. John, Harry, and Richard Crego, with Gardner J. and Wm. Gallup, located farms on Secs. 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14, all of whom settled with their families and commenced improvements, except Richard Crego, who moved with his family and occupied his land in 1836. Three of his boys, Solomon, Richard J., and C. M. sometime after improved good farms. James Weeks located the north half of Sec. 10 for himself and sons, John T. and Erastus, who moved in 1836 and improved good farms. Joseph, John, Reuben, Uriah, and George Every moved with their families in the summer of 1835 in the southwest part of the town and located. Also Mr. Kelly, the father of Alanson, Nelson, William and O. Kelly, located a farm; all of whom have since improved good farms. Also about that time James Conley, Isaac Swartout, and John Russell settled with their families in this neighborhood; Joseph Townsend, Josiah A. White, Nathan Roberts, Horace Phelps, and John Antisdel in the eastern part of the town. Archibald Clark and James Parish located on the north side of Clark's Lake. Daniel Peterson located a large tract of land on the east end of Clark's Lake, much of which is occupied by his sons. Dr. Titus, Walter A. White, Albert M. Harmon, Edward Boyers, C. C. Carpenter, Derastus Young, Ferdinand French, and Samuel Sparks, were added to the population of Brooklyn about this time. In 1835 John and Brodhead DuBois located at Jefferson and purchased 320 acres on the west branch of the Raisin at that place. They commenced improvements by building a shanty to live in, and then commenced the dam and saw-mill, the grist-mill being commenced the next year.

The difficulty of the undertaking may be appreciated from the fact that all the iron and other material necessary for said mills had to be drawn over new roads from Detroit, and provisions for the subsistence of their families and laborers were brought from a considerable distance. They succeeded in getting the saw-mill in operation in 1836. Samuel Quigley was the millwright for both mills. The proprietors caused a village to be surveyed and platted by A. H. DeLamater in 1836. John H. DuBois also located a large tract of land northeast of Jefferson and soon after improved it. A. H. and D. C. DeLamater purchased one-third interest in the above water power and in company with the DuBoises completed the flouring mill early in 1837. Dewitt C. DeLamater settled in Columbia late in 1836 and was in company of Jefferson mill firm. With his energetic and determined perseverance he did much in developing the business and improvements of the new country. A postoffice was established at Jefferson, and D. C. DeLamater was appointed First P. M. and Sophia Picket Deputy. Blacksmith shops were started, one by Wm. Silkworth and one by Mr. Reynolds. Wm. F. Fuller in company with King, of Clinton, started a store, and J. H. DuBois added a general variety store to his other business. He served his town as justice, town clerk, and in other offices of trust. David Peterson soon after started a carding and cloth dressing mill. Amos and L. F. Picket located in Columbia in 1836 and soon after at Jefferson.

They were mechanics, and built a machine shop at Jefferson, connected with water power. Amos Picket held offices of trust in his town and was sheriff of Jackson county two terms. Lewis F. Picket was a superior millwright and was employed in building and improving the mills in the surrounding country. He was clerk and justice in said town and supervisor for fourteen years. Bliss Charles, Sen., located a farm north of Clark's lake in 1836 and made valuable improvements. His son Asa succeeded him on the farm first located, and Bliss Charles, Jr. bought a farm on section 10, a part of James Weeks' purchase. John DeLamater came to Columbia in 1837 and assisted his brothers in building the mills at Jefferson. He returned to York State and some time after moved his family to Columbia, bought land and farmed it for two years. He then went to Jackson and engaged in the practice of medicine, but returned to New York, from whence he again moved to Columbia which he made his permanent home. In 1837 Ed. Smith, Asa and Gideon Denison, Mr. Coger, Zina, James and Jason St. John and Mr. Reynolds settled and commenced improvements on new farms south of Jefferson. Reuben Hart also settled in this neighborhood. Cornelius DuBois and his son Abraham came in 1836 and located northeast of Jefferson. Abraham settled on it and improved a farm for a home. Cornelius purchased about 180 acres on the northwest end of Clark's Lake and made it his home.

The town of Columbia was organized in the winter of 1838–9, and the first town meeting was held at Wm. Feller's store on April 16th, 1839. The board was duly organized according to law, and the following officers were elected: Anson H. DeLamater, supervisor; David Peterson, town clerk; Brodhead DuBois, treasurer; Amos Picket, Simon Holland, and G. H. Denison, assessors; David Peterson, Daniel Rand, and Reuben Hart, justices; William Miller, Merritt Hewett, and R. W. Squires, commissioners of highways; Daniel Rand, James and Jason St. John, school inspectors; William Gallup, Jr., town collector; Lewis Case, J. E. Haynes, and G. W. Richards, constables; Hiram Haynes and John H. Burroughs, overseers of the poor; John H. Dubois, town sealer. The following were elected overseers of highways: District No. 1, Zina St. John; District No. 2, Uriah Every; District No. 3, Luther Baker; District No. 4, Isaac DeLamater; District No. 5, G. W. Denison; District No. 6, Henry Crego; District No. 7, David Peterson; District No. 8, Bliss Charles; District No. 9, P. Wait; District No. 10, James Weeks; District No. 11, Clover Griffin; District No. 12, David Foster; District No. 13, Henry Palin; District No. 14, A. Phillips; District No. 15, R. W. Squires. Daniel Rand and Amos Picket were moderators. The first school, in District No. 3, was taught by Mrs. Salina Henorys, in a shanty at the head of Clark's Lake, on George S. Stranahan's land, in the summer of 1836. The second school was taught by Miss Almira Charles, in the summer of 1837, on the farm of Asahel Knight. The first school house was built in the fall of 1837, on section 17, at the head of Clark's Lake, and the school was taught by D. Dudley the ensuing winter. Most of the aforesaid settlers were men in the prime of life, of small means, but energetic and determined. They expected to be deprived of many of the necessaries of life; were always cheerful and ready to help each other, and succeeded, through many hardships and discouragements, in making valuable and pleasant homes, which are yet mostly owned by the first settlers and their descendants. They became attached to each other as relatives, and this tended to overbalance the hardships endured.

In the years 1836 and '37 a general State banking law was enacted, securing the redemption of their circulation by mortgages on real estate. These banks were organized all over the State, and secured the redemption of their notes principally by almost worthless land, and simultaneously they flooded the country with their worthless issues. This enhanced the value of all property far beyond its intrinsic worth, producing wild excitement and rapid improvements, causing most all to make debts, until suddenly a mistrust of the solvency of the bands caused a simultaneous suspension of redemption, and the crash of the banks, which left business without currency, and compelled all our business to be carried on by barter. Every species of property became almost valueless and caused great distress. Real estate and other property was exchanged to pay debts at one-fourth its former value, and to procure groceries, etc., the settlers would have to buy of the merchants on credit, and by the time the wheat was harvested and fitted for market, the crops were anticipated by the merchant, who floured or shipped the grain to pay eastern merchants for their goods. It was almost impossible to come out square at the end of the year, even by practicing the most strict economy. This economy cannot be imagined by the present generation. When the pioneers first settled here the country appeared to be very healthy, but the land in summer was covered with an abundant growth of grass and herbage, and the settlers made rapid improvements from 1834 to 1837, plowing large tracts of land, girdling the timber, and building mill-dams. This caused an immense amount of decomposition of vegetable matter, filling the air with miasma, and during the year 1840 a great amount of sickness ensued. After the causes ceased the town became healthy. At that season the deprivations and distress were great, but it is past, and the pioneers succeeded, and have homes surpassed by no country for health, beauty, and productiveness.

ONE OF THE OLD HOMESTEADS OF JACKSON.

One of the pleasantest homesteads of Michigan is that of Hon. S. O. Knapp, of this city. It is located on Francis street and the immediate grounds consist of about ten acres. Originally it was a farm of forty-seven acres, purchased by its present owner in 1846 from Daniel Ford, who bought it of the government. Mr. Knapp at that time paid $12 per acre for this estate, which is now worth many thousand dollars. In 1851 he erected his present plain and substantial brick residence, and commenced cultivating and beautifying the surrounding grounds. The house was built upon the highest point of the tract, with the ground gradually sloping from it in all directions. The forest that then surrounded it was composed entirely of scrub oaks. Surrounding his residence Mr. Knapp began thinning these out, leaving the surface of the land, however, in the same state which nature put it. As the oaks were removed, other trees were transplanted in their places. These include a large variety of native woods and a goodly number of rare exotic species. Among others there is a "white cut-leaf weeping birch," which is both beautiful and odd. These trees were allowed to grow as nature prompted them, and so perfectly natural has this been that a person can wander through these groves without realizing for a moment that the large trunks and the leafy tops around him are the result of the work of the owner, who many years since placed them there when they were but mere saplings, varying in size from half an inch to three in thickness. The groves that surround the residence of Mr.

Knapp are such in appearance as can be found anywhere in the unexplored regions of the west, save only in the variety of the species.

Mr. K. has a fine grapery on his premises and a great variety of choice fruit, and also derives much pride and enjoyment from the cultivation of plants of the rarer varieties. His new greenhouse, just completed, is one of the finest in the State owned by a private citizen. It contains some of the rarest specimens, and there is no doubt but there are some plants there that cannot be duplicated in this country except at one private greenhouse in Jackson. Originally Mr. Knapp had two smaller hot-houses, but his constantly increasing collection soon outgrew their capacity, and besides they were not adapted to the cultivation of certain choice specimens which he was desirous of procuring. This spring he erected a new house 21x36 feet, thirteen feet from the floor to the center of the lantern or roof ventilator. The walls of the building for about four feet from the base are of wood, and the remainder, roof and all, is of glass. In the center of the house is the main plant bed, which is composed of the richest of soil to the depth of four feet. Beneath, it is most thoroughly drained, and surrounding it are two large hot-water pipes for heating the earth in winter. Around all sides of the house is a stand made sink-fashion and filled with coarse sand. In this the flower pots are set. The object of the sand is to retain the moisture as it becomes wet when the plants are sprinkled. Just above this stand is a row of windows extending entirely around the building, and which can all be opened by machinery any required space. The windows in the ventilator are operated by similar machinery. In the wall beneath this stand or plant shelf, there are still other ventilating windows, which are used only in winter for the purpose of letting in cool air on the heating pipes, whereby it becomes partially warmed before striking the plants. The glass used in the construction of this greenhouse is painted with a slight shade of green which is barely perceptible. This is for the purpose of softening the rays of the sun, which, on an extremely hot day is even too severe for a tropical plant. Mr. Knapp says that his greenhouse is built lower than a majority, in order that the full strength of the sun's rays may be utilized when necessary. The house is heated in winter by one of Hutchings & Co.'s steam heating apparatus, which will run twelve hours in the coldest weather without replenishing.

Among the choice collection of Mr. Knapp were noticed the *cycas revoluta* or Sago Palm, a native of China. This specimen is between thirty and forty years of of age. At one time this species was a native of North America as it is found in many of our coal beds. Other rare specimens were *dion edule, cyanophyllum assamicum,* several species of *maginficum philodendron,* a large variety of Australian tree ferns, *strelitzia augusta* and *regina, sanchezia nobillis variagata, climber glorioso, cordyline lentigmosa.* In one corner was a collection of plants which could not be obtained in this country, and were raised from the seed by Mr. Knapp. In getting this he experienced much difficulty, sending to South America, San Francisco, New York, and other places. It was finally obtained from a seed house located at Erfurt, Germany. Among these were the tamarinds of commerce, Japan plum, edible passion vine, *berberis, pandanas, Bonapartea juncea, sapadilloe,* and several varieties of *billbergia* and *puya.*

Mr. Knapp has what he calls a subtropical garden, in which he has a numberless variety of the most beautiful plants and flowers: Palms in endless varieties including one kind from California, twenty different varieties of

yucca, the pepper plant of commerce, orange and fig trees of different varieties. The *chameleon colens* is one of the most beautiful of plants. Here are also found several new varieties of the *ricinus* and the *centaurea*.

Scattered through the grounds are beds of rich tropical plants and flowers. Among those which attract the notice of the visitors are a box of magnificent ferns, a bed of *caladium excellentum*, a bed of *canna*, the *camea recurvata*, a native of Mexico. These and many others make the grounds very attractive and pleasant. Fountains, vine-clad rocks, rock pyramids and other curiosities add to the beauty of the place, and renders it even more charming within than it seems from without.

NECROLOGY.

BY M. SHOEMAKER.

June 19, 1879, Eliza Brooks, Jackson, aged 60 years.
June 21, 1879, Stephen Hitchins, Jackson, aged 61 years.
December 27, 1879, William J. Bronson, Jackson, aged 62 years.
October 4, 1879, Patrick Hayden, Jackson, aged 64 years.
February 9, 1879, Betsey Steds, Sandstone, aged 76 years.
February 2, 1880, Huldah Palmer, Columbia, aged 74 years.
October 8, 1879, Sarah Webber, Columbia, aged 78 years.
February 10, 1880, Jonathan White, Columbia, aged 75 years.
March 27, 1880, Hannah F. Alger, Columbia, aged 79 years.
April 21, 1880, Isaac Legget, Columbia, aged 78 years.
December 31, 1879, George Brown Markham, Columbia, aged 80 years.
May 1, 1880, Diantha R. Sterns, Columbia, aged 88 years.
June 25, 1879, Margaret Shaver, Jackson, aged 83 years.
April 1, 1879, Betsey Dickinson, Jackson, aged 84 years.
February 25, 1879, Henry J. Price, Jackson, aged 74 years.
July 20, 1879, Jane Humphrey, Jackson, aged 70 years.
July 12, 1879, Warren N. Buck, Jackson, aged 65 years.
September 17, 1879, Luther Johnson, Jackson, aged 88 years.
March 30, 1879, Bela Turner, Jackson, aged 91 years.
September 8, 1879, Deborah P. Cole, Liberty, aged 64 years.
November 24, 1879, Mary A. Cornwell, Liberty, aged 67 years.
September 25, 1879, Oliver Bunce, Liberty, aged 81 years.
December 13, 1879, Samuel Prescott, Henrietta, aged 79 years.
December 19, 1879, Abigail Prescott, Henrietta, aged 79 years.
September 30, 1879, Phileana Rich, Henrietta, aged 86 years.
June 17, 1879, Nancy Jessup, Leoni, aged 60 years.
October 25, 1879, John Stephenson, Napoleon, aged 79 years.
January 10, 1878, Frances Barnes, Napoleon, aged 90 years.
October 28, 1879, John Anderson, Napoleon, aged 83 years.
March 2, 1879, Anna Dewey, Napoleon, aged 90 years.
September 5, 1879, Betsey Van Vinkle, Napoleon, aged 69 years.
March 11, 1879, Lucina Watson, Napoleon, aged 77 years.
June 27, 1879, Mary Green, Napoleon, aged 78 years.
April 6, 1879, Burintha Blood, Napoleon, aged 71 years.
December 12, 1879, John Riker, Grass Lake, aged 88 years.
November 29, 1879, Abram Long, Grass Lake, aged 70 years.

June 28, 1879, Eliza Soper, Grass Lake, aged 67 years.
October 8, 1879, Eloiza Burch, Grass Lake, aged 65 years.
July 15, 1879, Sarah M. Perry, Grass Lake, aged 63 years.
March 24, 1879, Elizabeth Hawley, Waterloo, aged 71 years.
October 2, 1879, Joseph McSoy, Waterloo, aged 74 years.
February 7, 1879, James Nichols, Waterloo, aged 78 years.
November 22, 1879, Eunice A. Butler, Waterloo, aged 73 years.
December 23, 1879, George Mockel, Waterloo, aged 69 years.
June 8, 1879, Mary Runcinson, Waterloo, aged 65 years.
April 14, 1879, Margaret Hare, Waterloo, aged 60 years.
April 1, 1879, John A. Schmidt, Waterloo, aged 69 years.
December 19, 1879, Jane McNay, Waterloo, aged 82 years.
January 16, 1879, Abram Sidmore, Waterloo, aged 63 years.
April 1, 1879, John Quick, Leoni, aged 64 years.
April 4, 1879, Harriet D. Pangborn, Leoni, aged 59 years.
August 6, 1879, Edwin Fifield, Leoni, aged 50 years.
September 27, 1879, Louisa Gates, Leoni, aged 73 years.
April 25, 1879, Mary A. Burgess, Leoni, aged 80 years.
September 29, 1879, William Hawkins, aged 70 years.
November 23, 1879, Permelia H. Wood, Springport, aged 78 years.
September 13, 1879, Martha Hawes, Springport, aged 85 years.
April 7, 1879, Isaac D. James, Tompkins, aged 83 years.
April 27, 1879, Oliver Elliott, Tompkins, aged 84 years.
August 21, 1879, Martha Harris, Tompkins, aged 87 years.
July 20, 1879, Hannah Fellows, Blackman, aged 84 years.
June 21, 1879, Cornelia Dodge, Blackman, aged 73 years.
July 5, 1879, Richard Watson, Blackman, aged 65 years.
September 28, 1879, Robert Cockburn, Blackman, aged 66 years.
April 12, 1879, Levi Shannon, Blackman, aged 67 years.
July 22, 1879, Elihu H. Cooley, Blackman, aged 53 years.
February 5, 1879, Catharine Vandervalden, Pulaski, aged 60 years.
November 17, 1879, Harry Dunham, Pulaski, aged 64 years.
June 8, 1879, Abram Hutchins, Pulaski, aged 73 years.
November 14, 1879, Mary Wade, Concord, aged 75 years.
October 21, 1879, Joab Bigelow, Concord, aged 86 years.
May 16, 1879, Harriet Bullock, Concord, aged 73 years.
September 27, 1879, Royal Bullock, Concord, aged 74 years.
April 23, 1879, Mary Picket, Hanover, aged 81 years.
December 31, 1879, Hannah Burdick, Hanover, aged 80 years.
December 31, 1879, Anna Ferguson, Parma, aged 56 years.
October 22, 1879, Malissa Smith, Parma, aged 81 years.
August 3, 1879, Abigail Upton, Parma, aged 54 years.
October 4, 1879, John H. King, Rives, aged 59 years.
May 2, 1879, Catharine Maguire, Rives, aged 82 years.
July 4, 1879, Polly Maybee, Rives, aged 91 years.
October 6, 1879, Carlton G. Bryant, Spring Arbor, aged 86 years.
February 23, 1879, William Hersha, Spring Arbor, aged 73 years.
Thomas Newton, aged 67 years.

Hon. HEZEKIAH S. WELLS.

KALAMAZOO COUNTY.

HON. HEZEKIAH G. WELLS, SEVENTH PRESIDENT OF THE MICHIGAN STATE PIONEER SOCIETY.

Judge Hezekiah G. Wells, the seventh President of the State Pioneer Society, was elected at the annual meeting in February, 1880. He was born at Steubenville, Ohio, 16th June, A. D. 1812, educated at Kenyon College, and after reading law in the office of J. & D. L. Collier, in Steubenville, emigrated to Kalamazoo, Michigan, A. D. 1833, where he still resides. In 1835, he was elected to the first Constitutional Convention that assembled in Michigan, being the youngest member of that body. In 1845, and for four years thereafter, he performed circuit court duties as judge. He was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1850, which gave to Michigan its present Constitution. By his individual efforts, the 25th Michigan Volunteer Infantry was raised in 1862, which bore its proper part in the suppression of the rebellion. From March 1st, 1861, to January 1st, 1883, he was a member of the State Board of Agriculture of the State of Michigan, and for the largest portion of that time its president. In 1873 he was appointed by Governor John J. Bagley, one of eighteen persons to prepare a Constitution for the State of Michigan. This work was ably and intelligently performed, and the Constitution submitted to a vote of the people and by them unwisely rejected. In June, 1874, he was appointed by President Grant, presiding judge of "the Court of Commissioners of Alabama Claims." This court held its sessions for two years and six months in Washington city, adjudicating all the cases presented, and distributing of the "Geneva Award" more than nine million dollars. In July, A. D. 1882, on the reëstablishing of "the Court of Commissioners of Alabama Claims," Judge Wells was reäppointed its presiding justice by President Arthur. Judge Wells, for many years past, has been an active member of the State Pioneer Society of Michigan, its president at one time, and now active as a member of its Historical Committee.

MEMORIAL REPORT.

BY HENRY BISHOP, OF KALAMAZOO, VICE-PRESIDENT, FEBRUARY, 1881.

MARY WILSON, died May 6th, 1876.
THOMAS C. BROWNELL, died March 26th, 1879.
WILLIAM A. WOOD, died March 8th, 1880.
ISRAEL KELLOGG, died September 13th, 1880.
MRS. SOPHIA FITCH, died October 26th, 1880.
JOHN PARKER, died November 20th, 1880.

DEATH OF GEN. DWIGHT MAY, JANUARY 28, 1880.

Dwight May was born at Sandersfield, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, September 8th, 1822, and was consequently over 57 years of age at the time of his death. His ancestors for several generations were good old Puritan stock. At the age of 12 years he came with his parents to Michigan, and went through all the trials and hardships of those pioneer days. He taught school and

worked on a farm for several years, and in 1846 entered the Michigan University, and graduated in the classical department three years later. He commenced reading law in the office of Lothrop & Duffield, in Detroit, and afterwards practiced law in Battle Creek, removing thence to Kalamazoo, where he went into partnership with Judge Giddings. He went into the army and was breveted brigadier general, and with his command, was mustered out in 1866. He has held many positions of public trust, including that of lieutenant-governor and attorney general of this State, the latter for two terms. Gen. May was an ardent republican in politics from the time of the formation of that party in this State, and was an earnest and convincing, though not eloquent speaker.

KENT COUNTY.

GRAND RAPIDS HISTORY.

BY HENRY LITTLE.

From the Grand Rapids Eagle of June 6th, 1881.

There was a time when amidst the wild, romantic scenery at the rapids of Grand river, on the west side, might have been seen those mounds of earth, which like mute, patient sentinels, had endured the storms and alternations of heat and cold during untold centuries, while watching and guarding the everlasting rushing and tumbling of that noble stream. It was evident to every beholder that those mounds had been constructed by the hand of man, who at some remote period, had chosen that as his abiding place, because it was favorable for hunting and fishing, if not for agricultural purposes. A few miles down the river, there was a group of twelve much larger mounds; so wondrous strange were they, that for what purpose intended, the wise man knoweth not. That beautiful prairie now occupied by the village of Grandville, with its adjacent lands, might have been cultivated by the mound-builders. At a place several miles still further down the river, there was a long, straight roadway of several feet in hight and width, extending across a swamp, upon which a large amount of care and labor had been expended.

The above-named earthworks were fully described in my work on the mounds and other kindred subjects, and published years ago. Who or what that remarkable people (the mound-builders) were, or from whence or when they came, or when they went, are problems that no one has yet been able to solve, and mysteries which will probably forever elude the most careful investigations.

THE INDIANS.

It may be safely assumed that this country was inhabited by Indians many hundreds, or perhaps thousands of years ago. The Indians readily appreciated the advantages offered by such a place as the rapids of Grand river; it was such a favorite place of resort that they maintained one or more villages there. There, from time immemorial, the red man, the independent monarch of a vast domain, had reveled in all his pride and glory, in the luxurious enjoyment of the rich productions of the river, the forest, and cultivated lands with undisputed freedom. That historic place, now occupied by the

flourishing city of Grand Rapids, was once the imperial seat, or capital, of Noonday, the great chief and ruler of the Ottawas and Pottawattomies, the two tribes being in alliance with each other, but the latter receiving their chiefs from the Ottawas. Both tribes were in the British service in the war of 1812, and participated in the burning of Buffalo in 1813. Noonday was a tall, symmetrically formed gentleman, while his wife was a short, dumpy, inferior appearing lady, with a visage badly marred by large scars. The wonderful changes, incident to the displacement of one race of people by a different one, were in that case effected so quickly and quietly as to be very astonishing. Almost as if by magic, barbarism and ignorance were superseded by civilization and intelligence.

EARLY CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Four French Jesuit missionaries arrived at Mackinaw, where they established their headquarters at a very early day (the exact time not learned), as it appears by their church records kept at that place, that the rite of baptism was administered by them to certain persons in 1616. Printed books used by them there were shown to me which bore a much earlier date, and many curious relics of those times are still in existence.

As the number of missionaries was augmented by arrivals from Canada, they were sent forth from time to time, with Indian guides and dogs, to visit all the Indian villages, at each of which they spent several days' time, when they gave those ignorant heathens their first lessons in the school of civilization and Christianity, and secured their lasting confidence and esteem. After an absence of one or two months, those missionaries returned to Mackinaw to rest and regain their wasted energies, and others were sent out.

By that plan of operations persistently adhered to, it was supposed that all the Indian villages (Grand River Rapids not excepted) had been visited several times before 1640. Every missionary, upon his return to headquarters, made a report of his doings, which was condensed as much as possible before it was placed on the records at Mackinaw, which was then the only repository of such records, because the Indians were unfit custodians of the records of the different localities, and visits of the missionaries at each place were quite short. Therefore it is impossible to learn anything very definite in regard to those early missionary operations at any one particular locality—even the history of the missionary labors at Grand River Rapids as late as 1812 are involved in the same uncertainty or obscurity as those at that place were 200 years before.

RIX ROBINSON.

Although never considered as a resident at Grand River Rapids, Rix Robinson was for a long time very intimately and extensively identified with the private and public business transactions of that community, and also of the State. He was the pioneer leader of the Indian traders, and the first white man who ever permanently located in that vicinity. Rix Robinson came from Auburn, N. Y., to Detroit in 1814, where he remained two years as partner in trade with Mr. Phelps. He afterward, on his own account, established several Indian trading posts in Illinois and Wisconsin. He subsequently as agent of the American Fur Company, established trading posts at different places on the east side of Lake Michigan, one of which was at the mouth of Grand River in 1821, and at about the same time one at Kalamazoo, and another at

a place since called Ada. In 1837 he abandoned that business and devoted his time more to domestic matters, especially to his beautiful farm situated on the south bank of Grand River, near the mouth of Thornapple River, and nearly ten miles east of the Rapids. That was the home of Mr. Robinson and family more than fifty years. He died in 1875, leaving an enviable reputation, the remembrance of which will be long and proudly cherished by all who knew him.

A BAPTIST MISSIONARY STATION

was established at the rapids of Grand river in the fall of 1826, by Rev. Mr. McCoy, of the Cary station, now called Niles. At about the same time, Rev. Leonard Slater, then a young man, with his wife came from the east to Niles, where they remained during the winter with Mr. McCoy. In the spring of 1827, Mr. Slater and wife repaired to their new field of labor at the rapids of Grand river, which was called the Thomas station. It required a man of much faith and perseverance to accomplish the work which had been undertaken by Mr. Slater. But notwithstanding the many serious embarrassments he, in process of time, had the station in working order, with fixtures and appliances as follows: For himself, a two-story log dwelling house, standing on the west bank of the river, very near the west end of the present Bridge street bridge; a few yards north of his house was a blacksmith shop, in which a white man was engaged in making implements for the Indians; a short distance northwest of that point was a farm, on which was employed a white man to instruct those savages in the mysterious science of agriculture; on a small creek, further north, was a saw-mill; on the same side of the river, and south of the ravine, was a cluster of neat block houses for the Indian families, and one house for religious services and school, where a white teacher instructed the rising generation. During the nine and a half years that Slater remained there, he expended about $14,000 of the mission funds for the benefit of the dear, *very dear*, heathens. Mr. Slater removed from that place in the fall of 1836, and as soon as he vacated his house it was occupied by Lovell Moore.

LOUIS CAMPAU

went from Detroit to Saginaw in early times, where he rendered very efficient aid to Gov. Cass, while making the treaty with the Indians at that place in 1816. In 1826 he came to the rapids and built one or more log buildings for his residence and the Indian trade, on the east bank of the river, about midway between the present Pearl and Bridge streets. He occupied that stand about eight years, being the only white man on that side of the river for about six years.

RICHARD GODFROY

was the regular acting Indian agent at the mouth of Flat river (now Lowell), and received his first information in regard to the rapids from the Indians, whose representations were very flattering, and who urgently desired him to visit the place. He therefore obtained a bark canoe, in which he made the passage, arriving at the rapids in 1832, where he remained and acted as Indian agent and trader for several years. He is still at Grand Rapids, and apparently good for many coming years.

James Watson came to the rapids in 1834, and engaged in the Indian trade.

EVENTS OF 1833 AND 1834.

In the spring of 1833 a Mr. Tucker was the first man who ever passed over the route from Gull Prairie to the Rapids with a wagon drawn by oxen, which conveyed Luther Lincoln, family and effects to the Rapids, where he soon after built a saw-mill on or near the place now occupied by Sweet's hotel. That was the first attempt to utilize that vast water power for turning a mill wheel. Lincoln's mill, and the Slater mill on the west side, although they were defective machines, were of great value to the infant settlement by way of furnishing lumber, by which means Messrs. Campau, Godfroy & Watson were enabled to build good, capacious frame warehouses for their fur trade, on on the east bank of the river, near where the "rink" now stands. In front of their stores might have been seen those ponderous wooden machines for pressing their bales of fur. In 1833 or '34 Joel Guild erected a house on the ground now occupied by the First National Bank, which was the first frame house and first hotel in that embryo city. That place in 1834 was fully awakened to consciousness, and from that time the number of inhabitants has increased rapidly and continually to this day.

DOINGS OF 1836.

The steamboat Governor Mason (to which Gov. Mason presented a new flag), of which Richard Godfroy was owner, ran between the Rapids and the mouth of the river. Louis Campau was living in his new two-story house on Monroe street, to which house was afterwards added two other stories, and is the front of one side of the Rathbun house, and the only wooden structure in that vicinity. The Kent hotel on Bridge street and the National on Monroe street, the latter kept by Myron Hinsdill, were in successful operation. Campau's old log house (of 1826) was occupied by Mr. Page, father-in-law of W. A. Richmond. Sargeant & Co. started a line of stage coaches to perform regular trips between the Rapids and Kalamazoo, for the benefit of which enterprise, Mr. Godfroy expended a large amount of money in improving the road through the timbered land between Plaster Creek and Green Lake, at which place Louis Campau built and fitted up a large hotel building. But that staging business was of short duration, because not paying. Lyon & Company, in order to utilize that great water power, excavated a great canal extending from the head of the rapids to a place near Bridge street, where was completed the foundation for the "big mill" upon which it was intended to erect a building of such dimensions, that sixty perpendicular mill saws might be operated in the same. But inasmuch as the agent could not find even half that number of saws in Philadelphia, it lead to a reconsideration of the scheme, and the erection of a much smaller building on the north end of the big wall where three or four saws were operated. For a considerable length of time, a brisk sectional rivalship in sentiment and action existed between the north part of the village, called Kent, and the south part, called Grand Rapids, but this finally yielded to the consideration that in reality there was but one village, one community, and one common interest, and since that time a very commendable degree of unanimity in sentiment and action has prevailed.

THE YEAR 1837

was the year of the great financial panic when many strong individuals were crippled or ruined, but that feeble little town not only held its own, but received additions to its inhabitants, and made many improvements. In the

spring of that year a ferry was established to convey teams and passengers across the river below the island, which was a good substitute for the foot bridge previously used. In this year the first newspaper was started, the Grand River Times, afterward changed to the Enquirer. The Eagle was the next newspaper, started in 1844.

EVENTS OF 1838.

The unusual warm weather in March had the effect to melt the great amount of snow lying on the ground, and to break up and liberate the vast accumulation of thick ice on the river, which in its downward passage was obstructed by the firm ice below the island, causing the river to rise many feet above its usual level, submerging Canal street and its vicinity several feet under water. Campau's old log house (on the bank) was in the midst of that fearful torrent, and its inmates were rescued from their perils by means of boats. The steamboat Gov. Mason was forced from its moorings, and driven inland about 20 rods. After the water subsided the boat was returned to the river after several days of hard labor, by a strong force of men with cables and capstans, under the direction of Captains Stoddard, Short, and Jennings. In consequence of the fatigue and exposure to which Captain Short was subjected, he became sick with a fever and died within one week. The marriage of Charles I. Walker (then editor of the newspaper) and Mary, sister of Myron Hinsdale, took place at the National hotel that spring.

In the spring the sheriff and his family were occupying the south part of the court-house, which was begun the year before and finished, excepting the tower and prison cells in the north end, which work was done that spring.

Bishop McCoskry made his first pastoral visit to that place, and conducted service in the court-house in the forenoon, and at the residence of Mr. Coggeshal in the afternoon. The Grand River bank was then in operation, of which William A. Richmond was cashier. The securities required by law were delivered to Hiram Hinsdale, then county treasurer, for the Peoples' Bank. The movers of that enterprise claimed that they had been deprived of the privilege of participating in the benefits arising from that other bank organization, but the bank never went into operation. The annual payment was made there to the Indians that spring, when several thousand dollars quickly passed through the hands of the Indians into those of the merchants and other good men to whom they were indebted.

Louis Campau enclosed a square ten-acre lot with a high tight board fence, its northern boundary being by Fulton street, and the western boundary being about where Jefferson avenue now is, the land remaining in its natural state, with all its primeval forest trees still standing. At about the same time James Watson built a small two-story house on the corner of Fulton and Division streets, now occupied by Lovell Moore. Then that house was considered as being far out of town, that and the Campau lot being the only improvements east of Division and south of Fulton street.

The Legislature had made large appropriations of that expected $5,000,000, for internal improvements, among which were $60,000 for improving the navigation of Grand River, a good share of which was to be expended at or near the Rapids. Accordingly in the spring the work was begun and carried forward under the supervision of Hon. Rix Robinson, one of the Commissioners of Internal Improvements. The work consisted in removing some round smooth stones and sand from the bed of the river at the foot of the Rapids.

At that time Judge Ransom occupied the judicial bench of that county, Darius Winsor was postmaster, Messrs. Moore, Abel, and one or two others expounded the laws, Jacob Barns administered justice, Dr. Shepard dispensed pills, and was also expert with the compass and chain. One school was maintained in the brown school-house, north of Monroe street. There was then a tolerably good supply of stores and artisans for a place of 900 or 1,000 inhabitants.

There were then two church organizations. The Presbyterians generally held their meetings in the court-house, but sometimes in the dining room of the National. At that time a few persons were quite anxious for the formation of a Dutch Reformed Church, which finally culminated in the erection of a church edifice at Bridge street, which required many years to finish, and but a few minutes to destroy by fire a few years ago.

The fine, commodious Catholic church, built entirely by Louis Campau, at the corner of Monroe and Division streets, was then completed and in use by the members of St. Andrew's parish. That church organization had its inception when Rev. Father Baraga arrived there in 1834, and began his work as a missionary. A small building for church or religious service was built (the work being done by Isaac Turner) on the bank of the river, near the fur traders' warehouses. When that little building had been thus used a short time it was disposed of and converted to other uses, but before that change had taken place, several block houses for Indian families, and one for divine worship had been built on the opposite side of the river, and the Catholics used that little sanctuary (having no other) until the completion of the Campau church, which was the only one in town. Father Baraga, that good missionary and founder of St. Andrew's parish, was a native of Austria, a gentleman of fine appearance, pleasing address, having a high, well rounded forehead, and an inviting expression of countenance. Leaving that place after a short sojourn, he subsequently became a bishop, and died many years ago.

When the time came that the Indians were inclined to dispose of their large tract of land to the Government, they strongly and persistently insisted upon reserving from such sale a few hundreds of acres of land adjoining the rapids, which included the site of their old village, then occupied by the buildings and other fixtures belonging to the two missionary societies. But finding the Government firm in its refusal to treat with them for any portion of their lands without including these, they reluctantly consented to dispose of their entire interest on that side of the river. It will be remembered that the Baptist missionary enterprise under Mr. Slater had been entirely abandoned at that place in the fall of 1836, and the Catholics retired from that land, never to return, in the spring of 1838. As soon as (or rather before) the Government had adjusted its long controversy with the Indians about that land, those two missionary societies instituted claims upon that valuable tract by virtue of their preëmption rights. While preëmption claims were valid in some cases, that law could not apply to land which was still the rightful property of the Indians; therefore their claims were disallowed, and in lieu of the land they received a small sum of money.

That tract of land on the west side of those rapids, derisively called "Canada" so long in plain sight of the village, but yet out of the world, which belonged to nobody, but which every one wished to own, was finally freed from those entanglements, and offered for sale.

SALT.

An excellent quality of salt was manufactured there at an early day, but the exact time is not recollected when Lucius Lyon began to draw the brine from the well he had bored to the depth of more than 800 feet. The business was finally abandoned, because it did not prove to be as remunerative as was desired. The State officials made a contract with a certain party to bore a well for brine on the land belonging to the State, a short distance below Grand Rapids, that place being selected because of the salt spring found there. When the boring had been carried to a considerable depth the drill was broken and lost and the work forever stopped.

GYPSUM.

At an early day a few square feet of crude gypsum was found visible in the west bank of Plaster creek, a few rods south of Grand river. The first knowledge the white men had of its existence was derived from the Indians. In process of time the discovery was made that beds of that valuable mineral of great thickness and lying very near the surface of the ground covered a great extent of territory in that vicinity, and soon after the work of quarrying, grinding, and calcining was commenced. Stucco was first used at the rapids in 1834, to plaster the gable ends of Richard Godfroy's house, the same that was afterward burned with two women, who were within its walls. This was the beginning of what is now a very important branch of industry and trade.

SOME OTHER ITEMS.

The first bridge across Grand river at the rapids was a continuation of Bridge street to the west side, its cost, in part, being defrayed by an appropriation of State lands.

The plank road to Kalamazoo was finished in 1855, affording much better means of communication with the outside world than had existed before.

The church edifice that was built and owned by Campau, when it had been used ten or twelve years, proved to be too small to accommodate St. Andrew's parish, and Mr. Campau sold the property with all its appurtenances (except the iron cross on the spire) to the Congregationalists, in 1846, for the sum of ten dollars ($20?). A Mr. Post ascended to the top of the spire, and after disengaging the cross from its support, by means of a saw, lost his balance and then his life by falling with it to the ground. Soon after the sale of that house, beginning in 1849, the Catholics built another and larger house, on the ground now occupied by that magnificent block of stores and the Grand Rapids National Bank, on Monroe street, just above Ottawa.

St. Mark's Episcopal church on the east side of Division street, was completed (except the tower) and consecrated on the 5th of September, 1849, Bishop McCoskry officiating, while nearly all the clergy belonging to the Diocese were in attendance at a convention held at the same time and place. The next day (Monday) a few gentlemen had a pleasant social interview with the Bishop, in the parlors of Dr. Cuming. The small wooden house of worship further north on the same street, and previously used by the Episcopalians, was sold to the Baptists.

OF THE EARLY SETTLERS,

a lively recollection of whom will be long maintained, the following named gentlemen were more or less prominently identified with the growth and developments of that place from 1826 to 1838: Campau, Slater, Godfroy, Guild, Turner, Watson, Baraga, Lincoln, Scribner, Shoemaker, Baxter, Stocking, the Lymans, the Lyons, Almy, Sargeant, Moore, Barns, Dikeman, Richmond, Abel, Shepard, Morrison, Granger, Nelson, Evans, the Hinsdales, the Taylors, the Millses, the Smiths, the Pierces, the Witheys, the Winsors, Coggeshall, Moran, Bebee, Johnson, Ball, Pettibone, Osborn, Walker, Stoddard, Short, Jennings, and many others, whose names escape my memory, a few of whom are still living, while many have been removed from the scenes of this life.

That chilly morning of the 4th day of November, 1874, witnessed a solemn and an impressive scene as that score of grey-haired invited friends were standing in two lines, extending from the sidewalk to the family mansion, with uncovered heads, while the casket containing the remains of Antoine Campau, their former friend and intimate associate, was borne between their ranks and followed thence to the chapel, where the last sad rites were performed by several officiating priests.

REVIEW.

The coming of Louis Campau to that place in 1826 was like the planting of a small seed in the wild, sterile desert; for although Campau was there hidden away all the time, there were no external signs of growth or life on his side of the river until 1833, being seven years after his arrival, when the Lincoln saw-mill was built. Then there began to be some stir, and signs of life were visible. In 1834 the town, with all the elements of growth and future greatness, was fully inaugurated. In estimating the age of that town the correct starting period of time would be the year 1833, and by that computation it would now be about forty-eight years old. Many of the present great cities on the American sea-board had a smaller population when they were two hundred years old than Grand Rapids has to-day, and the manufactories of those cities at that time were upon a very limited scale, and all their work was performed by hand labor.

That wide-awake, stirring, driving, rushing, ever enterprising, and successful place, with its rapid growth and wonderful development, awakens our profound astonishment and admiration, and calls forth our most hearty congratulations, not only for its present high attainments, but also because it has such bright and promising prospects before it. Grand Rapids is still in its infancy, but what a giant for a young infant! If 33,000 people are to-day within the embrace of that infant, we may safely conclude that the number will be increased to 150,000 within the next fifty years.

MEMORIAL REPORT.

BY ROBERT HILTON, VICE PRESIDENT.

At a meeting of the Old Residents' association of the Grand River Valley, called October 31st, 1880, for the purpose of attending the memorial services at the German Lutheran church, on the occasion of the recent decease of Christopher Kusterer, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we sympathize deeply with the family of the departed, in view of the sudden and distressing circumstances of the death of our late associate, Christopher Kusterer.

Resolved, That we extend to them our sincerest condolence in the affliction thus visited upon them.

Resolved, That we bear willing testimony to his excellencies as a man, a citizen, and in all the private and public relations of life.

Resolved, That his genial address, his liberality and generosity in all worthy enterprises and to all deserving charities, his extensive business operations, his appreciation and steady support of municipal improvements, and his beneficial use of the capital he had acquired by his labor and sagacity made him so important a factor in our city that his removal is a public calamity, and therefore greatly to be deplored by all beyond the immediate circle of friendship and relationship.

Resolved, That we point with pride to Mr. Kusterer's career as an adopted citizen of this Republic—to it as an example of prompt and full acceptance of the duties and responsibilities of a nationalist he had voluntary assumed, his study of and full acquaintance with our political institutions; his interest in the affairs of the country and his desire and coöperation for its development and progress as intelligent and hearty as any native-born inhabitant; in his person, thus vindicating our policy of universal adoption of the foreign-born immigrant of all races and lands.

Resolved, That our secretary be directed to transmit a copy of these resolutions to the widow of Mr. Kusterer, and to cause them to be published in the journals of the city.

THE LATE MR. KUSTERER—MEMORIAL SERVICES.

Who can tell what an awful morn shall rise:

> "Till this stormy night is gone,
> And the eternal morrow dawn."

Mild and sweet was the lovely autumnal Friday which prefaced that terrible Saturday when a war of elements swept the great lakes, making watery graves for many unfortunates caught upon the waves. Like the dead calm that presages the earthquake's shock or the tornado's fearful blast, was that calm October day, which lured scores to venture upon the deep and to find a lasting rest in the angry waters. After many hours' struggle with the raging elements the ship went down; the Alpena was lost to human sight forever, and her human freight found premature graves, and the wild winds sung the death knell and echoed the requiem notes to the loved ones left behind. Not a living soul left to tell the horrible tale! The Valley City feels the heavy blow, and mourns the loss of several of her esteemed citizens, and among them was Christopher Kusterer, an old resident, an enterprising business man, and a good citizen, lost in the midnoon of life, and an irreparable loss to his family, who mourn as no others can.

At the memorial services many of the relatives and personal friends of the departed gathered at his late residence, and after becoming services in the afflicted house, a procession was formed, led by the Old Settlers' society, to the number of about 150, L. Covell, Esq., acting as marshal, and followed by the mourners and a goodly number of citizens, to the German Lutheran church, where highly interesting memorial services were performed. Rev. Mr. Koch, pastor of that church, delivered an able discourse, speaking in both the German and English language. He gave a brief biography of Mr. Kusterer, and uttered many words of condolence for the afflicted family. On the conclusion of the services the mourners were escorted by the old settlers to their home, made desolate and dreary by the sudden and unexpected taking off of its head.

Hon. JOHN J. ADAM.

LENAWEE COUNTY.

JOHN J. ADAM, FIFTH PRESIDENT OF THE MICHIGAN STATE PIONEER SOCIETY.

John Johnstone Adam was born in the city of Paisley, October 30th, 1807. His father, Robert Adam, was an architect and lumber-dealer in Paisley for many years, and was a descendant of the celebrated Adam family of Edinburgh, one of whom of the same name was the architect of the early college buildings of the University of Edinburgh (*Roberto Adamo, Architecto*). One of the most noted and best known to the subject of this sketch was Alex'r Adam, L.L. D., rector of the high school of Edinburgh, and author of a book on "Roman Antiquities,"—of which work a copy was presented May 1, 1823, to John J. Adam as a prize for eminence in Greek scholarship, by Prof. D. K. Sandford.

The only recollection of his father by J. J. A. was that of being taken in when about two years old to see his father on his death-bed. Some two or three years after his father's death, his mother (*nee* Mary Crichton), a native of Dumfries-shire, removed to Closeburn parish, in that shire or county, for the purpose of having her two sons, Thomas C. and John J., educated at the celebrated Wallace Hall Academy in that parish. They remained there six or seven years, going through all studies taught there, such as were considered preparatory to a collegiate or university education. The family then removed to Stewarton, near Glasgow, in part to send the boys to college. Thomas C. commenced the usual four years' college course some two years earlier than John J. A., and after his four years' literary course, T. C. studied medicine and graduated as a physician and surgeon. John J. commenced the regular four years' curriculum in 1822–3, and took prizes in several of the classes, especially Greek and Logic, and had uniform good credit from all the professors. He graduated as Master of Arts in April, 1826. His diploma on vellum was presented to the library of the University of Michigan, in June, 1877.

It was expected by most of the relatives and friends of John J. Adam that after his going through college he would prepare for the ministry; and he did make some commencement in that direction; but his own choice was to get a commission in the British army. Upon making inquiries in that regard he found that the Duke of York, then at the head of the army, from his extravagant life and habit of raising money by the sale of army commissions, had forestalled as many future commissions as would be wanted or could be filled for six or seven years to come. (The sale of army commissions has for many years past been entirely abolished by act of parliament.)

Finding that there was no prospect within any reasonable time of getting a commission in the army, he went to see a friend who had an interest in the then East India company, and who had spent some time in the East Indies, Mr. Wm. Cunningham, of Lainshaw, near Stewarton. But he rather dissuaded his young friend from trying to get into the East India service, on account of the climate and other objections; but rather advised him, if he thought of leaving Scotland, to read about America and Australia, and see which of these countries, or what part of either of them, would probably suit him best.

The result was that he concluded to go to America. Finding an American brig about to sail from Glasgow for Baltimore, he engaged passage on that vessel, a brig of a hundred and forty odd tons burthen. He left Glasgow on the 4th of July, 1826, went out by the north of Ireland, was forty-two days out of sight of land, and landed at Baltimore the forty-sixth day out. He found the consignees of the vessel very friendly and polite, and one of the clerks aided him in passing the custom-house. The firm had a ship about to sail for China, and they, having spoken to the captain and mate on the subject, offered Mr. Adam the position of supercargo. But that not being consistent with the object of Mr. A. in coming to America, it was respectfully declined.

What then seemed to Mr. Adam the most desirable ground to look over with a view to settlement, was to reach Ohio by the Cumberland road, then a leading avenue for emigration west. He accordingly took passage by stage to Wheeling, taking a side cut-off to get a view of the scenery of Harper's Ferry and to see the United States foundry and arsenal there. On arriving at Wheeling he stopped there a few days, visiting several points in Ohio opposite and above Wheeling. Having some references from Glasgow and Paisley people to acquaintances in Pittsburg, he made a trip there, and was soon introduced to the Rev. Dr. Bruce, then president of the Western University of Pennsylvania. Dr. B. had been a fellow-student and intimate friend of the minister, on whose services Mr. A. had generally attended in Glasgow. Dr. Bruce soon informed Mr. Adam that he had been written to by the officers of an academy at Meadville, Pa., to see if he could send them a young man to teach Latin, Greek, and Mathematics; and asked Mr. A. if he would accept the position. He did so, and remained there about a year, until he was obliged to return to Scotland to settle with his guardian, as he was not of age when he left Glasgow in July, 1826. One of Mr. Adam's pupils at Meadville was George W. Cullum, who went from the academy there to West Point, graduating there with the highest honors. In November, 1862, whilst Gen. Cullum was chief of staff to Gen. Halleck, Mr. Adam received a letter from Gen. C., embracing mostly reminiscences as to his father's family, with all of whom Mr. A. was well acquainted when teaching at Meadville.

He came to Michigan in 1831, settling in Lenawee county, of which he has been a resident since. He has been prominently identified with the history and growth of the Territory and State of Michigan. He at first purchased some land in what is now Franklin township, but which was then included in the organized township of Tecumseh. During the winter of 1831–2 Mr. Adam taught the district school at Clinton, then just beginning to be settled, not having until the following winter acquired even the convenience of a separate postoffice. In the spring of 1832 Mr. A. went out as a volunteer private in Captain Hickson's company, to serve during the Black Hawk war. The company only went as far as Niles, but were held subject to orders as "minute men" for the balance of the month after their return home. He afterward took part in the "Toledo war," as second lieutenant, and thereafter was appointed paymaster of the fifth division Michigan militia, and in 1841 aid-de-camp to Gen. Davis Smith of the same command.

In 1835 he was elected as one of the eight delegates from Lenawee county to the convention, which met in May of that year, to frame the first State constitution of the then proposed State of Michigan. He was one of the youngest members of that body, but as the journal of the convention shows, he took an active part in its proceedings. For three years next succeeding the

organization of the State he was secretary of the State senate. In 1839 he was a member of the House of Representatives from Lenawee county, and in 1840–1 a member of the Senate from the Second district, composed of the counties of Monroe, Lenawee, and Hillsdale. In January, 1842, he was elected by the Legislature to the office of State Treasurer, for the unexpired term of the then incumbent, and was twice reëlected to the same position, for the four succeeding years. But in May, 1845, at the solicitation of Governor Barry, he resigned the office to take the appointment of Auditor General, *vice* Charles G. Hammond, resigned. In 1847 Mr. A. was again a member of the House of Representatives from Lenawee county, and besides his special duties as chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, and services on other committees, took an active part in the location of the capitol at Lansing. In 1848 he was solicited by Hon. D. V. Bell, his successor as auditor, to accept a reäppointment as Auditor, to enable Mr. Bell to resign and accept a situation with the Michigan Central railroad. Mr. A. finally concluded to accept, and in March, 1848, during the first session of the Legislature at Lansing, was commissioned again as Auditor General, and served until January, 1851. Besides the regular duties of his office during that time, he superintended the expenditure of a small land appropriation for the opening of a road east from Capitol Square to the Grand River road, and the erection of a bridge on the same, over Grand river. From the expiration of this term until 1871 he was not officially connected with the administration of State affairs, being for the most of that time in the service of the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad company: first as their construction agent during the building of the Jackson branch, the Three Rivers road, the Air-Line, and the Detroit and Toledo road; and afterward, as paymaster, and for the last ten years prior to his resignation, in 1868, holding the position of auditor of the company.

In the fall of 1870, having, at the solicitation of friends of both political parties, consented to run as a candidate for Representative from his district, he was elected, and served with credit during 1871–2, winning the respect and friendship of all his colleagues. Mr. A. was also one of the first Board of Regents of the Michigan State University, and for several years treasurer of that institution. He was the first treasurer of the Michigan State Agricultural society, for which service he holds their diploma. In all the positions of trust and responsibility in which he has been placed, we believe he has served with marked fidelity. In 1873 he participated with Governor Bagley and his associates on the committee of arrangements for the laying of the corner-stone of the new capitol at Lansing, officiating as vice president for the Sixth Senatorial district.

Since Mr. Adam's retirement from railroad employment, with the exception of his consenting to run as a candidate for Representative in the State Legislature in 1870, he has uniformly declined to be a candidate for any public office, or to enter into any new business, as a partner or otherwise. He served several years as a member or president of the village council, which he submitted to as a gratuitous tax, until he thought he had sufficiently served out his time in that regard.

In 1878 he consented to be nominated as president of the Michigan State Pioneer Society for one year, with the understanding and pledge of his friends that he should not be asked to stand for any further service in that capacity—none of his then predecessors having been asked to stand a second term. He

considered the one term as a suitable and gratifying honor, upon which to retire from a generally active and busy life.

PIONEER MEETING.

A special meeting of the Lenawee County Pioneer Society was held at the Baptist church, in the south part of Cambridge, September 25th, 1879.

The weather was delightful, and between four and five hundred people were in attendance. At 11 o'clock the church was completely filled, and the meeting was called to order by President F. A. Dewey. The choir sang "Auld Lang Syne," and Rev. R. Wooden offered an appropriate prayer. Vice President Justus Lowe followed with a short and stirring address. The by-laws of the Society were then read, and a large number of new members joined.

A recess of an hour and a half was then taken, during which a basket picnic was served in the basement of the church, which was arranged in excellent order.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The meeting was opened with singing by the choir. Letters were read from Hon. Norman Geddes, of Adrian, and from Paul Geddes, of Battle Creek, which were very interesting and were listened to with deep attention. F. A. Dewey then followed with a carefully prepared address, which is given in full below. At its close Gen. J. W. Brown was called out and made a few timely remarks, and moved that three cheers be given for the president's address, which were given with a will. Volunteer speeches were called for, and responses were made by John F. Schreder, of Ridgeway, and R. Wooden, Chauncey Cooper, William Blackmar and William Powers. The following resolution was presented by W. A. Whitney, Esq.:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Pioneer Society be and are hereby tendered to the Free Will Baptist Society for the free use of the church, and to the very excellent choir of singers, also to the citizens of Cambridge for their beautiful arrangements and bounteous picnic banquet.

Much praise is due to the ladies, for they were unwearied in making the meeting a success.

MR. DEWEY'S ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I would respectfully ask your attention for a short time, while I read a very brief outline of the first settlement of Michigan, not omitting Lenawee county, with the beautiful and fertile town of Cambridge. From time to time many interesting items have been given to the public by historic citizens. To these materials I am aware that I can add but little that is valuable, yet there are fields not wholly gleaned, and if I can bind the scattered materials into an acceptable sheaf, I may at least be excused from following where others have so worthily led. Of the present generation, how few appreciate the character of the people who laid the foundation of our beautiful State. Without going into a long historical detail which would lead into a wide field, I propose to notice some facts of general application, of those who claim the honor of pioneers in the early settlement of Michigan. It is an axiom that history cannot be truly written while the actors in the scenes described remain upon the arena.

Time is required to soften the passions, to remove prejudices, to cure jeal-

ousies, to search out truth, to weigh motives, and if it were our province to write history, we should be obliged to go back beyond the period contemplated in our present brief review.

I will here state the first record we have of the French Catholic missionaries in Michigan was two hundred and sixty-nine years ago, at Detroit, or as it was then called, Teuchsa Grondie. Detroit was founded by the French in 1701. The first stockade or fort was built by the French in 1705. The second by the British, called Fort Shelby, in 1777. June 11, 1805, every building of the village of Detroit was burned excepting two or three. Gov. Hull appointed the first governor June, 1805. Hull's surrender of the northwest to the British, August 17, 1812. Gen. Cass appointed governor of Michigan October, 1813. The first printing-press in Michigan, 1809. Detroit incorporated a city October 24, 1815. The corner-stone of St. Ann's Catholic church laid the 11th day of June, 1818. The first one elected to Congress from Michigan was the Rev. French Catholic Missionary Gabriel Richard, in the year 1823, who came to Detroit in the month of June, 1798. This devoted man, and a bright example to all classes, died at Detroit with the cholera, September 13, 1832. The first capitol of Michigan was built about the year 1825.

There was quite a large number of schooners which sailed the lakes previous to the year 1829. It may be a pleasant task at some future day to review the staunch sailing vessels of Lake Erie, and make a record of the dauntless captains who assisted to bring thousands of tons of merchandise and a world of emigrants to our now prosperous and admired State of Michigan.

The first United States military road west from Detroit was the Detroit and Chicago turnpike, passing through the north part of Cambridge, laid out in the year 1825. This road was a great benefit to Michigan. The next United States military road was from Monroe, to intersect the Chicago road at Cambridge, laid out in 1832. The Erie & Kalamazoo railroad, built from Toledo to Adrian, and in running order in the year 1837. These three roads were of wide-spreading benefit to each and every one of Michigan, and Lenawee county particularly, and as soon as practicable a mail route was established over each. But long before these roads were marked out, or worked, the enterprising and genial friendships of several families found their way into the unbounded solitude of Lenawee county, and bought land in Tecumseh, where they erected their log cabins in the year 1824. Musgrove Evans and wife, Gen. J. W. Brown and wife, each with a family of five children; Mr. George Spafford and wife, Mr. Ezra F. Blood, who held the plough to turn the first virgin soil of Lenawee county. Mr. Blood still lives at Tecumseh, over 80 years of age. Gen. J. W. Brown is with us to-day, 85 years of age, who was the main proprietor of the first saw-mill and grist-mill built in the county; so the first pioneers of this county began their farms fifty-five years ago last June.

These meetings, while refreshing our memory, preserve to posterity a written narrative of notable men and striking incidents and events of long ago past, which as a whole, display the true inner view of the pioneer life and the first settlement of a new country, within whose forest glades the ringing blows of the woodman's ax had before never echoed, whose virgin soil the farmer's plow never before had broken. A little more than half a century has now elapsed since its first settlement by Evans, Brown, Blood, and others. We look around us and see a county of beautiful, prosperous villages and cities, fertile farms of whose plenteous products, resulting from combined

industry and intelligence, their owners may well be proud, whose broad acres yearly yield to man the richness of their increase.

Fifty years ago this past summer, after a stormy passage across Lake Erie, on the steamboat Enterprise, Capt. Miles, we sailed up Detroit river. Everything on the shores appeared so strange. The neat-looking, whitewashed French buildings, the verdant pastures stretching away back, and on every headland verging into the river was a large wind-mill for the purpose of grinding grain. On landing at the wharf at Detroit, there was a multitude of Frenchmen, ponies, and carts, all manœuvering to do something, but their language was more rapid and jumbled up than any Indian dialect which I had ever learned. My outfit consisted of two barrels of sundries, one trunk, a dog and a gun, and seven dollars in money. My headquarters was at Woodworth's Steamboat hotel. I rambled about this old and historic town, took a survey of the memorable grounds of the old fort or garrison, which had been enclosed by an embankment with pickets and block-houses; sat down on the embankment where Major Gladwin with his few soldiers had held the fort while being stormed by Pontiac, with thousands of Indians, for more than a year.

A few days after, I reached Tecumseh, where the latch-strings were all out with a generous welcome to every cabin. My boarding place was just on the outskirts of civilization, two miles from the village. The family were well educated people from Otsego county, New York, they having saved just money enough to buy 80 acres of land. Their house was of logs, with no floor except the bare earth, with a bountiful fire-place at one end; no chairs, tables, or glass windows, but the frugal meal was set daily on a clean cloth spread over a stately stump for a center table in the middle of the pioneer's mansion. Here we enjoyed independence and pioneer comforts. I entered as an apprentice to cutting grubs, burning brush and log heaps, girdling trees, and driving oxen for the break-up team. Everybody in those days had plenty of hard work, and sometimes hard fare. Many did I know, since prosperous farmers, who would walk miles for a day's work, and carry their pay in pork, flour, meal, or middlings, on their back, home at night.

CAMBRIDGE.

On a lovely summer's day, when the gentle breezes were wafting the sweet fragrance of thousands of flowers growing on the openings, interspersed by the jotting vales and lakes, there came winding through the north part of this township, near the Indian trail and marked trees, an emigrant wagon, with horses and six persons; also cows, with a goodly number of fair traveling hogs, all wearied with overland travel from Ohio. It was just fifty years ago the past summer the company pitched their tents on the west bank of the romantic branch of the River Raisin. Here they spancelled the horses, spread the banquet for a picnic, the first we have a record of in this town, and I have been told that Mr. Charles Blackmar and family were rejoiced to get to this promised land, where they raised an altar and built a small pole-house, the first one erected within the boundaries of this town. Here at the blanket door strangers always met a generous welcome and kind treatment. Here the roving bands of Indians often congregated, but the unwavering and decisive action of Mr. Blackmar always made them fear and respect him. It seems but a short time ago when the 8th regiment encamped at Blackmar's, in the year 1832. Over two hundred men, with all the equipments of war, also seven large baggage wagons of United States muskets, with powder and cartridges,

from the arsenal at Detroit. Here for the first time martial music echoed o'er the plains. The reveille was beat in the morning and tattoo at night. When that scourge of the world, the Asiatic cholera, passed over this hemisphere, in the remote and public hotel of Mr. Blackmar, a traveler died with the epidemic. The landlord was taken with the cholera and died in less than thirty hours; thus passed away our first farmer of the township; a noble and good man, in almost the beginning of his usefulness—in the year 1834. His widow, a virtuous and most excellent mother, died in the year 1856. She, like her husband, never tired in deeds of charity and loving kindness.

I now propose to call up a few names of the first settlers of the town, those who assisted to open our roads, clear away the forest, and laid the foundations for our happy homes in this township. The early settlers of this township were of diverse nationalities--Dutch, Irish, English, and Yankees, many of them of marked ability, who in public life might have filled the highest positions in county or State. We were all neighbors, all friends, and it might be this bond of union, this seeming disposition to stand by each other and be one big family, had its influence in making men, not so good in the country they came from, but quite a little better here. I will now call over in the catalogue of pioneers of those who lived here previous to 1845, of the north part of the town, a few names of those who have left us never to be here again. Let each one present whose memory carries him back thirty years in Cambridge remember as marked men with peculiarities, never to be forgotten: Benjamin Hammond, Daniel Myers, John Brears, John Smith, Aaron Smith, Robert Burnham, Nathaniel Moulton, Ephraus Owen, John Monaghan, and George Monaghan. These men were solid farmers. I could say much of their good qualities, and should dislike to spend one minute in speaking of their faults—and vices, if they had any. Then there were Benjamin Ayers, Isaac Powers, and Sylvester Walker, tavern-keepers, who were marked examples of a new country. Nature made Sylvester Walker for his business. Men of every class and condition of life from the earliest times, would stretch out their day's drive to reach the hospitable roof of Walker's hotel. Then there was Dr. A. N. Moulton, who for many years was standard authority in the medical profession; he was known far and wide. He was no bread-pill or small-dose doctor. If you said you were sick he took you at your word, and made you familiar with calomel, jallop, castor oil, and quinine, to an extent that made you hope you might never be sick again. On the east side of the town was Isaac Miller, John Howell, and Nathaniel Wheeler. They were large farmers and had character for integrity and intelligence. Their record we all like to review. Joseph Achin, the surveyor, a trusty and honorable man; also James King and Benjamin Workman were men of fine education and large attainments.

It would be sinful on our part to overlook or forget Elder Henry Tripp, who explained the precepts of the bible with more rapidity of utterance than any other man of his day or generation; he gave his monitions in fewer words, and to an audience who had faith in his sincerity. He also cast the first vote in this town for the abolition of slavery. One more, Rev. William N. Lyster is one who will meet us no more with the frank and smiling face. His efforts in building churches and spreading the gospel is finished on this earth. Few there are who did not know him, when to know him was to love him; to name him was to praise. He truly was an honest man, and has a warm place in the hearts of all who knew him; a true soldier of Christ, he wrapped

around him the mantle of faith, and calmly closed his eyes in that sleep which has no waking till the resurrection morn. His body was laid in the tomb beside his wife, in Elmwood cemetery, Detroit.

In the south part of the town there was Chester Tomer, John Mortonsen, Michael Pulver, Harlow G. Smith, Elias Perry, John F. Wimple, Israel Maxwell and Zelotus Perry, all reliable and good farmers, with most excellent and productive farms. Also there was Amos Daniels, John Olmsted, Joseph Smith and Joseph Carpenter. They were forehanded farmers, and when they put their teams together and used their strength with a little faith, they made things move.

In the west part of the town there was Charles Blackmar, Aaron Pratt, Josiah Haynes, Wm. Denslow, Sr., Francis Brooks, Edmund Redfield, Mr. Loveland and Beriah Redfield. These were true and honorable farmers. Aaron Pratt and Wm. Ostrander had a peculiar taste for tobacco, so much did they like that narcotic weed, that it flavored their mouth day and night. Mr. Loveland and his two daughters were killed by lightning in the year 1838.

Now we come to the pioneers of the central part of Cambridge. There was Anthony B. Weatherhead, Samuel Geddes, John Dickinson, Thomas Alderdyce, Sr., Jacob Booker, James H. Gibbs, Thomas Purdy, John Greenleaf, Henry Loucks, and father. These were all good citizens and fitted well the position in life assigned to them. There was Don. A. Reed, a good farmer, and by necessity, rather than have his hogs and young cattle killed by the wolves, he became a noted trapper and caught seven large wolves in one night with spring-pole traps. There was J. B. Gregor; his broad shoulders were fairly rounded out and cropped over with politics; a good hunter, and said to be the best shot with a rifle in the town. Andrew Ayers, Sr., a genuine Englishman, who always had the best garden that was cultivated in town; the bordered walks and the admired beds looked as though they all had been renovated by a gentle hand with a fine tooth comb. James Geddes and Andrew Ayers, Sr., were for many years true representative men for town office. They had the confidence of the public and it was not misplaced. David Thomas and Captain Otis Lyman were very active, energetic citizens. They seemed to know the quality and weight of a fat ox the moment their practiced eyes surveyed him. They took but little sleep or rest until they quietly laid down to join that countless number who occupy that silent city of the dead. Captain Lyman, that sturdy, stalwart, and most open-hearted of our pioneer host, we never more shall see. That blithsome David Thomas, the tavern keeper, always first and most active in every public doing, we never more shall meet on earth. Elder John Stephenson, one of our genuine pioneers of merry England's extraction, left us but a short time ago. His mortal remains now lie entombed in the churchyard; but the influence of his wise counsels, his Christian examples, remain with us yet. May that influence continue until the mighty angel shall swear that time is no more. We do not wish to overlook or omit any one of the early pioneers. More have left us for that land where there is no returning. There was Dr. Charles G. Toun, who was killed by being throwm from his sulky while on a professional visit. He was a scholar, a gentleman, and a very estimable man. Also Dr. Zelman Mallory, who took a very active part, in precept and example, with our Sunday-schools and primary schools. His good deeds live in the best affections of his people who yet survive him, and are engraved upon their memories. I will add one more to the pioneer list, one whom we were well acquainted with over forty

years ago, but do not know where he is now; but to begin, he was a rare genius, he could trot or walk faster than any one I ever knew and was migratory. He required but little dress, but most always wore basswood shin fenders beneath his leggins; was a good chopper and would handle an ax like a plaything; was a good swimmer; would take hook and line and go to the lake where he seldom ever missed getting a fine lot of bass by swimming and trolling. He would take a cow or an ox by the tail and steer them through the woods in any direction at a brisk trot. He always slept in an out-building in summer, never requiring more than five hours' rest. In looks and language he seemed unlike all others. He could use the English language as no man ever used it, and yet you never failed to catch his meaning.

I will now close my brief review by adding two important names, Calvin Snell and Abram Butterfield, both tavern keepers. Mr. Butterfield possessed a strong, compact frame, capable of enduring great fatigue, which many times was put to the uttermost test, in his great labors in this town when a wilderness. His judgment was seldom at fault; with but little education, working his way up by toil through privation, striving for a livelihood by persistent and determined labor. He lived to see the town rank among the best of the county, a result to which he had largely contributed.

At different periods of my life in the last fifty years, I have spent some time outside of our county and State, in many villages and cities, even down to the capital on the Potomac. The men whom I have been telling about, might not in their old time garments and plain language, shine very conspicuously if there, but as the possessors of much good sense in their walks of life, for honest dealing and integrity of character, they would be up and dressed every time, and a little in advance of most of the officials down in that far famed city of Washington. On this occasion it is meet, right, and our bounden duty to pay the tribute of respect to the many, to the world unknown, noble, self-sacrificing pioneer women. I should be false to the memory of one of the best, kindest, and most unselfish of women—my own dear mother, whose remains rest within our churchyard, did I omit to testify to the sterling worth of women in those early days. Truly was she man's helpmeet, to aid, advise, urge, cheer up, and encourage when sickness laid the strong man prostrate and helpless, and want and gaunt despair, like a hungry wolf, was at the door. Truly, but for that ministering angel, woman, many of us now would moulder in the silent tomb. To man's credit and praise is ofttimes given what is due to woman. He is crowned with the palm leaf of victory and the laurel chaplet decks his brow, when the woman, perchance, who aided him in achieving these honors, is unnoticed and unknown. Their sons have grown up as the young plants, their daughters as the polished corners of the temple. Rightfully I have given the ladies the place of honor they so richly deserve, in considering the claims to commendation of those who in this town first braved the perils and privations of a life in the wilderness, rending asunder the friendship and family ties, the breaking loose from the social circle of a lifetime, the parting from all who were near and dear, never more to behold on earth.

The naming of Cambridge was an event but few of the old settlers now remember. At an appointed afternoon in the year 1835, a few of the citizens met at Abram Butterfield's tavern, in Springville. Among them was Joseph Smith, Andrew Ayers, Abram Butterfield, William Blackmar, Isaac Powers, John Stephenson, John Pawson, and Paul Geddes. Their balloting decided

to name the town Cambridge, and was ratified by the Legislative council and Gov. Cass, at Detroit. The first town meeting was held at Abram Butterfield's house, April 4, 1836. A. N. Moulton was chosen moderator; John Howell, clerk. Proclamation was then made. The following named persons were then duly elected town officers: Israel Powers, supervisor; Paul Geddes, clerk; John Brears, John Morton, and N. S. Wheeler, assessors; C. G. Crego, collector; Isaac Miller and John Howell, directors of the poor; Paul Geddes, Roswell Strong, and Joseph Aiken, commissioners of highways; C. G. Crego and James Geddes, constables; Isaac Powers, Paul Geddes, Harlow C. Smith, and A. N. Moulton, justices of the peace; William Blackmar, James Geddes, and Sylvanus Kinney, commissioners of schools; A. N. Moulton, Paul Geddes, Isaac Powers, and Harlow C. Smith, school inspectors; Abram Butterfield and John Morton, fence viewers; Joseph Aiken, pound-master. There were twenty-six voters. The first election was held at the house of Abram Butterfield on the 12th day of September, 1836, to elect delegates to attend a State convention at Ann Arbor. Election for county officers was held at the house of A. Butterfield, on Monday and Tuesday, November 7th and 8th, 1836. Alex. R. Tiffany received 25 votes for judge of probate; E. A. Washburn received 20 votes for sheriff; S. C. LeBaron, 23 votes for county clerk; Perley J. Spauling, 26 votes for register; Charles Hewitt, 28 votes for treasurer; Geo. L. Crane, 26 votes for surveyor; William Holloway and John H. Carpenter, 27 votes for coroners. At this election there were 28 votes cast.

The first burying-ground of 1832 was on the hill east of Blackmar's and north side of the road; the second one was on the hill east of Butterfield's, Springville, in 1835. The first burying-ground selected and bought by the township was on the 15th of September, 1838—one-half acre near the Junction—purchased of Rulef D. Crego, for the sum of ten dollars. The second burying-ground was bought of Samuel Geddes—one-half acre—for twenty dollars. There was also a burying-ground on lands owned by William Aldrich, north part of town; later on grounds owned by John Greenleaf, and still later on grounds near the Catholic church, Chicago road.

The first school was taught in Mr. Blackmar's house. The first meeting house erected was near the Junction; Rev. William N. Lyster was the founder, and furnished nearly half the money to build the church, which was erected in the year 1857, completed in the fall of 1858. The first postoffice was in 1837, Abram Butterfield, postmaster. The first dry-goods and grocery store was opened in the summer of 1836, by Hart & Mosher. I will here say our pioneer friend, Hon. T. H. Mosher, still continues the mercantile trade, sustaining his well-merited reputation as merchant, miller, and wholesale flour-dealer, with no signs of a failure in the last forty-three years. The first saw-mill was built in 1836, on the famous Wolf creek, which was reported navigable for steamboats from Lake Erie to the beautiful lakes in Cambridge. In 1857 the first grist-mill was built.

This town has had the honor of sending four citizens to the Legislature, viz: Albert Wilcox, T. H. Mosher, S. Walker, and Marshall Reed. Also two county treasurers, James Geddes and George Allis. The record of these men, with their attainments, has plainly proved that the confidence of the public was not misplaced.

Sixty years ago we ploughed the ground with a wooden plow; we sowed wheat broadcast, cut it with a sickle, threshed it with a flail, and cleaned it

with a fan. How do we do these things now? I need not tell you, for you all know. To write a list of the machinery would take days.

The locomotive was first used in this county in 1836. These engines are now doing a vast amount of work, exceeding all the horses and oxen in the world; the immensity of this work is beyond all calculation, and yet it is just commenced. We can hardly comprehend what one hundred years will accomplish. This is the way the world is progressing, and they who do not fall into the ranks and move on with it, will surely be trodden under foot. In 1820 Michigan had a population of only 9,048—in the year 1874 there were 1,334,031 within our borders; in 1878 we raised 30,000,000 bushels of wheat, valued at as many dollars, our mines produced $15,000,000 worth of ores, and our forests turned out three times that amount in value. This, we plainly see, is not a degenerate State.

It is not my province on this occasion to speak of the past as the best, or of the present one grade inferior to the marked good time that we had in Cambridge forty years ago. Then as now, some of the men were ugly-looking and badly-acting, when they made special effort in that direction. Then as now, the women were about as near right as the good or bad conduct of the men would allow them to be. Let us all agree to this as a rule, to praise the past, be satisfied with the present, and hope for the best.

MEMORIAL REPORT.

BY FRANCIS A. DEWEY, OF CAMBRIDGE.

Hon. Perley Bills, of Tecumseh, Lenawee county, Michigan, died at his residence, November 7, 1880, aged 70 years. He was born June 5, 1810, in Wilmington, Vermont, on the eastern slope of the Green Mountains. He spent his youth in laboring on the farm, and tending a saw-mill which his father owned, propelled by a mountain stream.

He was ambitious in early boyhood for promotion in a sphere a rank higher than cultivating the rocky soil of the mountain, and laid the first rudiments, or foundation, of an education by the light of a large kitchen fire. By alternately teaching and laboring, he obtained the means to attend an academy at Bennington, Vermont. After two terms he went to Oberlin, Ohio, where he was in attendance at the College there. In the spring of 1837 he came to Tecumseh and soon after began a select school, which was a success for three years. In 1838 he was married to Miss Caroline Brown of Charlemont, Mass., by whom he had three sons and three daughters. While teaching he was diligently studying law, and in 1842 was admitted to the bar, and immediately commenced the practice of his profession. He was elected to the State Senate in 1857 and there served as President, *pro tem.* In 1861 he embarked in the banking business, at Tecumseh, also adhering to his legal practice. Was draft commissioner during the war of rebellion; was elected to the State Constitutional Convention in 1867. Hon. Judge Pratt of Lenawee circuit says: "I was a member of this convention with Mr. Bills, and always found him kind, dignified, and courteous in his manner, but very firm and decided in his convictions. As a speaker he was distinguished for his candor, modesty, and fairness, in debate was precise, forcible, and logical. His position as chairman of the committee on intoxicating liquors compelled him to

take a very active part in debates." I quote a passage from one of his speeches in reply to the argument that licenses would confine the sale to decent and respectable men. Mr. Bills said: "If anybody is to be licensed to sell liquor, I would pick out the most debauched drunkard that could be found. I would put him behind the counter, I would give him the license and protection of the law, for he would be a beacon-light to many a young man not to touch or handle or taste the accursed cup."

In the early days of Tecumseh, Mr. Bills was an active member of the little colony, a contemporary with George Spafford, Sen., Judge Stillman Blanchard, Selleck Boughton, General Joseph Brown, Ezra F. Blood, Dr. M. N. Patterson, and others. He has left his exemplary deportment and impress upon the schools of Tecumseh, helping to organize the school district, and for forty years was an active and influential member of the school board, never missing an annual meeting for forty years, with but one exception. In religion a humble and consistent member of the Presbyterian church, always contributing liberally both of time and means to its support.

During his last illness, although suffering greatly, he was always patient and cheerful. When he realized that the complaint was fatal, he expressed himself as more than satisfied, that he had no enemies to punish, a great many friends to reward, and except that he might be of assistance to those he loved, he had no desire to stay. He said again that his trust in his Savior was greater than his most ardent imagination had ever dreamed it could be. And so, calmly, quietly, as if going to his daily duties in the full possession of his faculties, without a murmur, he left us to be here no more; carrying with him all that a man can carry from this world, the hearty esteem and respect of those who knew him. It is pleasant to review and contemplate the character of such men; they teach us valuable lessons never to be forgotten.

GENERAL JOSEPH WHITE BROWN died at Tecumseh, Dec. 9, 1880, aged 87 years. J. W. Brown was born in Falls township, Bucks county, Pennsylvania, November 26, 1793. His father, Samuel Brown, was born in the above town, county, and State, of Quaker parents, in 1750; in the year 1799 moved to Jefferson county, town of Brownville, New York State. General Brown was the youngest of eleven sons and daughters. January 28, 1816, married Miss Cornelia Tryon, of New Lebanon, New York. By this marriage they had four daughters and seven sons. In the fall of 1824 he moved to Tecumseh, Michigan, where Brown, Evans, and Wing had previously bought the Government lands where the village is now, at $1.25 an acre. Brown, Evans, and Wing built the first saw-mill and grist-mill in the county, the former in 1825, and the grist-mill in 1826. In 1832 he was general in the Black Hawk war. In the year 1833 until 1837 he was largely engaged in the staging route between Detroit and Chicago. As a record we will note commissions awarded to this pioneer officer: Adjutant in regular cavalry of New York veterans in the year 1817; captain of rifle company, 108th regiment, in the year 1818; lieutenant colonel of regiment No. 108, year 1819; first judge of Lenawee county, Michigan, 1826; colonel of 8th regiment, Michigan militia, 1829; commissioner to locate county seat of Hillsdale and Berrien counties, 1832; in 1835 commander of the invincible, veteran, undaunted brigade of the large army in the Toledo war; register of the land office at Ionia, Michigan, 1836; brigadier of State guards, Michigan, 1839; examiner of West Point cadets, 1839; regent of Michigan University, 1839.

General Brown's wife, a highly educated, beautiful, and accomplished lady, died March 6, 1857, and was buried at Tecumseh. Thus, after more than four-score years of an eventful and remarkable life, this gentleman of a former generation had seen his admired forest village a town improved and populated, with the luxuries of the world, not excelled by any town of Michigan. His funeral was held at St. Peter's church, which was erected on the lot donated by him more than fifty years ago. The remains were laid away in the beautiful evergreen cemetery beside his wife and sons, and may the citizens of Tecumseh and Lenawee county revere the memory of one of her most enterprising and earliest pioneers.

MACOMB COUNTY.

SKETCHES AND INCIDENTS CONCERNING THE SETTLEMENT OF MACOMB COUNTY.

BY JOHN E. DAY.

Read February 3, 1881.

In recounting the deeds of the early settlement of my native county, and tracing from the dim and vague traditions of the past its history toward the sunlight of the present, I can not, of course, claim originality; others have labored, and I have entered into their labors.

For the records of the first settlement on and about the Huron river I am indebted to Rev. H. N. Bissell, of Mt. Clemens, and I will take the liberty to quote from him somewhat freely.

The settlement of Macomb county was made under compulsion. Messrs. Cottrell and Thorn, on the St. Clair river; Tucker, Lovelace, and Connor on the Huron or Clinton, and Mr. Leuth, of Grosse Pointe, were brought to the county captives by the Indians, and it was in their case, as in that of many others—the captives became the victors. They learned the Indian language, their habits of life and modes of warfare, and became acquainted with their weaknesses, and when difficulties between them arose, this knowledge was turned to the decided disadvantage of the Indians. Years of bondage could not quench the fires of liberty, and upon every favorable circumstance these fires burned afresh. The captives also knew of the most desirable points for settlement; and it was undoubtedly through their influence that settlers came to the wilds of Macomb.

William Tucker was probably the first white person speaking the English language ever brought into this region, who afterward settled within the county. He and a younger brother were taken captive by the Indians when he was eleven years old. The father of the boys was shot down while gathering the harvest in Virginia, and the boys were taken by the Indians, who were Chippewas, in their wanderings toward the land of the Great Lakes. In a hunting expedition to the lakes the younger brother with two Indians was lost by the upsetting of a canoe, and thus William was left to his captivity alone. At about eighteen years of age he escaped and returned to his home in Virginia, but soon returned to the wilderness, taking with him a young wife, Catherine Hazel. This was in the year 1773. He lived at the post of Detroit until the war of the revolution, when he joined the army and was employed as interpreter

of the Indian language, and remained in this vocation to the close of the war. In the spring of 1784 he removed his family to the banks of the Huron river and erected his cabin on the site now occupied by the third and fourth generation of that name. A deed of land is now held by the Tucker family, signed by ten Indian chiefs, conveying to William Tucker six miles from the mouth of the Huron river on its north bank and three miles back from the stream. It bears the date of September 22d, 1780. As it was not confirmed by the British Governor of Canada, it proved valueless when this territory was wrenched from the British control.

Richard Connor and wife were captives from Maryland. Mrs. Connor's name was Myers. She was taken when only four years old, on the Monongahela river. The father saw the Indians approaching and hid the children; then swam the river in trying to effect his own escape. As he ascended the opposite bank the Indians shot him. While they were searching for plunder one of the children became frightened, and they were discovered and taken. Two of them were afterward recovered, and the other was trained as a servant by the Indians. Mr. Connor was also reared by the Indians, and afterward bought his wife for two hundred dollars, which sum he was obliged to pay before he was permitted to marry her. There was also an agreement that if they had children the Indians were to have the first boy. In fulfillment of this agreement, James, the eldest, was allowed to stay with his mother until he was one year old; he was then claimed and kept by the Indians till he was five years of age. He was then bought by his parents for four hundred dollars. His head was shaved like an Indian's, and he could speak only the Indian tongue.

In 1775, Mr. Connor joined the Moravian Mission, and in 1781 all the missionaries laboring at three different stations in Ohio were taken prisoners and brought before Colonel De Peyster, at Detroit, charged with acting in concert with the United States troops at Pittsburg. In July 1782, several of the Indians connected with the mission arrived at Detroit with some white brethren, among whom were Mr. Connor and family.

Judge Campbell, in the "Outlines of the Political History of Michigan," says: "Having obtained permission of the Chippewas, De Peyster advised the Moravians to settle upon the Huron (now Clinton) river, and to bring their Indian converts there. He furnished them a vessel and provisions and such utensils as they needed, together with two milch cows and some horses; his wife also made them several useful presents. On the 21st of July, 1782, Zeisberger and Jungman, with their families, and Jung and Edwards (unmarried missionaries), together with nineteen Indians, set out from Detroit and arrived at their new home the next evening. They named it New Gnadenhutten, in memory of their old home on the Muskinghum." Soon more of their converts arrived and a flourishing settlement was in prospect. Mr. Connor, with his wife and four sons, were here in 1783. In December, 1783, Susannah was born and was baptized at the Moravian Mission when four days old. She was the first white child born in the county. She spent her life in the county and died in 1848, aged sixty-five years. John, son of William Tucker, was born on the 12th of November, 1784, and was the first male child born in the county, of American parents. In the meantime a new trouble arose; the authorities at Detroit had arranged that the settlement at Frederick should continue only until peace was restored between the United States and Great Britain; but as they continued to remain after this event, the Chippewas, on whose land the Mission was situated, became jealous and

assumed a threatening attitude. After some deliberation the Mission was abandoned, and most of the party returned to Ohio. Mr. Connor, however, being advanced in years, preferred to remain, thus making a center for other settlers. A section of land was given him by the government, as he had occupied it previous to 1796. He died in April, 1808.

In 1798, John Lovelace who, with his sister, had been taken prisoners by the Indians, commenced work on the farm in Harrison, since owned by Mr. Nathan Moses. He cleared two or three acres, but did not erect any buildings. He sold his chance to Joseph Spencer of Detroit, and he to Mr. Clemens. John Connor bought it of Mr. Clemens in 1808, and began improvements in earnest. About 1797, John Brooks came and built a distillery in the village. This was the first improvement within what is now the incorporation. It soon became felt that this business could not progress without the material of which spirituous liquors are made. So Mr. Wiswell and Mr. Clemens procured a quantity of rye and distributed it among the farmers for seed, the equivalent with interest to be returned at harvest. Mr. E. Tucker hurried some of it into the ground late in the season and raised from it the first grain grown within the county.

In 1800 Christian Clemens, after whom our village was named, came from Germantown, Pa. He built a log house for a dwelling, adding afterward a frame part, and lived there for several years. Being the only capitalist in the place, he had perforce to lend a hand and purse to nearly every enterprise in the new settlement.

Elisha Harrington came to the county in 1806. He married Susannah Connor, and remained till 1812. John Connor had taken a section of land, commenced improvements thereon, and the family of William Tucker had branched off and struck out for themselves in various places near by. These persons, with a few others who were transient persons and mostly in the employ of Mr. Clemens, living in little cabins here and there, constituted the county at the beginning of the war of 1812. When the war came the trouble of the young colony began in earnest. The declaration of war struck terror to the hearts of the settlers. The British, ever ready to provoke a thirst for blood in the blood-thirsty savages, offered a premium of five dollars each for the scalps of American citizens; and as the Indians were no more honest than people are now, a scalp could be so divided as to make three or four, thus raising the premium upon the life of a white person to fifteen or twenty dollars. The stealthful character of the Indian made it unsafe to sleep within reach of his rifle or tomahawk. Nearly all the families on the Huron were obliged to flee to Detroit to find what shelter they could within its defenses. From Frederick all fled, and Mr. Harrington, leaving his family in Detroit, was ordered into Canada. The thrifty settlement of Frederick was turned into a scene of desolation. The Indians occupied their houses, burned their barns, killed their cattle and pigs, and ruined their orchards by using the trees as hitching posts for their horses. From various circumstances this point was especially exposed, and it was thought that an attack might at any moment be made. The few that remained at the settlement were formed for protection day and night. Mrs. Clemens was accustomed to tell her children that they might all be killed before morning. The family soon moved to Detroit, and when they returned things were in a sad plight; the Indians had taken leather from Mr. Clemens' vats at his tannery, burned holes in the floors of his house, consumed every cow, pig, fowl, and whatever they could find there

that had life and could be used for food, so there was nothing left for the family to subsist upon. This once happy home now bore but a faint resemblance to its former condition. One day, after removing to Detroit, a party of Indians came into the city, and as they stopped near the house in which Mrs. Clemens was residing, she looked out of the window and saw a squaw holding by a bark halter her favorite horse. The squaw, in consideration of five dollars, sold the horse to its owner.

Provisions were brought from Ohio until the settlers could raise something for themselves; the families down the river fared about the same.

The Tucker name always had influence with the Indians, and some favors were shown the members of his family; but these favors touched only the lives of the members and not their property. They took from Edward Tucker a yoke of oxen which they sold at Malden for eighty dollars. They seized cows, pigs, and chickens; they knocked down a hog and dragged it into the house of William Tucker, and skinning it, ordered the kettle for cooking it, and salt for its seasoning, with the air of those accustomed to being obeyed. They were expensive guests, for their visits cost Mr. Tucker about one thousand dollars. Their sympathy also had many appeals from their friends who had been taken prisoners; a few families made up a purse and ransomed one, and Mr. Charles Tucker gave his horse, saddle, and bridle to redeem another.

Mr. John Connor came from Maryland before the year 1800, and settled on his farm in Harrison in 1810. His wife was a daughter of Captain Thorn, who sailed the first schooner that cleft the waters of Lake Huron to its head. When war was declared they took their children every evening across the river and went to the house of James Connor for greater protection. Soon after the British took Detroit, as Mr. Connor was one day on his way to market he was taken prisoner, and Mrs. Connor was left to care for herself and family alone. This brave woman took her five children into a canoe and sailed down the river to Detroit. Mr. Connor escaped from the Indians, entered the army, and did good service for his country. In 1815 he gathered his family about him and began once more to cultivate his farm. All about it was desolation; every crop had been destroyed, and every living thing killed; but renewed exertion was crowned with success. He improved his farm, and lived upon it to a ripe old age, but finally sold it, and died in Romeo in 1857.

Mr. Joseph Hayes, who came west through the Genesee country about A. D. 1800, passed into Canada, and at the close of the war settled at or near Marcellus; also a Mr. Boyer, who with three of his children, were taken prisoners at Frederick. After much trouble and vexation, caused by the Indians and the war, the families were all gathered, the captives either escaping from bondage or were ransomed, and the desolated lands once more began to bud and to blossom and bear the necessaries of life. Mr. Boyer came to Frederick in the year 1813. In October of that year Mrs. Boyer was in the garden and saw Indians stealthily approaching the house. Suspecting mischief she resolved to conceal herself. Mr. Boyer and four children were in the house; also a friendly Indian who had happened in a short time before. Satisfied by their long stay that they intended harm, and that she could render no assistance, she resolved to attempt to escape. They searched for her in the garden, but did not find her; and as they returned to the house she fled to the woods. The oldest child, a girl about twelve years old, was dangerously sick. The Indians took all the others prisoners, and when about to go began to debate what to do with her. She understood enough of their talk to hear them say they had better

kill her, for she would starve if left. She told them she was very sick, and would die soon, and begged for her life. All but two of them left the house, and she understood why they stayed. She crawled from the bed to a chair, and sat expecting death. One of them sprang toward her and raised his weapon for a final blow, but the other cried, Stop! don't kill the child; she is very sick and will die soon; let us leave her. They left, but fearing they might return, she crawled out of the house, and by resting every few feet, succeeded in reaching the woods, and laid down exhausted. After resting a few hours she saw the friendly Indian approach, looking for her track, which he found and came to her. At their first camping place this friendly Indian's captors made him sit with his back to a small tree, and then with bark tied his arms behind it. They counseled together, and agreed to send a man back the next morning to kill the girl; then, as the Indians slept, the friendly Indian, by rubbing his arms against the tree to which he was tied, loosened them, and thus escaped. He tied the girl to his back and carried her to her uncle Michael Tromble's house. The mother, wandering in the woods, found their track and followed it to the same house, and there learned of the captivity of the rest. The shock the child had received, instead of killing, cured her; and the father and the other children were ransomed.

Elisha returned to his farm at Frederick in 1817, and found that eight men from Canada had taken possession of it, and were intending to try titles with him; but thinking it a doubtful contest they gave it up and went to Utica.

James Connor returned in 1818, and once more began on his farm. Mr. Hayes returned to his farm in 1819, and died in 1845, and his widow, cheerful and buoyant even in advanced age, and manifesting the generosity characteristic of the pioneer, died at the same place in 1856 at the age of seventy years.

If the farmers gathered a harvest, Detroit was the nearest market for the surplus produce. The road lay by the lake shore, and at all seasons was bad, and at some impassable. At such times the flour-hungry householders' only recourse was to take a bushel or two of wheat in a bag as a saddle for a horse and thread the trail or follow blazed trees to Rochester, have it ground and return, a trip of forty miles.

At the close of the war, Mr. Clemens returned from Detroit with John Stockton, his son-in-law, and then the first frame structure in Mt. Clemens was erected; it was an addition to Mr. Clemens's log house.

Macomb county was the third in the State, and was established by an executive act of January 15th, 1818, and was named in honor of General Alexander Macomb, the hero of Lake Champlain. Before this time such justice as the people were able to obtain came from Detroit, where the justice resided, and thither the cases were taken to be tried. The first session of the Macomb county court was held at the house of Christian Clemens, July 13th, 1818. Mr. Clemens was the chief justice, with Daniel LeRoy and William Thompson associate judges. John Stockton was clerk of the court. He was also first justice of the peace and postmaster. He said if he had a few more offices his family would surely starve. Ezra B. Prescott, a lawyer from New England, bringing his credentials, was admitted to practice law and to plead at this court. The first case was Tromble *vs.* Joseph Dupreu. The first bill of indictment was found by the grand jury for assault and battery. On the occasion of the sitting of the court there were not houses enough in Mt. Clemens to accommodate all who attended, but they were quartered upon the

inhabitants up and down the river. In 1819 a court-house was erected. It was built of square timber, by Captain Benjamin Woodworth, on the site of the present court-house. It had a jail in the lower story and the court-room above. This was court-house, school-room, or meeting-house, as occasion required, until 1839, when it was set on fire by a prisoner in the jail and consumed. The present structure was erected in 1841. In 1821, steps were taken looking to the navigation of the river by something better than canoe or raft. A schooner was built near the river and drawn toward the water by a force of forty-eight ox power; the intention was to take her down stream and launch her at the most favorable point. The inroads made upon the few soap-tubs in the county, in search of a lubricating substance for the rollers, was alarming to the housekeepers in the vicinity, as likely to produce a dearth of soap; but the earth near the stream proved too soft, and sinking into the earth, allowed the vessel to seek the water by the shortest cut, propelled mostly by the force of gravitation. The launch was, however, a successful one, and the "Harriet" traded between Mt. Clemens and Detroit, and made a successful trip to Mackinac and the Sault Ste. Marie. Elias Doty was the first merchant in 1822. Dr. R. S. Rice was the first physician in 1823. Dr. Henry Taylor came from Cayuga, N. Y., in 1824. He explored the county and found scarcely a dozen families away from Mt. Clemens. Thomas Wattles was the first blacksmith. He built a log shop in 1820. In the meantime civilization was extending from this center. In 1819, Messrs, Cook and Kittredge took up a quarter-section one and a half miles to the north of the village, and about the same time Burgess and Stimson took up a farm north of them. In 1821 a saw-mill was erected, and in the following summer an addition was made to it, of sufficient size to receive one run of stone for a grist-mill. The number of land carriages on wheels at this time may be easily reckoned, as there was but one in the county, and that was the property of Christian Clemens. When he was not using it, it was easy to find some one who wanted it, and the tires did not suffer from rust. The oriental mode of working oxen by lashing the yoke to their horns, and obliging them to push the load prevailed among the French. In the winter any one possessing sufficient ingenuity to combine timbers in such a way that they would slide, could have a carriage of his own. At Frederick a mill had been built before the war, but it went to ruin. In 1826 Job C. Smith built another. He dug a race from the pond to convey the water to the mill-wheel. The stream undermined the building and it tipped over into the race. Mr. Haskins afterwards used some parts of it in his mill. The millstones of that time were made of the boulders found in the vicinity, as burrs had not yet migrated so far west. One of those old millstones that I have seen was of the hardest of "hardheads," and about fifteen inches in diameter by about half as much in thickness. At this time there was but one steamboat on Lake Erie, viz., the "Walk-in-the-water." On land travelers furnished their own motive power. About the year 1823 several families settled north of the village, and their improvements reached about three miles; beyond this was an unbroken forest to Port Huron.

Fruit trees were raised from seed brought by Mr. Atwood from the east; the roads were mostly traced by marked or "blazed" trees, and between the village and Frederick the communication was mostly by the river, and the "dug-out" or the canoe were the carriages with which they went to mill.

From 1824, settlements sprang up in various parts of the county, and grew

rapidly; roads were cut out and improved; forests were felled, and the blue smoke of the settlers' huts was a frequent sight. As early as 1817 a beginning was made at Utica, and soon after at Washington and Romeo. In 1828 the Government surveyed a military road from Mt. Clemens, or rather from Detroit through Mt. Clemens, to Fort Gratiot on Lake Huron, which was the means of opening up the country both north and south of the village.

Most of the settlers had formidable enemies to contend with, viz.: poverty, ague, and Indians. As the case of Mr. Edgerly's family is a fair sample, I will illustrate by the use of it: As he was just finishing his log hut he was attacked by ague, which stuck by him closely for nearly a year; his wife was attacked soon after, and from September till the following June she did not miss as many days as those upon which she had two or three shakes. When reduced to one shake a day she felt called upon to be extremely thankful. Sometimes they would crawl about the house and not see a human face other than their own for a week. If they "broke the ague" it would not stay broken; so they had to let it have its way. They had to make their house mosquito proof, or they would lose much of what little blood was left in their veins, and all of their sleep.

The family of Mr. Sacket was also as well attended by the ague. They were both shaken prostrate and helpless. Their little girl, only one and a half years old, would bring them a cup of water, and this was all the nursing they had. In this condition three months passed, in which Mrs. Sacket saw not a female face. The Indians, though not daring to make war after the peace of 1815, were extremely annoying; they had but little true courage, and unless maddened by liquor, were not difficult to manage; but to many of the settlers who had read of them as being a bloodthirsty and revengeful race, the very sight of them brought terror. No sound of footstep announced their approach, and no friendly rap at the door signified their desire to enter. The lady looking up from her work might see a dusky face peering in at a window, or already entered the house and standing by her side. All three of these enemies fled before the face of industry and the march of Christian civilization.

Although the vicinity of Mt. Clemens was settled much earlier than other portions of the county, yet for the first score of years of its existence it was rather a trading-post than a settlement; add to this the effects of the war of 1812, and the time required to recover from such effects, and it is not strange that the early growth of the county was slow; again, the tide of immigration had not yet set in as strongly as after the year 1825.

The settlement made at Utica about 1817 grew rapidly, and soon it began to be thought by some of her sanguine citizens that it might become the metropolis of the county and a large manufacturing town. Gov. Mason's loan of $5,000,000 had made the State rich, and Utica felt the impetus. A canal was projected and partly built from Rochester, in Oakland county, to the waters of the Clinton river through Utica; large mills and shops were erected; a church edifice was started, the frame of which stood, without a cover, until it fell to the ground. In 1832 a horse railway between Utica and Detroit was built at private expense, and in due time was equipped and set running. A bank was started that the surplus wealth of the place might be secure. In the midst of all this prosperity "wild-cat" times came on, and the inflated hopes of her citizens collapsed. A long stagnation ensued, from which Utica has never recovered. But as the spirit of speculation gave place

to that of a sounder policy, her prosperity began, and she has held her own with the rest of the county.

About the year 1820 a clearing was made at what is now Romeo, by Job Hoxie, and called the Hoxie settlement. Afterward, in 1826, it was called Indian Village, and in 1830, Romeo. From the year 1824 to 1830 Romeo and the immediate vicinity grew rapidly; in many respects it had an advantage over other portions of the county. One of these was the location in reference to diversity of soil and scenery. West of the village it was hilly oak land, and well adapted to the growth of wheat, and fitted to please the eye of those who loved the hills and valleys of the eastern states. The eastern side was flat and heavily timbered with elm, swamp oak, ash, and hickory, and just suited to meet the tastes of those who sought a grazing district. Again many of its first comers were staid New Englanders, and as soon as their own heads were sheltered, the school-house and church were erected, and the mental and moral well being of the community thus secured.

The route by which Romeo was reached from Detroit was mostly by way of Royal Oak and Birmingham, then called "Piety Hill." Mrs. Chapin, alias "Mother Handsome," kept a house for the entertainment of guests at Piety Hill, to which travelers were directed. At or near Troy the trail was struck; this "trail" consisted of a smoothly beaten path six or eight inches deep, winding here and there in long and graceful curves through the timber, crossing streams in the most convenient places, and touching at springs along the way. If a log lay across the path passers by never thought of moving it out of the way, but they climbed over it. Passing through Hoxie settlement the trail ran to the east and out toward St. Clair.

James Thornington was the first settler in the township of Washington, and he settled there as early as 1819. This township was organized in 1827, and included in its territory all of Bruce. Washington township, including Bruce, then numbered thirteen inhabitants—eight families, four bachelors, and one widower.

In February, 1823, Albert Finch, then living in Ontario county, New York, heard from the Baileys of the goodly land of Michigan, and with a desire to secure some of these broad and fertile acres for his sons, who were just coming into manhood, he decided to go west. Accordingly at the date aforesaid he set out with a yoke of oxen, a sled, and a few of the necessaries of life, with a son and a daughter for company. Fifteen days were occupied on the road from the time of starting to the day they reached Detroit. The journey must have been tedious and uncomfortable in the extreme; on an open sled, upon uncertain roads, a slow team, cold and stormy weather, up early and late, on foot when too cold to ride, it was not a desirable pleasure trip. On reaching Detroit they found the snow had melted and the track was flowing with water; so the oxen, sled, and daughter were left at Detroit, and Mr. Finch and his son Sylvester started on foot for Hoxie settlement, which was reached in two days. Arrangements as to land, house, etc., were soon made, and Sylvester went to Mr. Lazarus Green, a Quaker residing in Washington township, for a wagon to go for the part of the property left at Detroit. Being told that the wagon was wanted for the purpose of moving a family into the neighborhood, Mr. Green consented to let it go for one dollar, but for any other purpose he could not have it at all. The next morning the two Baileys started for the city, leaving Sylvester to do the chores in their absence. On reaching the flats south of Utica, they found them entirely overflowed and frozen with ice an

inch thick. One man then went ahead, above the knees in water, and broke the ice, while the other managed the team. While in this condition night came on, and they lost the trail. They were then obliged to leave the wagon in the ice and go back some distance in search of shelter. They found the hut of a man who had just moved in, and was alone with very little to eat. He gave the cattle some marsh hay, and the men laid down to rest upon the floor, wet as they were, without cover. The next morning as soon as it was light they returned to the wagon, found the trail, and soon reached a tavern kept by a Mr. Stephens, where they obtained some breakfast. On arriving at Detroit they found their goods and returned, reaching home in just six days from starting. A log house was erected, some land cleared, and in June the part of the family that was left in Ontario came to Detroit, where they were met by Mr. Finch with a wagon and horses. On the return the jaded horses gave out, and all the party, in order to lighten the load, went nearly the entire distance on foot, Mrs. Finch carrying in her arms a child less than one year old. On the day upon which they were expected to arrive at their new home, Sylvester shot a deer, and some of the choicest steak was set cooking so as to be ready to comfort their empty stomachs upon their arrival. The son and daughter watched the venison and listened for the sound of wheels through the long, lonesome hours of the night, until travelers and venison were forgotten, and they slept. Early in the morning the travelers arrived—jaded, wet, and too tired to partake of the food that their children had prepared for them.

The family entered their new home and were prosperous and happy for three or four years; then a trouble arose with the Indians that resulted in the overwhelming sorrow of their lives. The Finches had in some way obtained possession of some ponies which the Indians claimed; a great uproar followed, and commissioners from the Government tried to effect a settlement, but with small results. One night two young children of Mr. Finch, on their way home from a visit to their father's sugar bush, became separated, and Alanson, the youngest, did not reach home. Hasty search was made, and word was sent round the settlement, but no one had seen the child. Days and weeks passed, and organized bands scoured the woods in all directions, but the boy was never found. Grief bore heavily upon the elder Finch and his wife, and within a year they both slept in the grave.

MONROE COUNTY.

LIFE AND DEATH OF REV. NOAH M. WELLS.

Rev. Noah M. Wells, the oldest Presbyterian minister in the United States, and the first settled Presbyterian minister in Michigan, died at the residence of his son, Wm. H. Wells, in Erie, Monroe county, Michigan, May 3d, 1880, at the age of 98 years.

Rev. Noah M. Wells was born at Bemis Heights, Saratoga county, N. Y., July 8, 1782; his father's name being Eleazer Wells, and his mother's maiden name was Joanna Fellows.

In his fourteenth year he was baptized in the Episcopal Church. From his 17th to his 21st year, the young man became a believer in the Universalist doctrine; but on attaining his majority he experienced a change in his belief, and became impressed that he must become a preacher of the gospel.

His first charge was the Presbyterian Church and society at Galway, Saratoga county, where he was ordained, and it was at this time that he married Miss Nancy Hunter, of Stephentown, Rensselaer county, N. Y. In three years she died, leaving one son.

For five years Mr. Wells preached at Galway, writing and committing to memory two sermons each week, lecturing each Wednesday evening, with prayer meeting Friday night and pastoral invitations.

After being two years a widower, Mr. Wells married Miss Jane Lefferts, who afterwards died and was buried in the city of Detroit.

Mr. Wells's second charge was at Brownville, Jefferson county, N. Y., where he established the first church there, and performed the work under almost thrilling circumstances.

Early in 1825 he received an urgent invitation to visit Detroit, and in June of that year he arrived, and found a comfortable wooden church, with about thirty members, as the first Protestant church in the city, but they had no organization according to law. Assisted by such men as Mr. Hastings, Dr. Rice, Messrs. Bingham, Stewart, and others, he formed a regular Presbyterian Church with a strong band of elders and thirty-six members, all told. This was the first Presbyterian Church ever formed in Michigan.

Mr. Wells continued as pastor of this church until 1836, when his health failed, and he was succeeded by Mr. Cleveland, whose successor was Dr. George Duffield.

Seven years before his death, and fifty-five years after he organized the first Presbyterian church in Detroit, he preached to that congregation, and offered a prayer in behalf of the church, which the Rev. Mr. Baker says will be remembered by pastor and people so long as memory lasts.

The workman dies, but his work remains. Yet a few brief years, and there will be none left on earth to speak of this man's ministry in this State. He will only be remembered by what he has done.

MEMORIAL SERMON BY REV. GEO. D. BAKER.

Extract from the Detroit Post and Tribune of May 18th, 1880.

* * * It was not until he had attained his majority that Mr. Wells was converted to the truth as it is in Jesus. Very soon after his conversion, the conviction fastened itself upon him that he must preach the gospel; that this was the will of the Lord concerning him. It was contrary to his plans and purposes, he having already acquired, and being in the practice of, a chosen trade. But the call of God was irresistible. He yielded to it, and forthwith began a course of preparation, being resolved that he would never enter the high and sacred calling without as thorough an education as it was possible for him to secure.

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Immediately upon his licensure Mr. Wells was called to the pastorate of the Presbyterian church of Galway, N. Y., the largest mural parish in the State, where he continued to labor, and with marked success, for five years. He was a man, as all who knew did testify, who gave himself "wholly to the work." Never lay thyself open to the shameful charge of indolence. He was untiring and unremitting in his efforts to save souls, and in time of revival his heart was as it were consumed within him in his anxiety for the lost. This, together with his first great sorrow in the loss of his beloved wife, told

upon him and broke him down, so that he was compelled to resign his charge and take needful rest. But his period of recuperation was of short duration. At the end of six months he was again lifting up "his voice like a trumpet" in the village of Brownville, N. Y.

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Mr. Wells remained with the Brownville church several years, leaving them well organized and worshiping in a sanctuary of their own, and thence in June, 1825, he removed to this city in response to an urgent invitation. "I found," he writes, "a comfortable wooden church and about thirty members as the First Protestant church. Upon examination I found that even the society had never been organized according to law, and the church had no organization whatever. I was surrounded by good and strong men, Hastings, Rice, Bingham, Stewart, and several others. We consulted together and concluded to begin anew. We did so, and formed a regular Presbyterian church with a strong band of competent elders. We had at first thirty-six members, and this was the first Presbyterian church which was ever formed in Michigan." So that Mr. Wells was not only the first pastor of this church, but the first Presbyterian pastor ever settled in Michigan. After a most happy and useful pastorate of eleven years, the record of which is very meager in our archives, but which is written out in full in God's book of remembrance, laying good and solid foundations upon which others now are building, Mr. Wells was again compelled by failing health to lay aside the pastoral office. At this time, forty-four years ago, his physicians told him he had a serious affection of the heart, and that in all probability he would never be able to preach again. He betook himself accordingly to Mishawaukee, in Indiana, to engage temporarily in secular business. But wherever he went "He must be about his Master's business." Finding that there was no church in the place—pained that God was not openly acknowledged—in the same May he succeeded in hunting up twenty professors of religion, organized them into a church, and since there was no one else to do it, preached to them himself once every Sabbath, well knowing that he took his life in his hands each time he entered the pulpit. Without any compensation whatever, just for the love of it, he declared to them the blessed message of the Grace of God, until at length they had waxed strong enough to support a pastor. Then he resigned them into other hands.

His subsequent years of active service were spent by Mr. Wells as a chaplain in the United States army at Prairie du Chien, in building up Presbyterian churches at Galena, Ill., and Maumee City, O., and in the Bethel work in this city. Then, as the infirmities of increasing years began to show themselves, he retired from the more active duties and responsibilities of ministerial office, and took up his residence beneath the roof of his son at Erie, in this State, whose home was hallowed by the closing years of his life and blessed by his triumphant death.

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Such a life, my brethren, speaks for itself. One hundred years of such living—God only knows the fruit they shall yield in eternity! During my pastorate in this city I have heard repeated references made to this man of God, and testimony given to the fidelity and earnestness with which he approved himself as a minister of Jesus Christ. * * * * All who came under his influence were impressed with his absolute sincerity and honesty. He was transparent. You could look straight through him and see that he was a preacher of the gospel of the grace of God, not for filthy lucre's sake,

nor for the praise of man, but because he really and intensely believed that it was the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation, and that unless men received it and obeyed, they would utterly and forever perish.

Again, you who knew him will bear me out in saying that he was a manly man, a courageous minister of God; that he was not afraid to boldly denounce sin and fearlessly uphold and apply the truth. There was something of the military spirit in him which drew to him this class of the community; indeed, I am informed that it was through their agency—the agency of the officers of the army who were stationed here at the time—that he was invited to Detroit. He was a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and never struck his flag.

And, finally, you will assent that, as became his high and sacred office, he maintained a uniform cheerfulness of spirit and steadfast hopefulness in the midst of all the trials and discouragements which are common to humanity and by no means absent from the great work to which he early consecrated his life. He never lost heart, never lost his confidence in God, nor his faith in his unerring wisdom or unchanging love. He rejoiced always in God, and the joy of the Lord was his strength. The gospel which he commended to his fellow men was a gospel in which there was no gloominess nor sadness. Even down to his very last days he carried the same happy, cheerful, sunny disposition, which characterized him in youth and middle life. His hope for his country and for the final triumph of the kingdom of God upon earth was unabated to the close of his days, and he went down into his grave with none of that gloominess and querulousness which not seldom characterizes extreme old age. So long as he had his armor on, he was a cheerful, hopeful soldier, and when he was called, he fell back contented in the arms of God!

The workman dies, but his work remains. Yet a few brief years and there will be none left on earth to speak of this man's ministry in this city. He will be only remembered by what he has done. He laid foundations upon which we are now standing. He labored and we have entered into his labors. What this church is to-day it owes largely to its pastors who have rested from their labors, whose sepulchres are with us in yonder acre of God, where over our mortal bodies the sea rolls or the turf is green.

HISTORY OF MONROE COUNTY, MICHIGAN.

BY TALCOTT E. WING, 1881.

In 1780, one hundred years ago, Col. Francis Navarre, the first white settler, arrived upon the banks of the River Raisin, which river takes its name from the great number of wild grapes (*raisin* being the French word for grapes) that were then growing in profusion on its banks. He purchased from the Pottawattomie tribe of Indians, then in possession, their title to the farm on the south bank of the River Raisin, and built the first log house, which was subsequently occupied as headquarters by Gen. Winchester at the time of the massacre on the River Raisin in the winter of 1812 and 1813, now the site of the elegant residence of Dr. A. I. Sawyer. It was not until 1784, four years after, that over one hundred families of Canadian Frenchmen sought the River Raisin for their future homes, and during the same year a goodly number of families settled upon Sandy creek, three miles north, Stony creek five miles north, and Otter creek five miles south of the River Raisin. It was at this time that Col. Francis Navarre, riding on his French pony, following the

Indian trail, brought by hand from Detroit seven cions about the size of one little finger, of the French pear, which trees have since become famous for their delicious fruit, a number of which are now vigorous, healthy, and annually yielding from 30 to 40 bushels.

It was in the log house hereinbefore referred to that Robert Navarre, the oldest son of Col. Francis Navarre, the first white male child, was born in this county, now living on the rear of the farm, originally ceded by the Indians to his father, and though now in his 90th year, is in full possession of his faculties, and at this late day becomes wonderfully animated, and through tears describes the cruelties and atrocious barbarities of the Indians under Proctor at the massacre of the noble sons of Kentucky, of which he was an eye witness.

Monroe county, from 1696 until the treaty of 1763 between France and England, constituted a part of New France. Then it, with all the vast territory from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, was under the control of the English. The country in the vicinity of our rivers and lakes was in the possession of, and occupied by, the Indians, in whom the original title was vested.

By the treaty of 1783 England transferred unto the United States the northwest territory, but tenaciously held possession of the Indian and fur trading-posts, and did not until June 1, 1796, deliver all trading-posts in the territory to the possession of the United States.

In the meantime the United States Government had taken measures to extinguish the Indian title to a portion of the lands, the Indians claiming, however, that the United States had no right to cross the Ohio river; and instigated by the English, formed a conspiracy to oppose any further settlement in the territory. July 3d, 1805, Gov. William Hull by proclamation established the District of Erie, a portion of which constituted Monroe county, embracing the strip on the south, of the width of ten miles, which was subsequently the cause of strife and gave rise to the bloodless Toledo war. On the 2d of September, 1805, the first court was held by Chief Justice Augustus B. Woodward at the house of John Baptiste Jereaume, on the north bank of the River Raisin, below where the Canada Southern Railroad crosses the river in the eastern part of the present city of Monroe. The grand jury called at that session consisted of John Anderson, Francis Navarre, Israel Ruland, Ethan Baldwin, Alexander Ewing, Isadore Navarre, Jacques Navarre, Joseph Menard, Joseph Robert, Isadore Robert, John B. Conteno, Jean B. Jerome, Francis Monton, Robert Navarre, Joseph Dazette, Joseph Jobin, John B. Lasselle, Barney Parker, Jean Charet, Samuel Ewing, Samuel Egnew, Joseph Ponget. Well do I remember as a lad the familiar faces of most of those courteous, gentlemanly old Frenchmen constituting the first grand jury. Two years thereafter the demoralizing influence of liquors gave rise to the only presentment made by the grand jury against "those persons having license to sell whisky, desiring the intervention and authority of the court that they might be restrained from selling on the Sabbath." During the year 1807 the Indian title was relinquished to all the lands in the county of Monroe excepting a tract of three miles square, known as the Macon Reserve, which was subsequently ceded by the Indians to the Catholic church of St. Ann, Detroit, the title to which was subsequently acquired by Hon. Isaac P. Christiancy, present minister of the United States Government to Peru, and now known as the Christiancy tract.

The western outposts so reluctantly yielded by England in 1796 were yet eagerly desired (trading in pelts and furs with Indians and half breeds being a business of great profit), and forming a coalition with the Indians under the celebrated warrior Tecumseh, the British made the frontiers a scene of many barbarous outrages. The River Raisin was on the highway from Ohio to Detroit, and became the scene of considerable military activity. The post at Detroit was the objective point of attack on the part of the British and Indians, and the point to be supplied and reinforced on the part of the United States. In August, 1812, Detroit was threatened, and on the 16th of August it was ingloriously surrendered by Gen. Hull. Previous to that time Col. Brush had been sent from Ohio with a reinforcement and supplies, including 100 head of cattle, and had arrived at the River Raisin, where they halted, there learning that a large force of the enemy were between them and Detroit. Col. Brush sent a messenger (James Knaggs, late of Monroe, reputed to be one of the best scouts and shots in the country), informing the Governor of his arrival with his forces at the River Raisin. The messenger went by trail by the way of the present site of Ypsilanti, there being but one single building there at that time, used as a trading-post. The same evening the messenger arrived in Detroit, Gen. Hull sent out a detachment by the same Indian trail to meet Col. Brush. Finding Col. Brush had not moved, nor had orders to move, the detachment returned to Detroit in time to find Gen. Hull had surrendered, including in the capitulation this detachment, with the one also at the River Raisin under Col. Brush; but Col. Brush refused to surrender, and after getting such supplies as were necessary, he left with his whole force for Ohio. After the capitulation of Detroit the British established a provincial government for Michigan, including the settlement on the River Raisin. The savages ravaged the settlement without restraint. The United States sought to recover the territory so lost, and organized an army under Gen. W. H. Harrison. When he reached Sandusky with his army he sent Gen. Winchester in advance to Maumee. From Maumee Gen. Winchester dispatched a foraging party to the River Raisin, where they arrived January 18, 1813. On the 19th Gen. Winchester arrived there with about 1,000 men, and stationed his forces on the north bank of the river, below the Canada Southern railroad track, while Gen. Winchester, with two of his officers, sought more comfortable quarters three-fourths of a mile distant on the south border of the river. The General was repeatedly warned by the French settlers, who had come from Malden on the ice, that Proctor and a large force of Indians were approaching; but believing the force was largely magnified, and that in any event, the forces under Gen. Harrison would reach him before the attack, paid but little attention to the warning.

On the 22d of January, the American forces were attacked by the enemy under Colonel Proctor and the celebrated Indian chiefs "Round Head" and "Split Log."

The report that General Winchester, with his officers, had, the evening previous to the attack, retired after a frolic, and under the influence of liquor, and thereby incapacitated for duty, is without foundation; for my informant Robert Navarre, now living (before alluded to), then a young man in his twenty-first year, was aroused at midnight by his father, Colonel Francis Navarre, and remembers distinctly his father's going up stairs and arousing the General and his officers. They were somewhat bewildered, as they could distinctly

hear from the battlefield the sharp crack of the rifle, reports of musketry, and the booming of cannon.

The General, in haste, repaired to the barn, leaving his uniform coat behind him in the house, mounted his horse, and the two officers, by direction of Colonel Navarre, mounted the Colonel's horses and rode to the scene of battle. They found the American forces fighting with desperation, but being slaughtered and overcome by superior numbers. Confused, demoralized, and uncontrollable, and retreating, with the British forces and Indians in pursuit, they fled by what is known as the Hull road, on which the track of the Detroit, Monroe & Toledo Railroad is now laid, south of the River Raisin.

The officers that accompanied General Winchester were overtaken and shot near the old mill on Plumb Creek, one mile south of the river, but General Winchester was overtaken and captured by Indians at what is known as Woodchuck Creek, one mile further south, and brought by the Indians to the quarters of Colonel Proctor.

The capitulation and surrender was made with the express understanding that those taken captive with the wounded should be protected from the Indians, when their arms were surrendered, which was shamefully disregarded. The savages of the British army were let loose upon the prisoners and wounded. Exulting in triumph, wild with whisky, and encouraged and stimulated with the promised bounty of $8 for every American scalp, they butchered with horrible slaughter the defenseless and wounded—a burning shame and disgrace to the British army—which brought sorrow and mourning to the "Kentucky homes," where most of the American forces engaged in this conflict enlisted.

The stockade occupied by the American cavalry was on the north side of the river, east of St. Ann's Church, on the premises now owned by Major Edwin Chapman. Frequently on these premises, in the spring of the year, when grounds were being plowed and spaded, have I, with the boys, amused ourselves in finding the Indian arrows, arrow heads, and balls.

Robert Navarre, referred to before, with the late Platt Navarre, who were enlisted in the cavalry, well remembered by our citizens, with others that could be pressed into the service, were, with their ponies and French trains, used in transporting the wounded prisoners that had escaped the tomahawk and scalping knife, to Sandy Creek, two miles north of the River Raisin, where Colonel Proctor, with his army, encamped the first night after the surrender.

The same night Colonel Navarre dispatched his son Robert, with Mrs. Navarre and eleven children, on a French train to Detroit for safety, the train being so crowded that Robert rode with his feet braced on the thills, or shafts, and as they passed the quarters of Colonel Procter on Sandy Creek, could distinctly see the drunken Indians scalping the wounded American prisoners and their inhuman and barbarous manner of accomplishing it, by cutting with a butcher knife a circle around the crown of the head, and then placing one foot on the neck, with their hands in the hair, by main force peeling the scalp from the head.

Joseph Loranger, the grandfather of the banker, merchant, and farmer, now residing here, then a fur and Indian trader, who subsequently platted the village of Monroe, occupied a store on the north bank of the river, and was, with Mr. Bourgard and Mr. Lafontaine (also an Indian trader, and father of

one of our Monroe bankers, Louis Lafontaine), with another Frenchman, whose name I cannot recall, the evening before the attack, in the store playing "euchre," when the Indian guide that always accompanied Mr. Lafontaine surprised the party by announcing the near approach of Proctor's army. Loranger and Bourgard, with all convenient speed, without even stopping to lock the door, abandoned the store, hurried on foot across the river, and traveled, without rest or sleep, until they arrived at Sandusky, where their wives were living, while Mr. Lafontaine, with his guide, rode up the river some distance, and made a direct course for Detroit, from whence he removed his family to Canada for safety, and remained there until the danger was over. Colonel John Anderson, heretofore mentioned as the foreman of the first grand jury, in 1805, resided at the time of the massacre, on the site of the homestead of the late Judge Wing, who married the daughter of Colonel Anderson. Directly opposite, the old log building now standing, though modernized by clapboarding, was occupied by Colonel Anderson as a fur and Indian trading post, liberally supplied with goods adapted to the wants of Indians, together with an abundant supply of "fire water." When the news reached him of the capture of General Winchester and his forces, knowing well the barbarous habits and customs of the savages, especially when under the influence of liquor, he hurried to the cellar of his store, where his liquors were stored, and knocked in the heads of his whisky barrels, and then concealed himself under the plates of a neighboring barn for nearly two days. The Indians burst in the door, ransacked his store, then prostrated themselves on their breasts in the cellar and filled themselves with whisky. When besotted, drunk, and wild, they repaired to the residence of Colonel Anderson, and, with the most unearthly yells and whoops, emptied the scalps they had gathered in bags on the parlor floor, and, dancing around the room, slapped the bleeding scalps against and bespattering and disfiguring the walls and ceiling. Mrs. Anderson was in the room adjoining, seated on a large chest containing the money and valuables of her husband. The Indians threatened, and with upraised tomahawks and knives, commanded her to rise up. She, having often traded with them, and speaking fluently the language, raised her voice to its highest pitch, and pointing her finger, with the expression, "Shame so many Indians fight one squaw!"* was, with the interference of two resolute Indians, left unmolested, and retained her treasures.

Medard Labadie, one of the most distinguished among the first French settlers in coping with the Indians, knew "who killed Tecumseh." He accompanied Gen. Cass during the campaign of 1840, and was frequently called upon to stand before the audience and be exhibited as one of the "heroes of the battle of the Thames." He was beside Col. Richard M. Johnson during the fiercest and hottest of the contest. He states that Col. Johnson singled out Tecumseh among the Indian warriors, as chief, by his dress, while Tecumseh had at the same time singled out Col. Johnson by his uniform; aiming at each other and firing, Tecumseh fell and Johnson was carried wounded from the field of battle by Labadie, assisted by James Knaggs and another soldier.

The memory of one old citizen, James Knaggs, senior, who died in Monroe in 1860, deserves particular notice. Born near Maumee city about 1780, he came here and settled soon after Wayne's expedition; volunteered in Hull's army; crossed with him into Canada, and rendered important service as a spy

* The people of Monroe ought to erect a monument to that woman.—*Compiler.*

to Col. McArthur. These captured Col. McGregor, and took him far into the interior, and succeeded in bringing him to the headquarters of the American army. After McGregor's release he offered a reward of $500 for Knaggs' apprehension, dead or alive, which gave occasion to many narrow escapes, as he was pursued and attacked at different times by the Indians. At one time, by five runners, pursued to his house, when he made his escape, followed by three, two of whom he disabled, and finally escaped from all. After the surrender of Gen. Hull in Detroit, being among those who refused to surrender, he went with a small company of the River Raisin settlers to Urbana, Ohio, where he was engaged as a spy by Gen. Meigs to carry dispatches. Was a volunteer again under Col. Ball at the battle of Mississinewa in Indiana, in which the River Raisin settlers were engaged, and where the Americans were victorious. Gen. Harrison paid them the compliment of being "the best soldiers the world ever furnished." Our old citizen, the late James Bentley, was one of his companions. At the battle of the Thames Knaggs recognized the body of the Indian chief Tecumseh, with whom he was well acquainted; and during the political canvass of 1840 referred to, Mr. Knaggs and Mr. Labadie were placed on the platform with Col. Johnson as his companions in the day of trial, who had borne him from the field of battle. Knaggs and Labadie may be regarded as backers of the colonel in more senses than one, as they, after the battle of the Thames, alternately carried him on their backs from Malden to Monroe. Knaggs was a man of untiring energy and industry, honest and upright, reared a large family, most of whom are now our neighbors, and deservedly highly esteemed by the present generation.

The Catholic church of St. Mary was, by Father Frichette, organized October 10, 1780, and ground for a church and parsonage selected on the Momine farm, two miles west of the present St. Mary's church, in the city of Monroe, on the north side of the river. The first church built in the county was soon thereafter erected, but was never well adapted to their needs, and in a dilapidated condition was taken down in 1843. Its crumbling remains are still to be seen. Prior to this time the present site of the city of Monroe was occupied by two Indian villages of the Ottawa and Pottawattomie tribes, and was the depot of the Northwestern company, the surrounding Indian tribes periodically resorting there to exchange their peltries. St. Mary's church was composed of Canadian settlers who had, in common with the distant mission and trading sections in the northwest, been for years visited by Jesuit priests, who were sustained by the voluntary contributions from France, who never asked compensation for their services. As a natural consequence the Canadians were not accustomed for years to contribute to the support of these priests. The first step in educating them to support the church resulted in an obligation of every male member to give one twenty-fifth part of all they harvested from their farms, and deliver one cord of wood at the priest's house. In 1805 Father Gabriel Richard visited this church, and from that time to 1827 he was energetic, not only in ministering to the church, but was very successful in giving aid to and obtaining aid from the government of the United States for, those who had been rendered poor by the desolations of the war. Though he received aid and assistance from time to time from other priests he had supervision of the church until 1827. During his ministry it became his duty, according to the rules of the church, to excommunicate one of his parishioners, who had been divorced from his wife. The husband prosecuted him for defamation of character, and obtained a verdict of $1,000. This amount the priest could not

pay, and he was subsequently imprisoned in the common jail; but just before this event, in 1823, he had been elected a delegate from this territory to Congress, and he went directly from his prison to the floor of Congress. Father Richard was a man of decided ability and rare benevolence, and died in Detroit September 13th, 1832.

ST. CLAIR COUNTY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AURA P. STEWART, OF ST. CLAIR COUNTY, OF THINGS RELATING TO THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF MICHIGAN.

I was born in the town of Canandaigua, in the State of New York, on the twentieth day of May, A. D., 1804. At the time of my birth, my father had charge of a large distillery and brewery owned by a Mr. Dewey, a merchant of Canandaigua who failed, by which my father lost six hundred dollars and was thrown out of business for several months. In 1805, my father established his business of distilling and brewing on what was called Mud Creek in the town of Bristol, adjoining Canandaigua. At the birth of my brother, John H. Stewart, my mother began to decline and she died in the month of May, 1810. At this time there was much talk about the new territory of Michigan, and from the favorable reports secured, my father was determined to see the new territory and seek in it a home. Accordingly he set about the settlement of his business, and in the latter part of November, 1810, he shouldered his pack containing his clothes, accompanied by a brother, and took his journey for Michigan. On arriving at Buffalo he learned that on account of the lateness of the season, there were no vessels bound for Detroit; that the few vessels then navigating our lakes had gone into winter quarters and laid up. On this information my father and his brother determined to travel on foot through the then wilderness of Canada, and crossing the river at Black Rock, our travelers entered upon their long and tedious journey. At this time the weather was warm for the season; much rain had fallen, rendering the roads, which were mere pathways, almost impassable. After traveling two days, they came to a tavern kept in two large log buildings joined together; the landlord was at work chopping down some heavy timber for the purpose of enlarging his farm. Our travelers rested the following day, during which they engaged to assist the landlord at his chopping for a small compensation and board, for a week or more, hoping within that time a change of weather would freeze up the mud and make the roads more passable.

At the expiration of ten days, the weather became cold, the mud in the roads was frozen and our travelers pursued their westward journey. After several days' travel, in which they suffered much inconvenience in obtaining food and lodging, they came to the border of what was in those days called the Long Woods; the distance through this dense and dreary forest was twenty miles or more. Here night overtook them, and our travelers sought lodgings at a log cabin, and were refused by the woman of the house, on account of the absence of her husband. The weather was at this time extremely cold, and there being no other place where lodgings could be found within ten miles, the woman finally consented to their remaining over night. She could furnish neither bed nor supper, and to keep warm our travelers filled the fire-place full of wood, placed their packs under their heads and laid down on the bare

floor to rest for the night. At the dawn of day the next morning our travelers shouldered their packs, knowing that they could get no refreshments until they reached Ward's Station, ten miles distant, who kept a house of entertainment for travelers at about the middle of the Long Woods. My father had not traveled many miles before he became faint from hunger, but fortunately he found in the road a valise, on opening which he found a lunch of boiled beef, biscuit, and cheese. This was a treasure to our travelers, most timely and unexpected, and they sought a resting place on a log and refreshed themselves with the contents of the valise. On reaching Ward's Station, our travelers concluded to remain over night, and secure the whole of the next day to accomplish the remaining ten miles of that dreary forest. The next morning, after partaking of a hearty breakfast, they pushed forward with a determination to accomplish the remaining ten miles as soon as possible, which they did in good time, and were glad to find that the remaining part of the journey led through a settled district.

On arriving at Moravian town my father fell in with a chap by the name of Ransom, a Connecticut Yankee, as he was called by the Canadians, who had been a resident of that place for a long time; he had built a grist-mill, saw-mill, and had a large farm under cultivation; he was the principal business man of the place.

He appeared extremely glad to meet my father; told him that he had but recently entered into a contract with a Mr. McGregor, of Windsor, to furnish the timber for masts and spars and finishing lumber to be used in the construction or building of the British fleet intended to command our lakes, Mr. McGregor being the first contractor with the British Government. My father entered into contract with the said Ransom to select and hew the timber in the woods to fill the contract, Ransom to haul it to the bank of the river Thames for inspection. This was in the winter of 1811; and in the month of April the timber and lumber were placed on the bank of the river Thames, ready for inspection and rafting. Ransom was in the habit once in a while of drinking spirituous liquors to excess, and was so well pleased to have his contract filled and accepted by the agent of the British Government that he went on a big spree, became deranged, cut his throat, and died before he had paid my father for his labor. The timber and lumber was to be delivered by Ransom at Malden. Mr. McGregor, being the first contractor, came up and took the timber as it lay on the bank of the Thames, and contracted with my father to raft and deliver it at Malden. After floating the timber down the Thames, it was put into strong cribs to be taken through Lake St. Clair. At that day the manner of rafting timber and lumber through Lake St. Clair from the Thames, was to tow it along the lake shore with ox or horse teams, unless the wind was fair to force it forward. After many days' toil in this manner the raft entered Detroit river, and when below Hog Island a violent gale of wind sprang up, which broke the raft and landed it on the American side of the river; it was seized by a Mr. Watson, then custom-house officer at Detroit, and he and other parties knowing that the contents of the raft were to be used in completing the British fleet, then in process of building at Malden, sought opportunity to have the timber and lumber confiscated to the American government; but my father, faithful to the trust reposed in him, avoided all traps set for him. He had the case brought into the United States district court, and there a decision was had restoring to him the timber and lumber. After the decision of the court, my father collected the timber and lumber

together and delivered it at Malden, for which Mr. McGregor paid him very liberally, and promised to assist him in getting his pay from the estate of Ransom; this he could most easily do, as he had been appointed administrator of the estate of Ransom. While in Detroit my father became acquainted with the firm of Mack & Miller, who owned a distillery on Harsen's Island, in the county of St. Clair, who wished him to make up a quantity of grain they had in store into whisky; but before doing so he visited Mr. McGregor and leased the Ransom farm for one year, together with the team and farming implements, and sent his brother up to take charge of the farm and put in a crop, which he did, sowing that season twenty acres of wheat and rye. My father, after three months, finished his engagement with Mack & Miller, and returned to the Thames, and spent the balance of that summer and the following winter in distilling for Mathew Dolsen and Esquire Jacobs.

In the month of May, 1812, my father returned to the State of New York to visit his boys, whom he had left in charge of their grandmother at the town of West Bloomfield, Ontario county, and I can well remember with what gladness parent and sons met.

After a visit of two weeks my father returned to Michigan, and at the proper time went up to the Thames, and himself, his brother, and five hired men entered the harvest field, and were progressing finely in securing the grain. At this time Tecumseh was, with a band of his Indian warriors, stationed a few miles above where my father was at work with his men. Previous to this, war had broken out between England and the United States, and my father had consulted Esquire Jacobs about his remaining in Canada long enough to secure his grain and settle some other business matters, and was informed that he could, and as his office was civil and military he would protect him. Esquire Jacobs was a very prominent and influential man, and under his protection my father felt safe. But some envious and loyal person had informed Tecumseh that seven Americans were at work in a field some distance below, and urged their capture. Tecumseh's feelings being hostile to all Americans he sent sixteen of his band, all mounted on horses, to take my father and his men prisoners, but fortunately a friend of my father's, on learning that Tecumseh was about to send a band of his warriors, mounted his horse and ran him to the field where my father was at work, and gave timely notice. The messenger told my father that he must leave the field instantly or he would be a prisoner within ten minutes. My father expressed a wish to go to the other side of the field to get his coat, as it contained his pocket-book, papers, and all of his money, but his friend insisted that it would not be safe to do so, and he and his men rushed to the river, jumped into a canoe, and rowed down as fast as possible for about a mile, when my father jumped on shore at his boarding house to get his clothes. He had just entered the house when the band of Indians came up. On seeing them the lady of the house requested my father to jump down cellar, which he thought not safe to do if the house was searched. He jumped through the window and entered the harvest field where her husband was at work, and went to work with the other men. The Indians were told that there were seven men in the field, and when they saw the six men in the canoe they hesitated, giving them time to cross the river and enter the woods. They found lodgings that night at a French house near the mouth of the Thames, and the next day took the road leading to the river St. Clair, and crossing over at Harsen's island, hired a friendly Indian to take them across to

Clinton river, when they followed the road bordering Lake St. Clair, and so safely reached Detroit.

My father, being separated from his comrades, found many kind and sympathizing friends. He was furnished with a wallet filled with provisions, and a boy by the name of Putnam gave him a large cavalry pistol with powder and ball. With these supplies my father entered the woods, traveling on a line with the road. It was late in the afternoon when father entered the woods, and when night came he was forced to climb a small tree to protect him from the wolves, who came so near he could hear them snap their teeth. At the dawn of day the wolves left, and father descended from the tree, took the road, which he safely traveled, reached Windsor, crossed the river and entered the city of Detroit. It was a happy greeting when the seven men met in Detroit. His companions supposed that father had been taken prisoner.

The boy Putnam when grown to manhood became Colonel Putnam, who joined the Canadian patriots and was killed at the battle of Windsor at the patriot invasion in 1838.

My father remained in Detroit and witnessed its shameful surrender by Governor Hull. He gave me a description of that scene, and of the appearance and conduct of Governor Hull on that day. It was fashionable in those days for gentlemen to wear ruffled bosoms and white cravats; the governor had besmeared his with tobacco spittle in his excitement and fright.

Detroit, after its surrender, was put in command of Major Muir, of the British army. He was a perfect gentleman, and treated the citizens with kindness and respect. The British had collected together about fifteen hundred wild Indians; some of them were Pottawattomies, but they were mostly from Mackinac, and along the shores of Lakes Michigan and Huron, and to keep them from annoying the citizens of Detroit, they were stationed at the River Ecorse, below the city. The Indians were commanded by a half-breed by the name of McKee. Once in a while some of those Indians would venture up to town, at a sight of which many of the women, children, and timid citizens would be alarmed, but McKee, when notified of their presence, would go in the street, and give a few tremendous yells, at the sound of which the Indians would gather around him, and he would order them back to camp, and they would instantly obey him. At times when the Indians would come to town, McKee would be so drunk that he would have to be assisted into the street, and held upright by some of the citizens, but notwithstanding, his unearthly yells (and he had a voice like a lion) would bring all the Indians around him, and he would order them back to camp.

While the British held Detroit they sent two expeditions against Fort Mays, then called French Town, now the city of Monroe, where there was a little stockade defended by Ohio militia. At the first attack the British troops were repulsed with considerable loss. Some of the best marksmen in the little picket fort, when the British had placed their artillery to play upon the fort, were ordered by their commanding officer to pick off the men at the gun, a six-pounder, and, if possible, not to allow it to be fired; and I have been told that they did their work so thoroughly that the British had to abandon their gun, for the moment they attempted to load it every man fell. On the return of this party, my father asked a Welsh soldier how they made out. He shook his head and said, "Very bad." On asking the reason of the failure, he said, "Yankees *squint*; he never squint," meaning that our riflemen took aim when they fired, but he did not.

The next expedition the British sent to capture Fort Mays was more successful. They not only took the little stockade, but they allowed the Indians to murder their prisoners and the inhabitants. This affair is known in history as Winchester's defeat, and it was a cruel and sad affair. The Indians, on their return, had the scalps taken from the slain, elevated on poles as they entered town, among which some beautiful hair, taken from the head of females, was seen.

The inhabitants residing on the border of the river and Lake St. Clair, and in fact all persons having their residence north of Detroit, were compelled at the breaking out of the war, to seek safety in Detroit. The Indians, in passing down the St. Clair river, would go on shore and shoot down the cattle, sheep, and hogs of the inhabitants, and take anything they took a fancy to, and for this reason all the inhabitants of northern Michigan were compelled to seek protection in Detroit, and there remained until relieved by General Harrison.

The British at Malden, and Americans at Erie, were pushing forward with all possible dispatch, the building and equipping of vessels of war, intended by each Government to command our Lakes; both fleets being in readiness by the first of September, 1813.

The British, while holding Detroit, to prevent Gen. Harrison from gaining information of their strength and operations, kept a strict guard over their citizen prisoners, allowing none to leave the town; but a merchant of Detroit got permission to go down to Malden to settle some business, and on his arrival the battle between the two fleets had begun. I have forgotten the merchant's name, but think it was Truax. He produced a glass and a ladder, and got on top of a house, and there witnessed the whole transaction, and as soon as he discovered that the American fleet were the victors, he hastened back, putting his horse at a fast trot, to bring the glad news to his American friends. It appears that the officer commanding Detroit had got the news before Truax's arrival, but held it secret from their American prisoners, who were waiting with the greatest anxiety, and were most joyfully relieved on Truax's arrival. Now followed great confusion at the fort, and in town; the British were in a hurry to evacuate the town, and seized every boat and canoe to convey them and their baggage across the Detroit river. Amid this confusion and hurry of the British, the Americans collected and held a secret consultation; they knew that the British soldiers would leave Detroit that night; but they had great anxiety about those six hundred wild Indians lying at the river Ecorse; fearing they would rush into town and rob, and perhaps murder the citizens, it was thought a messenger should be sent to Commodore Perry, requesting him to send them succor *as soon as possible.*

The persons selected to bear the message to Commodore Perry were: Wm. Macomb, Wm. Connor, Henry Graverat, James Knaggs, Charles Stewart, and Harvey Stewart. There were two other persons selected, the names of whom I have forgotten; eight in all. A canoe had been secured and hid, and our messengers, each paddle in hand, jumped into their canoe, and propelled it down the Detroit river, exerting themselves to deliver the message to Commodore Perry as soon as possible. The night was dark, and on arriving at the mouth of Detroit river, no shipping could be seen; but they heard the sound of oars, and judging from the peculiar sound of the oars that it must be a ship's boat, they hailed, "Boat, Ahoy!" the answer was, "Arial;" the boat hailed in turn; the answer was, "A canoe from Detroit with a message for the Commodore!" The officer in charge of the boat, took the canoe in

tow, and brought the messengers to the Commodore's ship, where they remained that night; the Commodore assuring the messengers that if the "Lord would permit, he would relieve their anxiety, by bringing his ships before their town by nine o'clock the next morning." The Commodore asked the messengers many questions, and, on hearing that they were all well acquainted with the sections of country through which General Harrison would have to pass in his pursuit of the British troops, he gave them his letter of introduction to General Harrison, who, on a further examination, employed the whole eight persons as guides to his army up the river Thames. At this time General Harrison was crossing his army and landing them at Malden, under cover of Perry's fleet. I will here relate a little circumstance as related by my father. The report of cannon at the battle between the American and English fleets on Lake Erie was plainly heard in Detroit, and while the battle was raging, father took a stroll up town, hoping to hear from the combatants. On entering Smith's Hotel, he saw a number of British officers seated around a table drinking whisky and discussing the probabilities of success to the British arms. One of their number, a civil officer, after filling his glass and elevating it high, said, "God will bless the British arms, and I drink to the success of our brave seamen now engaged." At that speech of the British official, father said he became excited, and knowing that he could gain no satisfaction by replying left the house in disgust; but soon after Mr. Truax returned from Malden and brought the glad news of Perry's victory; it was then amusing to see the boasters hurry to get over the Detroit river.

After Harrison's army had crossed over at Malden, Perry's fleet weighed anchor, and the wind being moderate, all sails were spread, and the army being in line for marching, both proceeded up the river, the army keeping abreast of the fleet, which my father said was the most beautiful sight he ever witnessed. Where the army rested that night I am not certain, but I believe they reached Dolsen's Station on the river Thames; if so, it would be fast marching, as the distance would be at least sixty miles. The British had troops stationed at Dolsen's, who had joined the retreating army from Detroit, and in their hurry had left some of their supplies. When the army halted at Dolsen's Station, Gen. Meigs rode up in front of his brigade and gave his order not to molest the citizens by entering their gardens and orchards, saying: "We have not come to molest the peaceable citizens, but to fight those who are in arms against us."

Gen. Trotter, on hearing Gen. Meigs' order, rode up in front of his men and said: "Boys don't go to bed hungry; if you can find anything good to eat, take it, and I will pay for it." It appeared that the whole army approved and followed Gen. Trotter's order. It was vegetables the men wanted, and they took them wherever found. The next morning Gen. Harrison sent for the men whose gardens had been invaded; the damages were estimated and paid to the satisfaction of all. The British troops, in their hurry, left at Dolsen's Station, several hundred loaves of bread, which Mrs. Dolsen was selling to our men at twenty-five cents a loaf, which my father put a stop to by informing the men that it was left by the British troops, and did not belong to Mrs. Dolsen.

After the army left Dolsen's Station on their march up the Thames, the Indians would place themselves in ambush on the opposite side of the river, and fire at our men; at such assaults a return volley from the infantry would put the Indians to flight; but they would run ahead of our men, and at some

bend of the river open fire again. There were three assaults of this kind by the Indians before Harrison's army engaged the British troops at Moravian town.

I must stop here and give an account of a very singular and daring old man by the name of Whitney, a Kentuckian, and at that time about seventy years old. While a boy I have heard Judge Connor and my father relate the circumstance many times, of Col. Whitney's adventures and death at the battle of the Thames. It appeared that Col. Whitney was an old resident of Kentucky, and had fought many a battle with the Indians on the bloody ground. He said that this would be the seventh Indian war he had engaged in, and he expressed a great desire to see Tecumseh. Col. Whitney had no command in Harrison's army, but on account of his age and experience in Indian warfare he was treated with great respect by Gen. Harrison and his officers. Col. Whitney's tent was the best in the army; his horse was a spirited and splendid animal; his rifle was silver-mounted, and he had with him two active negro servants, and he traveled wholly at his own expense. The army after leaving Dolsen's Station soon came to a branch of the Thames called the Forks. The British in their hurry had thrown the plank from the bridge into the river, leaving the timbers or frame standing, and had also set fire to a large log house on the opposite side of the river. Gen. Harrison on his arrival ordered the plank replaced and the fire in the log house extinguished, believing that the house contained valuable military stores, which was found to be true.

Col. Whitney, mounted on his spirited horse, was always with the advance guard of the army, and the order was given to cross the creek and extinguish the fire. The Colonel, rifle in hand, attempted to cross on the timbers of the bridge, but they being muddy, he slipped and fell into the water below, the fall being about twelve feet. He came ashore without assistance, and proceeded at once to clean his rifle, and when the army was ready to march he took his station with the advance guard. The army had not traveled many miles when they were fired on by the Indians as before stated. At the second assault of the Indians Col. Whitney got his eye on one of them, leveled his rifle, and fired. He saw the Indian fall, and to ascertain whether he had killed him, swam his horse over the river, found the Indian dead, scalped him, swam his horse back, and took his station with the army. And here we must leave the Colonel until after the battle of the Thames is over.

COL. JOHNSON AND TECUMSEH.

The officer in command of the British forces saw that further retreat was useless, that Harrison's pursuit was so vigorous that he could not avoid a battle, formed his men, placed his artillery, and opened fire on the Americans. Gen. Harrison returned the British fire, and then ordered Col. Johnson to charge with his regiment of horse. The Colonel dashed through and broke the British lines, followed by the American infantry, and the British surrendered. During this battle with the British regulars, Tecumseh had, a little below, and off to the right, placed his Indians, a low piece of ground thickly grown with brush lying between him and the Americans. It was quite difficult to pass through this brushwood, and the officer in command of that part of the army assigned to fight Tecumseh and his Indians, in his endeavor to get through that thicket of brushwood, met with so severe a fire from the Indians that he was forced back, and sent to Gen. Harrison for support. This message came immediately after the surrender of the British regulars.

and Col. Johnson was ordered to the support of the vanquished party. Then followed another charge upon the Indians, and here Col. Johnson had that desperate encounter with an Indian chief—not Tecumseh, as claimed by history, and as Judge Connor and my father had good reasons for believing from the fact that the Indians fought at least three-quarters of an hour *after* Col. Johnson had returned wounded and disabled. My father says that when the battle began he took his station with Gen. Trotter's brigade, which was placed in reserve. He saw the Colonel when he returned, badly wounded, his horse pierced by seven balls, and falling immediately after the Colonel was taken from him. The battle with Tecumseh and his Indians was still raging, and continued for at least half an hour thereafter. It was the opinion of those acquainted with Indian warfare that the Indians fought until Tecumseh fell, and no longer. But all admit that Col. Johnson had, while wounded and disabled, a dreadful encounter with some daring Indian chief, notwithstanding all awarded to Col. Johnson the honor of being the most efficient officer of that day's fight.

The battle over, Gen. Harrison gave orders to an officer to take his men and examine the battle field where the Indians fought, to take care of the wounded, to collect and bury the dead, and report to him. My father asked and obtained liberty to accompany that officer over the battle field. After passing through the thicket of brushwood they ascended to higher ground, with little or no underbrush; the trees were large but sparsely scattered over the field. The officer in command divided his men into small parties and sent them over the battle-field. My father remained with the officer, and in their search they first came to Colonel Whitney, and about four rods distant lay Tecumseh, both dead on the battlefield. My father had seen Tecumseh often in Detroit and pointed him out to the officer who never saw him before. The shout that Tecumseh was dead brought all of the parties together to see him, and he was soon stripped of his dress and ornaments; but how and where Tecumseh was buried, father did not remain to see; but he could have taken his turban, and has since often expressed a wish that he had.

Who killed Tecumseh is a question that cannot be answered, but Judge Connor, my father, and many others believe that Colonel Whitney went into battle with a desire to meet Tecumseh, and it is possible that he killed him; General Harrison and his officers lamented the death of the old veteran; but how they disposed of his body I never learned.

AN INCIDENT.

I will now relate an incident as related to me by my step-mother. At the assault made by the British on lower Sandusky, commanded by Colonel Croghan, there were many Indians from about Mackinac that accompanied the British troops, but they met with such a spirited resistance that they hurried back in great fright. The Indians traveled in their large birch canoes, which would carry sixteen persons. Two canoes filled with the retreating Indians was passing up the St. Clair river, and when opposite Harsen's Island they were overtaken by a thunder storm at about eight o'clock at night, and one of the canoes filled with Indians was upset; here were about sixteen Indian warriors in the middle of the river in total darkness, struggling to find the shore, their whoops and yells mingling with the thunder's roar, rendered the scene truly frightful. My step-mother in her fright seized an infant daughter of her brother's, threw a blanket around it, and was about rushing for the

woods, fearing death by the hands of those wild and barbarous Indians, but her brother refused to let her go. The storm lasted for an hour or more, and then all was quiet on the river; but there was no sleep that night for Mr. Graverat and his sister; both were anxiously waiting to know the cause of the hideous yells on the river that night. At dawn the next morning, two canoes were seen to leave the opposite side of the river, and approaching the residence of my step-mother; on landing, the Indians came on shore, over twenty in number, their faces painted black; they told Mr. Graverat that they had been to war, that the British were defeated at lower Sandusky and a great many killed; that they were returning home, that one of their canoes was upset that night and two of their number drowned; that on account of the darkness of the night they had great difficulty in getting ashore. Mr. Gravarat wished that the whole of them had been drowned, yet he expressed sorrow for their misfortunes, and they in turn advised him to leave immediately, as the Kit-che-moco-mons (Long Knives) were coming by hundreds and would kill him.

STORY OF THE INDIAN, ME-GISH.

I will relate another incident of the war of 1812, as I have heard it from the parties connected with it. At the breaking out of the war there resided a family of Indians on the Big Bear Creek, on the Canada side, who were known as the Sha-na-wa family; in this family there were five brothers, all warriors. One of them bore the name of Me-gish, who followed the British army, and was at the battle of Lundy's Lane, where he was killed. I got the particulars of his death from his mother and sister, who have often repeated the story of Me-gish's death in my hearing while a boy. They say that he got between the two armies as they were approaching, and a little before the battle commenced he was fired on and killed by the Americans. This circumstance would not be worth relating were it not for the statement of Capt. Chesley Blake, one of the old pioneer captains of our lakes. Capt. Blake, at the breaking out of the war, and while the British fleets were blockading our coasts, was mate of a brig outward bound, and then lying at Newburyport, waiting for an opportunity to go to sea. He had been waiting about two months, and seeing no chance of passing the British squadron, determined to remain inactive no longer, and at his solicitation the whole brig's crew joined the American army. Blake possessing a good business education, was placed in the commissary department, and his regiment belonged to Scott's brigade. In 1840 Capt. Blake came to Harsen's Island for the purpose of getting some choice timber for one of Mr. Newbury's boats, and during his stay lodged with my brother, Capt. John H. Stewart. My father called to see the captain one evening to have a chat, and the conversation turned on the late war with England, and the part each had taken. Blake here stated that he was at the battle of Lundy's Lane; that as the two armies were approaching, and a little while before the action, an Indian attempted to pass between the armies, running for dear life. His captain said: "Blake, can't you kill that Indian?" at which he leveled his gun and fired, but did not hit him; he loaded his gun in an instant and fired again; the Indian gave an upward leap and fell apparently dead. After the captain had ended his story I told him that that Indian's mother and sister had, more than thirty years ago, related the same circumstance of their brother's death, and both statements put together, go to show a strong probability that Capt. Blake killed the Indian Me-gish.

My father married Miss Mary Graverat in the winter of 1814, and remained in the city of Detroit during the war, which ended in February, 1815. The people that had abandoned their homes made preparations to return, and in the month of April, 1815, my father moved his family and goods up to Harsen's Island, and took possession of the house and lands of his wife that had been abandoned during the war. The settlers on the border of lake and river St. Clair were, at the breaking out of the war, compelled to remove all their stock of horses, cattle, and hogs to Detroit (to protect such from the Indians), where all was consumed, and while many were deliberating how and when they were to be supplied, Capt. Andrew Westbrook went to the State of Ohio and purchased cattle, selecting such as were most required to meet the immediate wants of the inhabitants. This he continued to do until all were supplied.

As Capt. Westbrook was in his day a very prominent man in St. Clair county I will here mention a few incidents of his life. Before the war with England he was a wealthy farmer and business man, residing near the Moravian town on the river Thames. In his immediate neighborhood there lived one Major Tawsby, who was an aspirant for Government favors. At the breaking out of the war the British government took immediate steps to organize the militia of Canada, and at such organization, Tawsby received a major's commission, and Westbrook was offered a captain's commission under Tawsby, which he indignantly refused, Westbrook was born in the State of New York, and his sympathies were with the American cause; and he, on the appointment of his enemy, Tawsby, determined to leave Canada and join the Americans; he had counted the consequences of this act, and knowing that the confiscation of his valuable property would follow, he collected his goods together, and all that he could not remove he burned with his house and barn. On Westbrook's arrival in Detroit, he stated his case to Governor Hull and received a captain's commission, and was found to be a very useful man in the commissary department in collecting supplies for the troops. There were many reconnoitering parties sent up the river Thames during the war, or before the surrender of Detroit, and Captain Westbrook was a valuable guide to such parties. On one of these expeditions, Captain Westbrook, learning that Major Tawsby was at home, surrounded his house, and took him prisoner. The hatred that Westbrook and Tawsby bore toward each other was mutual and violent. After this reconnoitering party had gone into camp for the night, and the guns all stacked, Tawsby seized a musket and made a lunge at Westbrook with intent to kill him, but in the act he stumbled and the bayonet entered Westbrook's boot; for this act Tawsby was put in irons until he reached Detroit. Captain Westbrook at the close of the war, purchased a farm of a Frenchman joining the Recor farm, and other lands adjoining, from which he made one of the best farms then in St. Clair county. Our first representative to Congress from the Territory of Michigan made known to that body the loss of Captain Westbrook's property in Canada, and on such representation an act was passed granting him two sections of land which he selected mostly in the township of Clay, in St. Clair county, which lands passed through several purchasers, and now comprise the valuable farms of Seva and Dana Richardson.

My father, soon after his settlement on Harsen's Island and in the month of May following, was visited by his brother, Daniel Stewart, who had determined to make his home in Michigan. After a short visit he returned to West Bloomfield, N. Y., to settle his business affairs there before he sought a

permanent home here. He was to bring with him Aura P. Stewart (the writer) and John H. Stewart, the two boys that father had left in care of their grandmother at West Bloomfield. Uncle Daniel spent the months of June, July, and August, 1815, in preparation for his journey. He had purchased several crates of earthenware, several barrels of salt, and other articles which bore a great price in Detroit, hoping to realize a good profit on his arrival there. On the first of November he placed his goods in wagons, and, with his boys in charge, left for Michigan. On our arrival at Buffalo there were no vessels in port bound to Detroit; a little craft, that hardly could be called a vessel, was lying in Buffalo Creek, taking on a cargo of salt for Detroit, and our uncle engaged a passage on board the miserable, shabby thing; she was not ceiled inside, had no cabin, and her bulk-head was formed of salt barrels leaving a space in the after-part which was called the cabin; a platform was made on which some buffalo robes and blankets were spread at night on which to sleep. The whole ship's crew consisted of three persons, to wit: Mr. Mason, the owner, Captain Thomson, master, and Jack Bachellor, sailor. In his contract uncle was to furnish his own board, of which a large part he had brought with him; the stores of the vessel's crew consisted of a bucket of beef, six loaves of bread, and a small bag of hard-tack. There were not ten buildings in Buffalo on our arrival there; the British had, during the war, burned the town. My brother and I amused ourselves on our arrival, in looking down the cellars and up the chimneys; there were no ware-houses in town, at any rate near the creek; the freight was brought to the vessel in carts drawn by oxen. On the second day of our arrival, the miserable thing called a vessel put to sea; how long we were in reaching Put-in-Bay islands I do not remember, but I well remember that my brother and I, on the day before, were told that the ship was placed on short allowance; that thereafter our portion would be one cake of hard-tack a day and as much water with it as we wished to drink. I inquired after grandmother's butter and cheese, and was informed that that was reserved for the night-watch.

I was awakened one morning by a loud noise on deck, and I crawled out of the hole called a cabin to ascertain the cause. On reaching the deck I saw that we were near land, and was told that the vessel was aground on an island. I inquired if my father lived on that island, and was disappointed on learning that he did not—that it was one of the Put-in-Bay islands. All on board were pushing with poles and rolling barrels of salt over the deck, trying to get the vessel off. Not succeeding, the captain declared that the craft could not be gotten off unless the anchor was carried out into deeper water. There was no boat on board, and it was decided that Jack, the sailor (who was a tall, stout man), should get overboard and carry the anchor on his back out into deeper water. Jack refused at first, but finding by measurement that the depth of water where the vessel lay was hardly above his hips, consented, and a rope was tied under his arms and he was lowered gently into the water, where he received the anchor on his broad shoulders; with it he waded cautiously out until the water reached his arm-pits, when he dropped his heavy load. A few turns of the windlass sufficed to float the vessel.

The wind being favorable the vessel was steered up Sandusky bay, and when near the head of the bay it was judged that we had passed Detroit river. The vessel's course was changed, our navigators thinking it best to keep along near the shore, hoping in that way to find the river. On the day after leaving Put-in-Bay a gale of wind sprung up, overtaking the vessel on the lea shore.

Recognizing the impossibility of weathering the storm, the captain beached the craft. As soon as the shore was reached she commenced pounding, and the oakum began to work out of the seams, letting the water into the cabin. Our bedding and clothes were wet, notwithstanding my brother and I endeavored to force the oakum back with our jack-knives to prevent such a catastrophe. The seams appeared to give way all at once, and the water came in upon us so fast that we yelled lustily to be taken out of the miserable coop. At every dash of the waves the vessel was thrown nearer the shore, and when she appeared motionless uncle Daniel jumped overboard and took us ashore on his back. Soon the vessel became immovably fixed in the sand, and then commenced a search for our clothes and other effects, but the vessel was full of water, and nothing could be found. Brother and I lost our extra suit of clothes in which we expected to appear on meeting our father. The captain, on learning that the bedding in the cabin was getting wet, secured his clothes and blankets, which is all that was saved. The only things got ashore that night were the foresail and jib, of which a tent was made in which to sleep, the jib composing the bed. In coasting along the shore we had noticed, some three miles below where we were wrecked, a number of tents, and, as we had nothing to eat, my uncle and Mr. Mason determined to find them that night and procure food, promising to return at an early hour next morning. We boys were unused to long fasting, and thought it hard to go to bed without our supper, especially after having been on short allowance for two days previous, but being weary we soon forgot our troubles in sound sleep.

On awakening next morning we found we had been sleeping in the water, and that the vessel had been stranded on a sandy beach formed by the waves; also, that on the other side of us was a great marsh extending inland several miles, covered over with muskrat houses. Soon uncle and Mr. Mason arrived. They brought with them a little bag of flour, a dozen dressed muskrats, and a camp kettle. Sailor Jack immediately went at work preparing breakfast. Having no kneading-pan nor anything to bake in, his only alternative was to make some balls of dough and place them in the kettle along with the muskrats. The kettle was hung over a quick fire, for all were famously hungry, especially we boys. After the contents of the pot were thought ready to serve, they were placed in portions on a piece of sail cloth by Jack, and brother and I went to work to satisfy our famishing stomachs. I afterward learned that this shipwreck occurred in Sandusky bay, at a place between Soder and Stony Points. The next day we had another feast on like delicacies, and about eight o'clock A. M. a man from the camp arrived with a canoe, having been previously engaged to take uncle and Mr. Mason to the River Raisin--to Frenchtown, now the city of Monroe.

Captain Thompson, when two days out from Buffalo, was seized with ague chills and every other day confined to his bed on the cabin floor. When camping on the beach his attacks were more violent; these ague attacks may have been the main cause of running the vessel past the Detroit river. In the absence of uncle, Captain T. was cross to us and interfered with our play; in his sick state the poor man appeared to be deranged, and it seemed to be a relief to him to give us boys a blowing up, and at length we became frightened; and having learned the whereabouts of the hunters' camp, we determined, the next morning, to leave at an early hour. Accordingly we left Jack and the Captain sound asleep on their bed of sail-cloth and sand. The distance was about three miles, and we hurried our steps hoping to reach the camp at

the breakfast hour, hoping to get a change of diet. On our arrival the hunters received us very kindly; the first thing we asked for was something to eat, and they gave us what was left of their breakfast which we ate with a good relish. That day for dinner we had ducks and potatoes stewed in a pot and bread baked in a pan before the fire; this, to us, was an extra and delicious meal, for half fed as we were, we had begun to dislike boiled dough and muskrat, of which we complained to our hunter friends. They tried to persuade us that muskrats were excellent eating, provided they were properly cooked, and promised to give us some of their cooking for our supper. Their manner of cooking was to run a sharp stick through them, and then place the other end in the ground near the camp-fire, turning them around as occasion required until thoroughly cooked; this we found to be an improvement and ate of them very heartily. Next morning after breakfast we prepared to return to the wreck, hoping to meet with uncle, but before leaving we had obtained liberty from the hunters to return if uncle had not arrived. On our arrival we were glad, not only to find uncle, but to see a large boat and a number of men at work taking on board the stuff saved from the wreck. Uncle had brought some fresh beef, a number of loaves of bread, and some cooking utensils, and before leaving, one of the men was selected to prepare what was to be our dinner and supper; this was hastily eaten and all jumped on board the boat, glad to get away from the wreck; brother and I began to calculate on soon reaching home and meeting our father whom we had not seen for the past three years. We had a calm and beautiful evening, and our French boatmen enlivened the hours with song after song, as they tugged at the oars. I had never seen any Frenchmen, or listened to their speech and song; we boys were so much amused and delighted that we could not sleep, though comfortably stowed away in the bow of the boat. At about midnight the boat reached a little sand island in the mouth of Miami bay, where we rested until daylight the next morning, when we continued our journey, and that day reached Frenchtown, on the river Raisin. Uncle, on making inquiry for a place to lodge his boys, found a man who offered to board us for a stipulated sum for two days, and on going to our boarding house we found but one room in the log cabin, only one bed and the children covered with rags. The place appeared more dismal than the tent in the sand we had so gladly left. Our disappointment was increased when supper time came, for that meal consisted of a slice of bread, roasted potatoes, and salt. If we could have made a selection we should have preferred the muskrat stew on the beach we had left. Being dissatisfied with our supper and weary, we asked to go to bed, and here our astonishment and disgust was increased, when our landlord, from a corner in the house, brought out an old buffalo robe and spread it out before the fire; he told us not to undress as he had no covering for us; that we would not be cold as he kept a good fire burning all night. The next morning we went to find uncle and make our complaint, and he procured us an ordinary meal of victuals at another place. The large batteau in which we came was engaged to take us to Detroit, and we got liberty from our French boatmen to lodge and have our meals with them. We boys had taken a great liking to the Frenchmen and were amused at their speech, which was broken English; they appeared to be a jolly, good-natured set. The day after our arrival at Frenchtown, we wandered about and fell in with some French boys who showed us the stockade or picket fort commanded by General Winchester, who, during the last war with England, was defeated and most of his men

massacred by the Indians. The boys in broken English, which we could hardly understand, told us frightful stories about that transaction, and we were so terror-stricken we durst not enter.

On the morning of the third day after our arrival we left for Detroit, and reached Detroit river that night. The boat was run ashore for the night, and brother and I laid down in the place assigned us in the bottom of the boat, but were awakened to find ourselves and bedding wet. The men had neglected to keep the old leaky boat free from water. Our blankets being wet there was no more sleep for us that night. On attempting to move the boat it was found that ice had formed for some distance around it the thickness of window-glass. It was so cold the men and all on board were glad to get at the oars to keep warm. At about eight o'clock we reached a tavern where we were to get breakfast. The tavern was the most comfortable and respectable house we boys had entered since we left Buffalo, and we were kindly received by the landlord and lady, who appeared to be hurrying forward our breakfast. Jack bought a half-pint of liquor and drank it all down, which soon after altered his step and manner. On going down to the boat he commenced scolding me, which I resented, and Jack being irritated at my replies, slapped me in the the face, causing the blood to flow freely from my nose. On seeing and learning the cause, uncle became very angry, and was about to have Jack arrested and punished, but he plead his cause so well against me that uncle thought I deserved further punishment, although my crime consisted of accusing Jack of drinking too much liquor and being muddled. Uncle having procured an apple-tree sprout, led me out, but the good landlord came to the rescue, took me away and led me into the house, where the landlady washed the blood from my face, and led me to the breakfast table. A good breakfast and the kindness of our landlord and his wife restored me to my usual good spirits; the anxiety to reach home only remained. We had been a month on our journey, as I was told, and after partaking of our breakfast all hurried to the boat, and proceeded up the Detroit river. At about noon Mr. Mason and uncle determined to walk the remaining distance to Detroit. Brother and I asked to accompany them but were refused, telling us that we could not walk that distance. There were only two men at the oars. Capt. Thompson had rolled himself up in his blankets and laid down in a snug corner of the boat. The boat moved very slowly, and brother and I became lonesome and disheartened. Capt. Thompson was asleep; there were two hard-looking men with my enemy Jack to propel the boat, and under this state of things I felt for the first time a disposition to cry, the first time since I left the home of our grandmother. Our tears moved the boatmen to put us on shore, and on reaching the road we ran, and jumped, and shouted, for a few rods in expression of our gladness. When those little freaks were over, we struck off into a fast walk, determined to reach Detroit as soon as possible.

We had not proceeded far before we came to the River Rouge. We felt disappointed to find the river in our way, and asked an elderly-looking Frenchman to ferry us over. He seemed surprised to see two boys of our age traveling alone. He questioned us very closely, and from his broken English we knew him to be a Frenchman. His questions were: "Where you go, you little boy? what your name? where your father live?" etc. We answered his questions promptly, and gave him a short history of our travels; but he shook his head doubtingly, and said: "I believe you be runaway boy." At this

moment looking up the road he saw a company of men on horseback approaching, and told us that we could cross the river with them. On the arrival of these men we were questioned again, and all being well acquainted with our father, our story was readily believed. Of these men, there were eight in number, and all but one belonged to the Indian department. Among them were Mr. Knaggs, Indian agent, Wm. Macomb, and Francis Harsen, an uncle to my stepmother. Now we had fallen into the hands of real friends, who appeared to take special interest in our comfort and welfare. They had been out to recover some horses that had been taken by the Indians during the war, and were now returning with them. We were each given a horse to ride, and soon ended our journey, entering Detroit in fine style. We found Mr. Henry Graverat in town making preparations to go to Mackinac, having an appointment to the Indian department there. He took us in charge, and agreed with uncle to land us at father's residence on Harsen's island. The next day we got on board a vessel and left at an early hour for father's, arriving there at about eight o'clock in the evening. Father was not at home, but Uncle Charles Stewart was there, and the kind manner in which we were received by our stepmother made us feel that we were at home and our journey ended.

For many years I saw but little of Michigan, except that portion bordering on the shore of Lake and River St. Clair. I came from an inland and thickly settled district, and had seen no flowing water save brooks and rivulets; I had seen no forests but in the distance, and though but a boy of twelve years of age, I could not but feel impressed with the wild beauty of my new home. The dense and almost impenetrable forests, the magnificent river St. Clair, the countless number of every variety of waterfowl flying over my head or resting and sporting on the bosom of the beautiful waters, the howling of wolves at night, the constantly passing and repassing canoes of the strange-looking Indians, their stealthy tread through the woods and their unintelligible shouts as they passed each other, and, last but not least, the merry songs of the French *voyageurs* toiling at the oar, propelling their boats swiftly over the blue waters—these were new scenes to me, and called forth my wonder and delight. I have now entered upon the seventy-second year of my life—nearly sixty years, thus far, have been spent in Michigan. I have witnessed the improvements made in the county of St. Clair; flourishing towns have sprung up, and a large portion of our older settlers have become wealthy; all have shared in the conveniences of modern improvements and comforts, but yet, for my own part, I could enjoy no greater pleasure than for a short time to see Michigan as I saw it in 1815, wild and romantic as it then was; to traverse its dense forests, to paddle my canoe over its waters, surrounded by game of every description on river, lake, and shore; and at night, while partaking of a supper of game taken through the day, hear the howling of the wolves, the hooting of owls, and other voices of the night. Fancy ofttimes leads me back to the dear, old primitive days, and then I am a boy again! Alas! the vision lingers not; I am an old man with increasing infirmities, and nothing is left to me but the memories of the past!

It appears that there were no permanent settlements made on the river St. Clair prior to the conquest of Canada by the British forces, but immediately following that event lands were located and permanent residences made. At Point Aux Tremble there were four families; on Strumness island (Dickinson's) there were three families, and three, also, on Harsen's island; between Point Aux Tremble and Recor s point were fourteen, and five families were

settled between Recor's and Black River. The names of the residents on Point Aux Tremble were Chortier (Shirkey) Minne, Basney, and Wm. Hill. Mr. Chortier appears to have been the most prominent man of the Point Tremble settlement. The names of the residents of Harsen's island were Wm. Harsen, Jacob Harsen, Francis Harsen, and Mary Stewart, formerly Mary Graverat. Captain Peter Laughton was the first settler on Stromness island; he was a retired British naval officer, and had selected the island as a part of the land he was entitled to draw from the British government. Mr. James Harsen and his son-in-law, Isaac Graverat, were the first settlers on Harsen's island. Mr. Harsen was a gunsmith and Mr. G. a silversmith; they came from Albany, N. Y., for the purpose of dealing with the Indians, and selected Harsen's island as their place of business; they purchased the island from the Indians, under the sanction of the British government.

The first settlers on the River St. Clair, in what now comprises the township of Cottrellville, were Captain Alexander Harrow, Cottrell, Wm. Thorn, Pascal, Robertson, William Brown, Joseph Minne, and some others, whose names I have forgotten.

It appears that the British were very liberal in that day, in the distribution of wild lands to the officers of their army and navy, and Captain Harrow of the navy located all the land on the river extending from the present site of Algonac to Belle River. After the United States government came in possession of the Northwest Territory, embracing the State of Michigan, Congress passed an act limiting individuals to one section, and Captain Harrow was compelled to make his selection in accordance to this act. The lands re-selected by him are now embraced in the township of Clay, and extend from Abram Smith's mill in Algonac to the mill of W. C. & W. S. Roberts, at Robert's Landing.

George Cottrell and Captain Harrow were the most prominent men of their day in the settlement along St. Clair River.

The original Henry Cottrell, when a boy, was taken prisoner by the Indians in one of their raids on the Wyoming Valley, during the French and Indian wars with the American Colonies. He was purchased from his captors by a Frenchman named Cot-ter-ell, and who brought the lad up as his own son, giving him his name. His sons were George, David, Henry and another son, who made his residence at or near Grosse Point, and whose first name I cannot recall. The old Cottrell homestead, a few miles below St. Clair, is well known.

Henry Cottrell was for many years sheriff of St. Clair county; in fact he held that office as long as Michigan was a territory, and, I believe, one term after she became a State. He was a very jovial companion, a good neighbor, energetic, industrious, and prompt in the discharge of his official duties. I could relate many pleasing anecdotes of Sheriff Cottrell, but I will only give one: Cottrell was given an execution against my uncle, Charles Stewart, who declared the judgment was more than double the sum he owed, and refused to pay it. Under our territorial laws we had imprisonment for debt, and Cottrell responded—"Stewart, I shall have to imprison you, then." "All right," said Uncle Charley, "now is your time; I am going into the lumber woods, and you will have hard work to find me." "Very well," said Cottrell, "you are willing to go to jail, I see; here, take this writ and go and deliver yourself up to the jailor!" Uncle took the writ and delivered himself to the

keeper of the jail, where he remained for a few days when the matter was settled.

Mr. David Cottrell was one of your sedate, candid, judicious sort of men; he possessed good natural abilities, once held the office of county judge, and from the first election under our State government held the office of justice of the peace to the day of his death; he also was the people's favorite man for supervisor, holding the office for many years.

As I have given a short account of the life and character of two prominent men of an adjoining town, I must not forget those of my own township. John R. Smith, Esq., now long deceased, was born in the State of Vermont, and at the breaking out of the war with England was serving his county as sheriff, or under sheriff, and he was almost constantly in his saddle riding through and beyond his county on business.

On one occasion his business led him to a little town on the banks of the river St. Lawrence. It was in the winter. The name of the town and the year in which the occurrence happened I have forgotten, although I have heard the 'Squire relate it many times. I think, however, it was in the winter of 1813. Both of the hostile armies had gone into winter quarters, and none expected a renewal of hostilities before the spring. It appears that the British officers in command of a station on the Canada side of the river having obtained an account of the situation of the town and number of American troops, planned a night attack, hoping to surprise the Americans and capture the town with ease. For this purpose, selecting a dark night, he crossed his men over to the American shore a few miles above the town, and to prevent information of his intentions reaching the American officer, he seized and placed under guard all persons he thought capable of giving information of his approach. That night Mr. Smith had put up at a tavern near where the British landed, and being unwell went to bed at an early hour. The British made prisoners of the landlord and all in his house capable of giving information and put them under guard. They were about to send Mr. Smith off with the guard, but he being lame and ill, and the landlady pleading so hard for him, the officer judged him harmless, and let him remain. As soon as Mr. Smith thought it safe he went to the stable, mounted his horse, and being well acquainted with the neighborhood took a circuitous route, put his horse at full speed, and reached town in time to give the officer in command notice of the approach of the British. Immediately on this notice the officer in command ordered his men under arms with as little noise as possible, and placed them in a position to surprise the British on their approach. The British soon made their appearance, and before their lines were formed for the assault the Americans delivered their volley, which so surprised the British that they wheeled about and retreated as fast as possible until they reached the Canadian shore.

For this timely warning Mr. Smith became a favorite of the American officers of the army, and the colonel commanding the place he had relieved from surprise induced him to join his regiment as forage-master and licensed trader with the soldiers, what they called their sutler. The name or number of the regiment I have forgotten, but it appears that in the spring following Mr. Smith procured a stock of supplies and joined that regiment, and remained with it until disbanded at the city of Detroit in 1816. Among the discharged men of that regiment there were two experienced potters who wished to remain

in the territory, and they requested Mr. Smith to establish a pottery and give them employment.

Mr. Smith, on ascertaining that no brown earthenware had ever been manufactured in Michigan, and that the prospect for a ready sale was good, sought for a place to establish his pottery. He came up to the river St. Clair, found the old Laughton house on Strumness island vacant, leased it from David Laughton, one of the heirs, and in May, 1817, had his pottery in full operation, continuing the business until late in the fall of that year. In the winter of 1818 he was induced by my father to teach school on Harsen's island. At that time there were only three families on Harsen's island, but there were several scholars from over the river, altogether making a school of twelve scholars. Mr. Smith taught the shcool on Harsen's island the next winter, and at the same time was carrying on trade with the Indians in company with Mr. David Laughton, occupying a house of Mr. Jacob Harsen, a part of which was occupied as a school-room, the other half as an "Indian department." I remember there was a barrel of cider in the Indian department frozen so hard that no attempt had been made to use it. The boys got an iron rod, heated it red hot, and thrust one end into the barrel, and by this means they drank up the teacher's cider; this was done in his absence, although we had good reason to believe he was acquainted with the operation.

I may be a year later than I ought in giving the time of Squire Smith's first appearance in St. Clair county. He was, however, the first person that was commissioned justice of the peace residing on the river St. Clair, by Governor Cass. Macomb county embraced all the territory of St. Clair county, and the Governor's commission is dated the 17th day of March, A. D. 1818.

The next office bestowed on Esquire Smith under our Territorial Government was his appointment to the office of postmaster at Plainfield, St. Clair county, in the Territory of Michigan. He was the first postmaster appointed in what is now the county of St. Clair. His commission was dated Washington, August 26th, 1826, and signed by John McLean and Wm. Dening, clerk. I should have stated above that J. R. Smith, Esq., was appointed special commissioner by Governor Cass for the county of St. Clair, in the territory of Michigan, which appointment is dated the 20th day of April, A. D. 1827.

'Squire Smith was also made the first customs inspector on the American shore of St, Clair river, commencing the discharge of his duties in this office May 1, 1832. This office and that of pathmaster he held until after 1841—how much longer the records do not show.

Mr. Smith married, and in 1819 established his residence on what was then considered the most pleasant location in the neighborhood—now a part of the Kendall farm, just above the present site of Algonac. This he designated "Point Office." Some years thereafter he removed and settled on a tract of land now embraced within the limits of Algonac. When this village was surveyed he made a large reservation, retaining possession of a number of the choicest lots in the plat, and most of them are held by his heirs to the present day.

When the 'Squire settled at Point Office and at Algonac, litigants from all parts of the county came before him to have their causes adjudicated, and his business exceeded that of the county court for many years. His popularity was very great, gained through his judicious judgments and straightforward, conscientious attention to duty and business. He held the office of justice of the peace from 1818 up to the day of his death, which occurred in April, 1855,

thirty-seven years. It is a fact that up to his demise he could show a greater record of marriage services performed by him than any (if not all) justice in in St. Clair county.

He was the first probate judge elected by the people of this county. Well do I remember that election, for I then cast my first ballot, 40 years ago! It was held at St. Clair (Palmer), and the whole number of electors assembled on that day did not exceed thirty. 'Squire Smith was opposed by an old Detroit lawyer named George McDougal. The lawyer received the French vote, but was defeated.

For many years before his death the 'Squire was a member of the M. E. church, and did much in his lifetime to spread the gospel and for the elevation and moral training of the community in which he lived. He never encouraged litigation. He died in 1855 in the Christian faith, surrounded by his family, loved and lamented by his children and personal friends, and respected by the public.

The next one of the old pioneers of prominence was Dr. Harmon Chamberlain, who settled in St. Clair. I first saw him at Justice Smith's office in 1819. He was then a youthful-looking man just from his studies. He lived with the 'Squire a short time, but soon moved to St. Clair, where he lived and died.

The Doctor was a great favorite with the old pioneers on the river. I make the record of his first arrival only; his memory is too fresh in the minds of the people for me to do more. His aged wife still lives in St. Clair.

Another old pioneer of our county is Judge Bunce. He is yet living, and can best give his own record. I think he came to the river in 1819, and the little vessel that was carrying his effects up to his present residence above Vicksburg or Marysville, came to anchor opposite my father's, on Harsen's island. I was then a boy of fourteen years, and was sent to bring him ashore, and also took him back to his vessel; on reaching deck he gave me a finished two-bladed knife, an instrument rarely seen in those days.

Captain Henry Ainsworth settled in the township of Clay in 1820, and purchased the Basney farm at Point Aux Tremble. He was a well-informed, energetic man, and had he lived he would have been a valuable acquisition to our community. He died after a two years' residence, and his son Henry occupies the old farm.

Among the most active, industrious and prominent men in the early settlement of our town (now Clay) was Jacob Peer. He came to Michigan in 1821 with the intention of settling at or near Pontiac, but he fell in with Captain Andrew Westbrook and was induced by him to come up to the River St. Clair. Peer purchased Westbrook's land (that had been given the latter by act of Congress to indemnify him for his Canadian losses during the war of 1812), selecting some 300 acres lying west of Point Aux Tremble, bounded south and west by lake St. Clair. It was almost wholly prairie land, and Mr, Peer in four years' time placed sixty acres under cultivation. Prospectively he had one of the best stock farms in the country, but, unfortunately, the waters in our lakes had risen so high that in 1827 his farm was completely submerged. When strong westerly winds blew, the water was forced up to his door. Mr. Peer had to leave, a poor man again. He next selected lands lying north, adjoining the village of Algonac, and went at work with his usual vim to clear up another farm. When he died (in 1855) he left to his son, Jacob Peer (Jr.) what is now considered one of the very best farms in our township, and one

having the largest orchard in the county. Mr. Peer has an apple orchard of thirty-five acres.

Another of the early settlers of St. Clair county was Jacob Kendall, now deceased. He purchased a tract of land lying about a mile north of Algonac, in 1825. He was a well-informed man; had read a great deal, and up to the day of his death had held almost every office in his town except constable. Mr. K. was considered one of our best citizens, and was respected by all who knew him; his farm and residence so pleasantly situated on the bank of the river St. Clair, is now owned by his son, John B. Kendall, sheriff of the county.

The next and last one of the old pioneers that I shall attempt to mention is John Swartout, now past the 90th year of his age. He came to Michigan about the year 1835, and made purchase of lands lying on the north line of the township of Clay. Mr. S. was a very energetic and industrious man, and to this day, notwithstanding his years, is very useful about the farm. With the assistance of his sons, Martin and Abram, he soon cleared up a large farm and placed it in a good state of cultivation, which is now divided and owned by the sons mentioned. Mr. S. had two other sons, Dennis, who chose the profession of sailor, and Benjamin, who to-day, is one of the successful business men of Algonac.

The remaining part of my memoirs will treat of men and matters that came within my own knowledge, dating back to a very early day, with such incidents and anecdotes as I think will be of interest to the people of this county.

At the death of Mr. Harsen (the first) the old homestead on the island fell to his son Francis, who, during the war of 1812 and for many years thereafter, held an appointment in the Indian department at Detroit. At the close of the war, in 1815, he leased his farm to one Robert Little, a Canadian, and a most lawful British subject. By the lease Harsen was to receive rent from the products of the farm, a part of which would be apples and cider. In the succeeding fall Harsen came up and collected rent without difficulty; but in the fall of 1816 Little refused to pay rent to Harsen, who was astonished at such refusal and wished to know the reason. Little stated to Harsen that the island was in his Britannic Majesty's dominions, and that no American citizen could, under present laws, hold lands under the British government; that he had rendered important services to his government and was entitled to lands; that he was now in possession of the farm and should claim and hold it under British laws; he then drove Harsen from the premises. Harsen returned to Detroit and engaged a lawyer by the name of Whitney, and in the year 1817 commenced suit in the county court of Macomb county, then embracing all that portion of the territory lying north and east of the present boundary of that county. Judge Clemens was the first judge, and Robert Fulton, the first purchaser of the land upon which St. Clair city now stands, was sheriff. There was some delay in the prosecution of this suit, it seems, for it was late in the fall of 1817 before the writ of ejectment was placed in the hands of Sheriff Fulton. On its receipt this officer proceeded to execute it; he called on Little and demanded the surrender of the premises. On this Little forcibly put the officer out of doors, and told him that he should procure arms and shoot any person attempting to oust him; he claimed that he was a subject of Great Britain and under the protection of that power; that no American court could interfere with or molest him. Fulton told the usurper that he

would execute the writ if it took all the militia in the territory. Accordingly he called on Lieut. William Brown for assistance. Brown made a selection of six men, two of whom had been discharged from our army, and the next day crossed over to the island, landing at my father's residence. After procuring a small jug of whisky for his men, the party proceeded up to Harsen's farm, the owner joining them on the way. It appears that Little was on the look-out and, informed of the sheriff's coming, had prepared for the fight. He loaded the four guns in his house with coarse shot, and had a large five-pail kettle over the fire filled with boiling water, and thus prepared he awaited the assault. The assaulting party, on their arrival, took possession of an out-house, where they agreed upon a plan of attack, and fortified their courage by several nips from the contents of the little jug. It was agreed in council that sheriff Fulton should first go to the outer door and in the name of the sovereign people of the United States demand a surrender of the premises, and if refused, signal Lieut. Brown, who was to take the place by storm. Accordingly Sheriff Fulton proceeded to make the formal demand, followed at a short distance, by Mr. Harsen, when Little fired on Harsen from a window, wounding him in the fleshy part of the leg. At the report of Little's gun Brown ordered his men to surround the house and return the fire, which was done; the first shots shivered the door behind which Little stood, one bullet going past him and entering the bed on which his daughter was sitting. Little did not wait for another volley, but cried for quarter and surrendered himself into the hands of the Yankees he so much hated.

Little had taken possession of the Harsen farm some months before my father arrived. He seemed to be annoyed at the presence of the hated Yankee, and sent his son down one morning to ask father what right he had to settle in British territory. Father answered that he claimed none but lawful rights, such as he could maintain.

But few, at this day, are aware of the hatred manifested by the old British settlers of the territory toward the Yankee, a name given by them to all American citizens of the United States. It was not so with the French people; they were glad to have the Bostonians come among them. But the most hatred was manifested by the old Indian traders. They feared the settlement of the State would injure their trade. In the neighborhood where my father lived there was an Indian trader. He was at home but a few months in the year; most of his time was occupied abroad with the Indians. He had a particular hatred for the d—d Yankee, as he generally called all persons from the States. He had manifested his spleen toward my father, who was informed of it through friendly parties. Early in the spring of 1816 he called apparently in great haste. He said that the Black Chief had called a council of the Indians and that they were determined that no American should reside on the island; that the first settlers on the island were in general council adopted with their children into their tribes and could remain, but they would force all others to leave. He said he had called to give timely notice that my father could be put on his guard; and he feared he would have trouble with the Black Chief. This message was delivered in a hasty manner and our informant left. In a few days an Indian called at my father's somewhat intoxicated. He made some statements which led my father to believe that he had been stuffed by the Indian trader. At this time a neighbor stepped in and the Indian picked a quarrel with him and was knocked down. My father believing that the trader's whisky and counsel was the cause of the Indian's insolence and

threats, seized his ax and hastened to the trader's house, and when there walked deliberately in, knocked in the head of his barrel of whisky, and turned it on the floor. The next day he manned his canoe, and went to Detroit and stated his case to Governor Cass. He informed the Governor that he had on one side a loyal British subject who disputed his right to reside on the island, and on the other hand, an Indian trader who, he had good reason to believe, was instigating the Indians to annoy and molest him. On this representation the Governor told my father to return, and if he should be further molested to give him notice, and he would send troops to protect him. This affair ended all further trouble. The Indians became my father's best friends, and for many years supplied his table with venison and all kinds of wild game.

At the breaking out of the last war with England, there resided at, or near, Mackinac, an Indian chief by the name of Wing, who was friendly to the Americans, and when the British with their Indian allies surprised and captured Mackinac in 1812, the chief Wing refused to take any part in the transaction, and through his influence restrained the members of his band from taking presents from the British, even not accepting a plug of tobacco. His fidelity to the Americans was so great that he selected eight strong men of his band to man his large birch canoe, with which he passed down Lakes Huron and St. Clair, and gave information to Governor Hull of the capture of Mackinac. For this information and his zeal and fidelity to the American government he became a great favorite with the officers commanding at Mackinac. He visited the Governor every year at Detroit until his advanced age prevented him.

I have one more Indian story to relate, which happened in the spring of 1816, when Colonel McNeil commanded Fort Gratiot. Among the numerous families of Indians that resided on Black river was that of an old Indian by the name of Black Snake. He had a numerous family and was related to John Riley, a half Indian, who selected lands and resided in the township of Riley, St. Clair county. The town at its first organization was called Riley, in memory of the old Indian residenters. The father of John Riley was a resident of Albany, N. Y., where his son John was educated when a boy. John considered himself a citizen of the United States, and the band of Indians to which he belonged were, through his influence, recognized as belonging to and under the protection of the American government. Among this band of Indians there was a strong-built Indian by the name of Black Duck. He had for a wife a daughter of Black Snake, and was strongly attached to the American government. The Black Duck was an invited guest at a great Indian feast held at or near the mouth of Black river. At this feast much whisky was drank and many speeches made. The Indians from Canada took part, one of whom boasted of his power and bravery as a warrior, and related how many Americans he had killed and scalped during the past war. As soon as this Indian ended his speech, Black Duck jumped to his feet, and seizing his tomahawk, approached the speaker and said: "You are a great brave, you have killed many Americans, you have taken their scalps. The Americans you have killed were my friends, and you will kill no more!" Black Duck buried his tomahawk in the boastful speaker's head, and here the pleasures of the feast ended. The Black Duck knew that the avengers of blood would be upon him, for with the Indians it was, as in olden times, "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." He therefore hastened to lay his case before Governor Cass and seek his protection. He was placed in the fort for

safety. The governor was well acquainted with John Riley, who had rendered valuable service to our government during the war. Through Riley a proposition was made to have the matter settled by paying the Indians for their dead relative. On this proposition a council was held before the governor, at which the avengers of blood agreed to take pay for their dead relative according to their valuation, besides a selection of goods from the public store in Detroit. They demanded forty quarts of whisky, which they considered necessary in order to soften their hearts and cause the tears to flow more easily over their dead relative. The governor's secretary drew an order on my father for the forty quarts of whisky. I was present and wondered that Indians with such dark skins should paint their faces black with charcoal, but I was told they were mourning for the dead.

I have stated that Mr. Jacob Harsen was the first purchaser of Harsen's island. He had a family of seven children, five sons and two daughters. His eldest daughter was the wife of Mr. Graverat, who settled with him on the island. Immediately after the purchase of the island from the Indians Mr. Graverat died, leaving a family of four children, who with their mother made their home principally with their grandfather, until grown up and of an age to take care of themselves. In the two families thus united there were several serious accidents, causing the death of some of its members and loss of limb to others. It appears that Mr. H. was brought up in the faith and discipline of the Lutheran church, and he endeavored to train his children in accordance with the rules of that church. Although in a wilderness where wild game was abundant, he forbade the use of firearms on the Sabbath. But one Sabbath morning, while all was quiet, and the members of the family were all in the house, a large flock of ducks lit on the shore near the house. The sight of the ducks was so tempting to the eldest son that he seized his gun and attempted to fire at the ducks, but the powder flashed in the pan; he ran into the house to reprime his gun. When entering, the butt of the gun struck the door, which caused an explosion, the whole charge entering Miss Graverat's arm, then a girl of seven years. It was so frightfully mangled that she was immediately taken to Detroit to have it amputated. Miss Graverat spent most of the days of her childhood in the family of Judge May, of Detroit, where she learned to sew, and became so expert with the needle that few could excel her at various kinds of needle-work. She became my father's second wife in 1814, and was the mother of Capt. Albert Stewart, of Detroit, and Garret G. Stewart, of Harsen's island. The next serious accident that happened in the Harsen family was in 1800. At this time old Mr. Harsen was dead, and his son Barnard became head of the family. It appears that a keg of powder had been placed in the parlor chimney, and on Saturday evening several pounds had been weighed out to men that had been at work in the harvest field during the week, and some had been spilt on the hearth; by some means fire had been communicated to the powder, and the whole keg of twenty pounds exploded, blowing the house into fragments, and instantly killing Mr. Barnard Harsen and Mrs. Graverat. A large pewter platter, which was lying on the the head of the keg, was driven with such force as to almost cut Mrs. Graverat in two. Other members of the family were badly burned and wounded, but recovered. At the time of this explosion there was stopping with Mr. Harsen a Moravian minister by the name of Denkey, who was a great smoker, and it was surmised that he had emptied his pipe on the chimney, which set fire to some paper, and thus communicated to the powder. Denkey was not in the

house at the time of the explosion, and the conjecture that he was the cause may have been wrong. He wrote out a full statement of the accident and had it placed in my stepmother's Bible, and when a boy I read the account as he gave it, but the record is lost and I am writing from memory. At this explosion a looking-glass of my stepmother's was blown nearly a mile, and was found in the south channel of River St. Clair; the frame and quicksilver were gone; it was put in the frame again and kept by my stepmother as a relic of the accident.

About ten years after the blowing up of the house, causing the death of two members of the Harsen family, Mr. James Harson went over to Big Bear Creek, on the Canadian side, to trade with the Indians. At this time John Riley was there on a spree, and as Mr. Harsen was stooping to enter his cabin he (Riley) fired off his rifle, the ball entering Mr. H.'s eye and passing out behind his ear. From this wound Mr. Harsen lingered in great misery for about six months, and died at his home on Harsen's island.

The first time business took me to Black River, where the city of Port Huron now stands, there were but three dwelling-houses in the place, one being occupied by a Mr. Petit, and another was used as an Indian trading house. At that time a mission school was opened at Fort Gratiot with a Mr. Hudson as principal and a Mr. Hart as assistant. A very interesting and correct account of the early settlement of Port Huron and Black River, has been published by Mrs. B. C. Farrand, of Port Huron, she obtaining information principally from Mr. Petit. I was much pleased when I read the article, on account of its correctness. The only error I detected was in spelling Mr. Graverat's name. Mr. G. assisted in procuring scholars for the mission school, and without his influence scarcely a scholar could be got. He was my stepmother's brother, and uncle to Garret G. Stewart of Harsen's island. After a trial of about two years the mission was moved to the island of Mackinac, where it was assisted by Mr. Graverat's brother Henry. The only Indian scholar that I can remember attending the Fort Gratiot school, was a brother-in-law of Mr. Jonathan Burch who came to Port Huron at an early date, and if I am not mistaken he erected the first frame building in which goods were sold. The first mill for the manufacture of pine lumber erected on Black River was built by Mr. Enos Morass, some years before the war of 1812. During the late war with England our government wanted some large sticks of pine timber, and the contract for furnishing them was given to Mr. Morass, who procured men and teams and went up Black River, selected and cut the timber, passing with it on his trains down Black and St. Clair rivers, over lake St. Clair and down Detroit River, all the way on the ice, which at that day was considered an extraordinary undertaking. Another risky and dangerous undertaking, which happened during the war, was performed by Mr Wm. Brown, father of Mr. James Brown of Cottrellville. The troops at Fort Gratiot were short of provisions, and the commissary at Detroit had orders to supply them. A short time previous a lieutenant of the Fort, in passing down the river, was shot by the Indians and killed, but the men who accompanied him escaped. At this time it was considered dangerous for small bodies of men to travel along the northern shore of lake and river St. Clair, as large numbers of Indians were secreted in the woods. The commissary, in looking for a man who was thoroughly acquainted with the roads and paths through the forest, was recommended to Mr. Brown as a man well posted in the route, also a man of great courage and energy. Mr. Brown was

engaged and the next morning at an early hour he left Detroit with a train of fat cattle and other articles, arriving at Point Au Tremble that night. The next day he arrived at Fort Gratiot all safe. The supplies were gladly received, the officer in command thanking Mr. Brown for his promptness in the delivery. Another circumstance by which Mr. Brown met the approval of the military authorities happened in the fall of 1819. The militia of St. Clair was commanded by Capt. Westbrook and Lieut. Wm. Brown. While engaged in a training, two of the militiamen quarreled and wanted to fight, but were prevented by Lieut. Brown. Capt. Westbrook said, let them fight if they wish, which remark brought on a quarrel between the Captain and Lieutenant. Westbrook charged Brown with disobeying a superior officer. Brown appeared before the commander-in-chief, who discharged Westbrook and appointed Brown Captain in his place.

The first minister of the gospel that visited our county came to my father's residence in the winter of 1818. His name was Dickson, and he was connected with the M. E. church. There were but three families on the island, all of whom assembled at my father's residence to hear Mr. Dickson's discourse, which was the first sermon preached in St. Clair county by a Protestant minister. Two years after, we had preaching once a month by Methodist ministers, their circuit being very large, embracing the city of Chatham, Ontario, and the country along river St. Clair. They were almost constantly in the saddle to meet their appointments. My father, although a Calvinist Baptist and strongly opposed to Arminian doctrines, opened his house for these energetic men, and encouraged them until they organized societies able to support their own ministers. The Methodist ministers of that day were poor, humble and devout men, and the members of their societies lived the same prayerful lives.

While I am writing about Methodist ministers I will relate a little incident that happened about the year 1820. It was about mid-winter, the weather being extremely cold; our minister called on us about four o'clock, and was seated in the sitting-room before a roaring fire. While thus seated the juvenile part of my father's family spoke to each other in whispers and walked over the floor on their tiptoes. We were a noisy set usually, but our reverence for a minister of the gospel was such as to place us under restraint. The house in which my father resided was of the old French style, and was built soon after the taking of Canada from the French. It had two bed-rooms, a sitting-room, and large kitchen, with a small bed-room for the boys; consequently we could not lodge many guests. At about eight o'clock that evening three men called and asked for lodging for the night. They were three lawyers from Detroit; one was Judge B. F. H. Witherell, who was then a young lawyer, bearing a very youthful appearance. After our lawyers had partaken of their supper, arrangements for bed accommodations were made. Of course the minister must have the best bed and room. As the three lawyers could not sleep in one bed with comfort, it was therefore decided to bring the bed and bedding from the bed-room and place it on the parlor floor before the fireplace, which was large, and was on that occasion provided with sufficient wood to keep fire at least ten hours. Our legal guests cheerfully submitted to the arrangements, and as the night was very cold, a pitcher of hot whisky sling was prepared for them before retiring, and a kettle of hot water was left on the hearth in case they required more sling. It appears that the lawyers spent most of the night in drinking, telling anecdotes, laughing, etc. I learned

from our good minister what had been going on in the parlor during the night. He got up about four o'clock and asked me to get his horse; he had had but little sleep, and intended leaving before breakfast, not wishing any more of their company. I expressed my sorrow, and hoped that the next time he came we would have no Detroit lawyers to disturb him. I don't think there could be found at the present age a minister who would leave his bed at four o'clock to avoid the company of three young lawyers. I have forgotten the names of the two that were with young Witherell, and have not since learned whether or not they repented of their sins. I was afterward informed that Witherell, some years later, joined the M. E. church at Detroit. He was a good lawyer, and afterward became judge of the Wayne county criminal court.

I learn that St. Clair county was organized May 8th, 1821. James Fulton was the first purchaser of the site on which the city of St. Clair now stands, which in process of time became the property of Thomas Palmer, of Detroit. Mr. Fulton made the purchase with the view of making it the county seat of St. Clair county, and Mr. Palmer labored hard to accomplish the same end. Fulton and Palmer were opposed by Capt. Samuel Ward, who wished the county seat established at or near his tract of land, which now embraces Marine City. In the county seat war, my father favored St. Clair. Charles Noble, of the city of Monroe, one of the commissioners appointed to decide on the proper place for the county seat, called on my father on his way up to examine the two proposed places. My father gave his reasons for favoring the town of St. Clair. Our first county seat war ended by the location of the county government at the latter point.

Capt. Eber Brock Ward, late of Detroit, was but a mere child at this time, and had no connection with the business of his uncle, Capt. Samuel Ward, until the fall of 1832, when he took my place as clerk for his uncle.

The first jail in the county was erected by James Fulton, at the county seat. It is stated that the building was so constructed as to answer the double purpose of jail, and, in the absence of prisoners, was used by Mr. Fulton as a root-house. I could name the first criminal lodged in the institution but for the sake of friends forbear.

For the entertainment of our commercial men I will give the names of the first steamboats that plied between Detroit and Port Huron. The first boat making her appearance on this route was the Argo in 1830. She was constructed from two large whitewood trees converted into canoes or "dug-outs," joined together so as to make a sharp bow and square stern. She was owned and commanded by Capt. Burtis of Detroit. On her arrival at Strumness island, the Captain would take on board a quantity of fence rails, as it appears she could not carry sufficient fuel for the trip.

About the year 1831 the General Gratiot was placed on the St. Clair route. She was owned by Dr. Rice & Co. of Detroit, and commanded by Capt. John Clark of East China. The length of time the Gratiot kept the St. Clair route I have forgotten. Capt. Clark was well liked and the Gratiot became a great favorite with the traveling public. About the year 1833 Capt. Burtis placed the General Brady on the same route, but she did not remain over two years. The Lady-of-the-lake, commanded by Capt. Sylvester Atwood, was a small boat fitted for carrying freight. She did not remain long on the route. In the year 1836 the Erie made her appearance on St. Clair river, and was the fastest boat of her size on the lakes. She was principally owned by James

Abbott of Detroit, and continued on the St. Clair route until 1842, when she was lost in the ice of lake St. Clair. Capt. Samuel Ward placed the Huron on the same route in the year 1840. The Huron was the largest and best boat on the route, and was commanded by Capt. E. B. Ward. At this time Newport, St. Clair, and Pt. Huron were rapidly increasing in population, and the county was filling up with active and industrious farmers; the same spirit of enterprise was manifested on the Canada side of the river. Lake Huron shore and river ports gave this steamer full freights; her handsome and commodious cabins were always crowded with passengers. She continued on the route until worn out, each year of her service netting the Wards thousands of dollars; she was their first great paying investment, and her earnings formed the foundation of their colossal fortunes. There were other boats that ran in opposition to the Huron, but they were either run or bought off the route by the Wards. All opposition lines to them have incontinently failed, and when Eber B. Ward sold the route, its purchasers followed in his steps and maintained their claims against all opposition.

The first boat built in our county was in 1820, owned and commanded by Samuel Ward, called the St. Clair, for lake navigation. After the Erie canal was opened, Capt. Ward freighted his boat at Detroit for New York city, and took on board two horses to tow her through the canal. On arriving at Buffalo he took down his masts, stowed them snugly on deck, entered and towed safely through the canal; arrived at the Hudson he shipped the masts, bent the sails, and soon came to anchorage at the metropolis. Procuring a full freight back he returned, but was somewhat disappointed upon being required to pay toll. Capt. Ward not only calculated on getting through the canal free of toll but expected to receive a premium, as his was the first boat from the lakes. The St. Clair was the first boat built at Marine City, which is to-day the most extensive ship-building town in the State except Detroit.

The first vessel built at the town of St. Clair was the Grand Turk, owned by the father of Capt. Alex. St. Barnard; she was of about forty tons burden. Barber, the master builder, was a very ordinary workman, and the vessel when completed, was a rough-looking concern, and perhaps "Grand Turk" was the most appropriate name for her. To look at her—

"She seemed to dare the elements to strife!"

but, under a press of sail, did not—

"Walk the waters like a thing of life!"

However, in her day, she carried many a load of lumber and shingles to Detroit.

The first vessel Clay produced was built by Capt. Amos Henkly and R. Newhall about the year 1824; she was about fifty tons burden and was called the Savage, of Detroit. She was used as a trader, and ran to Mackinac and Green Bay. She was the first vessel that entered and wintered in St. Joseph River. Henkly on his return to Detroit represented it as a fit place to build a flourishing town, and when the site was secured, he claimed an interest in the lands as his possessory right, he having built the first house on the premises. In 1834, he died on his boat and was buried in the sand on the Canada shore. The following winter Mr. Wm. Brown had the body raised and properly interred on the American side of the river. Mr. Brown had a perfect likeness

of Captain Henkly, which he carefully preserved and it is now in the possession of some of his family.

Within the past two decades a multitude of boats and vessels have been built at Marine City, but the first vessel built on Belle River was the Pilot, and was owned by Capt. Andrew Westbrook and Capt. A. B. Henkly. The owners disagreed about the management of the vessel, and to settle the difficulty the boat was sold to Mr. Newberry of Detroit. A full history of the shipbuilding of St. Clair river, together with a sketch of the lives of the different commanders, would make a large and interesting book.

Before closing I claim it to be my duty to leave a little record of my deceased brother, Capt. John H. Stewart. He may be justly ranked among the pioneer sailors of the lakes. He also stood high in his profession, and was greatly respected. In 1817 my father built a little sloop of twelve tons burden, for the purpose of carrying shingles, tan-bark, coal, and such other freight as could be picked up along the shore of the river. In those days men having freight of this kind were expected to help load and unload, as well as assist in the management of the boat. My brother commanded the sloop, and it was then he acquired a love for sailing, and determined to make it his business. At the age of seventeen he made his wishes known to my father, who gave consent, and in order that his boy might become perfect in his profession, he had him placed in charge of Capt. Chesley Blake, who had command of a fine schooner called the Mariner. My brother remained with Capt. Blake two seasons, and sailed the following season with Capt. Fecharty on board a little Cleveland schooner called the Eclipse. He spent the winter of that year at Rochester, N. Y., and at the opening of navigation the next spring, entered the employ of Thompson & Co., of Buffalo. After that he entered the employ of Oliver Newberry, of Detroit, and sailed with Capt. Dingly on board the LaSalle, and the two following seasons he was mate on one of Newberry's vessels. He next commanded the Pilot, built by Westbrook & Henkly, and the following season he fitted out the Marshal Ney, owned by Ward & Newberry, and went mate on her that year with Capt. Ward. I am not in possession of the dates, and can only give the time in which my brother first went as seaman, and the length of time he continued on the lakes. He shipped with Capt. Blake in 1820 as an apprentice. The names of the vessels and boats he commanded are as follows: The Pilot, Marshal Ney, Jena, Marengo, LaSalle, Napoleon I., the brig Manhattan, and Napoleon II., which Mr. Newberry placed on Lake Superior. It strikes me very forcibly that he had command of one more vessel, but am not certain. In 1840 he chartered the Gen. Harrison from Capt. Ward for twelve hundred dollars, and on his first trip from Chicago to Buffalo he brought down a cargo of wheat at twenty-five cents per bushel, which amounted to one thousand dollars, two hundred less than the charter.

The names of the steamboats commanded by my brother John were: Michigan I. and Michigan II., owned by O. Newberry, of Detroit, and the Northern, owned in Cleveland. He also commanded a steamboat on the Chicago and St. Joseph route, the name of which I have forgotten. In 1855 he purchased an interest in the steam tug Pilot, but as his health was fast failing, his physicians advised him to abandon the waters and remain quiet at home. He did as advised, remaining at home until the day of his death, which was on the 28th day of May, 1855, in the fiftieth year of his age. He entered on his pro-

fession in the year 1820, and continued it for thirty-five years. He was the first seaman from St. Clair county appointed to the command of a vessel at Detroit. In two cases he risked his life to save the lives of drowning sailors and passengers. He was generous to a fault, and could shed a tear for suffering humanity. His death was sudden, as his physicians had previously told him it would be. He was at my place in the morning on business and died before reaching home in an apoplectic fit, it being the third attack of the kind. He left a good record, which his surviving children should imitate and be proud of.

After writing the above memoirs I visited by brother G. G. Stewart, of Harsen's island, and while there I asked to examine my father's papers, among which I found the appointment of Harvey Stewart as county commissioner in and for the county of St. Clair. The commission had the seal of the territory, signed by Lewis Cass, Governor, and Wm. Woodbridge, Secretary of State, and was dated the 22d day of May, 1822. Following the above appointment is the commission of Gov. Cass appointing my father master in chancery in and for the Territory of Michigan, and dated April 20th, 1827.

The township of Cottrellville once embraced all the territory of the township of Clay; the division was made in the month of May, 1828. The township of Cottrellville held two township meetings for the election of officers, previous to the division in 1828. The people of the township of Clay, looking forward to the time when a division would be made by common consent, called this township by the name of Plainfield, and the circumstances which caused the division are as follows: Capt. Samuel Ward, one of the early settlers in St. Clair county, was a prominent business man, a good and obliging neighbor, but a rabid politician. There was no compromising matters with the Captain when his resolutions were once formed. Previous to the election in 1828, the Captain made his selection of township officers, and on learning that the people of the south part of the township were opposed to his nomination and would, if allowed to vote, defeat him, he opposed our vote, alleging that we belonged to the township of Plainfield and were not residents of Cottrellville. The people of Clay called a meeting in the office of J. K. Smith, Esq., for the purpose of taking into consideration the threats of Captain Ward, and to determine how to act. At this meeting it was determined that as we legally belonged to the township of Cottrellville we would all go up and offer our votes, and if rejected we would return to Mr. Smith's office and hold an election of our own. Accordingly we were at an early hour at the polls and tendered our votes, which were rejected; upon which we returned and held our election, and before separating, a petition was drawn up and signed by the electors, asking our Legislative Council to legalize our proceedings, and fix the boundary of our township. At this time Judge Z. W. Bunce was our representative in the territorial legislature, and he caused immediate action to be taken on our petition; the act was passed and approved May 28th, 1828. Capt. Ward did not relish the division of his township, for at that day there were more voters in Clay than there were in Cottrellville, and in respect to numbers we were a small township before the division.

Judge Bunce was elected to represent us by scarcely a dissenting voice; but the prompt manner in which he took our petition in hand was offensive to Capt. Ward, who afterwards became his most bitter opponent.

About the year 1820 there came to the city of Detroit a lawyer by the name of George A. O'Keefe, who was liberally educated and a thoroughbred lawyer, but he was extremely intemperate in his habits. His drinking sprees were frequent, sometimes lasting for weeks. He became acquainted with Judge Bunce, visiting him often, sometimes prolonging his visits for weeks, and through the Judge's influence he became prosecuting attorney for the county of St. Clair. O'Keefe, on one of his visits to Judge Bunce, expressed a wish to represent St. Clair county in our Legislative council at its next sitting, and he stated that the Judge favored his election, which was doubted by the leading men of the county. In the following year O'Keefe came up from Detroit to canvass the county, and made his first call on my father. He introduced his subject by stating that he had quit the use of intoxicating liquors; that he had determined on a thorough reformation, and was about to take up his abode permanently in St. Clair county. Relying on his reformation and ability he had come to offer himself as a candidate to represent our county in the Territorial Legislature. In reply my father said: Counselor, I am glad to hear of your proposed reformation, and as to your abilities no one doubts them. Come and make your home among us for one year, and give us proof of your reformation, and there is not the least doubt that you will become a favorite among the people, who will certainly give you their hearty support; but to be candid, counselor, I must insist on one year's reformation before I can give you my support. At this O'Keefe became angry, and said: Sir, I wish you to know that I was educated at two of the best seminaries in England, and I was bred at the Irish bar; and, sir, I can write your Governor down. After this outburst of passion there was a pause. Mr. James Wolverton, who was present remarked: Counselor, you remind me of the story of the calf that sucked two cows. Indeed, said O'Keefe, and what of that, sir? Nothing in particular, said Wolverton, only it is said that the more he sucked the larger he grew. At this remark O'Keefe smiled and became apparently good natured, when the three went into a calm discussion of the matter. My father and Wolverton tried to convince him that Bunce did not intend to support him, but on the other hand was seeking his own election. O'Keefe said, it may be so, but if I thought there was such deception in professed friends, I would throw myself on the mercy of the Lord. From the first organization of our county up to the year 1830 O'Keefe practiced in our county court, most of the time as prosecuting attorney. A soldier at Fort Gratiot had murdered a comrade, and was delivered over to the authorities for trial. At the time Judge Sibley, of Detroit, was our circuit judge, and O'Keefe, prosecuting attorney. This was the first time I sat on a grand jury. The jury in this case found a true bill of indictment. The bill was drawn up by O'Keefe while visiting Judge Bunce. In order to dress in the backwoods style of that day, O'Keefe procured a pair of buckskin pants, which he wore on visiting my father. I thought if he had a little of my experience he would not be so proud of his buckskin pants, for I had worn several pair. When new and kept dry they are rather pleasant things to wear; but when frequently wet they become stiff and rattle like a brass kettle. If wet on going to bed, my plan was to hang them up and make the legs as round as I could get them. After several wettings they become almost unmanagable. In instances of this kind I used to bring them to the barn and run them through the flax brake, which would soften them and make them quite dry again, but in spite of me they would retain the sound of the brass kettle.

Regarding myself, I have made a poor record. While many men of my day have become wealthy, and some have filled honorable stations, it has been my lot to remain poor. The exposures of my pioneer life left me subject to chronic diseases at the age of forty, which have prevented me from doing continuous hard labor; yet I have assisted in clearing up three farms, one of which I had the misfortune to lose through a defective title, but afterwards recovered part by purchase from the lawful owner, requiring all my earnings for five years to meet the payments. I have lamented my lack of a good education; the little I did receive was picked up two and three months at a time, the whole not exceeding one year's tuition. Had I been blessed with a good education I should have sought business less laborious, in which I am inclined to think I would have succeeded. After all my evil *Genii* may have been the cause of all my mishaps. Possessing as I do, a nervous temperament, I have many times kicked against the pricks; yet in the discharge of public duty and business affairs, I have endeavored to make myself reliable. I, with my deceased brother, Capt. J. H. Stewart, came to Michigan in the month of November, 1815. I have been a resident of St. Clair county sixty years, and now claim to be the oldest *emigrant* resident of St. Clair county. To-day there are only four persons living in the township of Clay that cast their ballots at the first election held in St. Clair county and the names of these persons are George Harrow, William Hill, Azel Able and the writer.

[Mr. Hill died since the publication of Mr. Stewart's memoirs commenced.]

A. P. STEWART.

Algonac, September 22, 1875.

In A. P. Stewart's recollections concerning the shooting of Francis Harsen by Robert Little, some misstatements are made which I wish to correct. Little never refused to pay rent. No trouble arose from that cause. When the first lease had expired Harsen came up from Detroit and leased his farm to Little for five years more. It was agreed that Little was to go to Detroit and then papers would be drawn up to this effect. Before Little went to Detroit A. P. Stewart's father took occasion to inform Harson that Little would attempt to hold possession of his farm if he (Harsen) leased it to him for another five years; it was thought likely, at that time, that the island would fall to the British government, and Stewart, supposing Little to be a British subject, told Harsen that Little would claim it. Little never told Harsen that he would dispossess him, nor did he ever order him from the premises.

When Little was informed by friends that Harsen was coming with a force of men to oust him, he was greatly surprised. When he saw them coming he barred the doors; they demanded the premises, and Little refused to yield possession, having a lease of them for five years, as he could prove. Then they went around in front of the house and held a council, and afterwards marched down to Stewart's distillery, and he supplied them with whisky. At this moment one of the men, more intoxicated than the rest, approached the house and fired through the window, the bullet passing between Little's wife and daughter, who were sitting on a bed. Then Little shot at the man who fired through the window, missing him; one of the shot, however, struck Francis Harsen in the fleshy part of the leg. Harsen, when hit, was walking by himself on the bank of the river. It was thought, from the position of the parties, that the shot must have glanced from the frozen ground and struck Harsen, the wounded man himself afterwards coinciding in this opinion.

Sheriff Fulton came to the window and advised Little to give up the premises, saying that the men were all intoxicated and he was afraid might commit murder. Little told him if he had proper authority he might break the door down and he would not molest him or any of his party. Then Lieutenant Brown came in and was showing his authority by throwing the furniture around, when Little put Brown out of doors. The case was carried into court. Afterwards Harsen came to a settlement with Little and all trouble ceased.

Harsen said himself that there would not have been any trouble had it not been for A. P. Stewart's father. Stewart was the instigator of the row. Harsen and Little were ever after friends, remaining so until death.

Robert Little was born in Maryland; his father moved to Grosse Point, Mich., and he lived there with his father until he became of age and owned a farm there. Married a Miss Tucker of Mt. Clemens. Sold his farm at that point and bought a farm at Mt. Clemens; from thence he came up and leased Harsen's farm to carry on a dairy; from thence he moved back to Mt. Clemens; lived there until his wife's death. He had a family of twelve children, of which nine are living; the oldest is eighty-four years of age. Two sons of his were volunteers in the war of 1812, at Mt. Clemens, under Col. Stogden. His daughter, Mrs. Johnson, who came so near getting shot, is living yet. After his wife's death he resided with his son in Wallaceburg, Ont., one of the most prominent business men of that place, where he died in 1847 aged 76 years. He left a large circle of friends and relatives to mourn his loss.

This statement I learned from Francis Harsen and from my father, Robert Little, as well as from other eye witnesses, who, I think, have better recollections than A. P. Stewart, of this case.

Yours respectively,
N. LITTLE.

ST. CLAIR RIVER SETTLEMENT.

ACCOUNT GIVEN TO MRS. E. M. SHELDON IN 1852 BY MRS. DR. H. CHAMBERLAIN OF ST. CLAIR.

Mr. Ezra Baldwin moved with his family from Vergennes, Vermont, to Michigan in 1817. On the third of December they embarked on board the sail vessel "American Eagle," Capt. Gaylord, and arrived at Detroit on the 9th of December. Here they remained until after the land sales the following year, when Mr. Baldwin purchased land in Birmingham, Oakland county, and built a log house. He returned to Detroit before its completion, having engaged two men to have it ready for the reception of his family by a specified time. Accordingly on the 3d day of February, 1819, Mr. Baldwin, his wife, a little daughter six years of age, and a niece, Miss Sarah C. Campbell, who had accompanied them from Vermont, and a band of eighteen men, left Detroit to encounter the hardships of pioneer life.

The first day of their journey they proceeded to the end of the Leavensworth road (so called) ten miles from Detroit, and that night slept in an open shed with a huge log heap fire in front. About three o'clock the next day they reached their new home and found to their dismay that the house remained just as Mr. Baldwin had left it, without doors, windows, or chamber floor. However, the next day the men split out basswood slabs and laid a

chamber floor, hung the doors, and put in the windows, and at night no king in his palace was ever happier than they.

The land is oak openings, and the winter was so very mild that Mr. Baldwin plowed seven acres in February, the same month that he moved. For two years all their provisions and groceries were packed from Detroit on horses; the road, from the termination of the Leavenworth road being a perfect slough, through which it was impossible to drive a loaded wagon. The family were never in absolute want of daily bread, but they encountered the hardships and endured the privations of a new country.

In April 1820, Miss Campbell, the niece of Mr. Baldwin, was married to Mr. Asa Partridge, and the young couple immediately removed to Shelby, Macomb county, where Mr. Partridge owned a farm of about 600 acres. There was a house on the farm, but no fences, and no other improvements; all the country around was entirely new. There they lived seven years, enduring all manner of hardships, though never suffering from hunger.

In 1818 D. C. McKinstry and Thomas Palmer of Detroit bought an old French farm on the St. Clair river, and on it they laid out the present village of St. Clair, then called "Palmer" after one of the proprietors.

In 1827, Mr. Partridge having claims against a man owning land at Palmer, and being unable to obtain any other liquidation of his claims than by taking the value in village lots, he resolved to move to Palmer and leave his farm at Shelby, the title to which he had found was bad, the first purchaser never having paid for it in full at the land office and having only a bond for a deed. Accordingly he moved his family to Palmer in June, 1827, where they rented a plank house belonging to a Mr. Thorn, first built at Port Huron, then taken down and brought to Palmer by water and rebuilt. There were but six families in Palmer when Mr. Partridge arrived there. All their provisions must be brought by water from Detroit, across lake St. Clair, a distance along the shore of about eighty miles. There were no boats on the river except those belonging to individuals, the largest of which, and the only one suitable to take such a long journey with, was one belonging to Capt. Thorn, living ten miles below, and this was often borrowed for that purpose.

Only a week after the arrival of the Partridge family at St. Clair, Mrs. Partridge was taken ill, and before her recovery her husband was also prostrated with fever. The following autumn Mr. Partridge was again laid upon a sick bed, and after an illness of eight days he departed to the world of spirits, leaving a widow with four children to struggle on alone in the world. Fortunately Mrs. Partridge was not left in poverty, though she was where money in the winter could not procure food for her family. However, she held notes due her husband, given by farmers in Shelby, their former place of residence, which she found more available than money.

In January Mrs. Partridge wrote to Mr. Squires, one of their old neighbors, stating her necessities, and requested him to bring her a load of provisions. He came in about two weeks, but the roads were very bad, and he could bring only about half a load, for which she paid a very high price. Mrs. Partridge was able to sustain herself and family during the winter by means of provisions obtained from Shelby, and as soon as navigation opened in the spring everything necessary could be obtained from Detroit.

The next summer, and two or three succeeding summers, were very sickly. Mrs. Partridge and all her children were sick with ague and fever, and they must have suffered had they been poor; as it was, they got along very well.

There were large bands of Indians along the St. Clair river then, but they were always very kind to the widow and her children.

Three years after the death of her first husband Mrs. Partridge contracted a second matrimonial alliance with Dr. Harmon Chamberlain, who was the first resident physician at St. Clair. They were married on the 2d of November, 1830. Dr. Chamberlain was a skillful physician, and his untiring energy in the prosecution of the labors of his profession, and his genuine kindness of heart, caused him to be highly esteemed. Ever ready to oblige the struggling pioneers, he took all sorts of produce in payment for his professional services, and thus found it comparatively easy to supply his family with those necessaries which others of the inhabitants of the village found it very difficult to obtain.

Hon. B. F. Partridge, one of Mrs. Chamberlain's sons, has furnished the following statement relative to herself and her children, Nov. 19th, 1882:

"Mother is living, and her home is at Bay City, with Mrs. Sarah P. St. Clair, her daughter by Dr. Harmon Chamberlain. Her age is 82 past, and she is very smart, so much so that she travels on visits to the several families of her children. Three of the five of the Partridge part of her family are living: B. F. Partridge (myself), Mrs. Maria C. Miln, who lives in St. Clair, and Timothy L. Partridge, whose headquarters is in Detroit. And of the six Chamberlain children four are living: E. B. Chamberlain, at Pinconning, Bay county, Mich., in the lumbering business, Mrs. Ann E. Prince, at Elm Hall, Gratiot county, Mich., Mrs Sarah P. St. Clair, at Bay City, and Edwin M. Chamberlain, at St. Clair City, Mich. I have named the living in the order of their ages. Dr. Chamberlain died in 1866, at St. Clair.

"B. F. PARTRIDGE."

MEMORIAL REPORT.

DEATH OF LOOMIS HUTCHINSON.

In the death of Loomis Hutchinson of Emmet, which occurred February, 1881, this county loses a pioneer settler who had done much to advance the prosperity of the county; the community in which he lived loses a genial neighbor, a prosperous farmer, a man esteemed for the qualities that make up the yeomanry of this county. Mr. Hutchinson, at the time of his death, was in his 63d year, having been born in 1818, at Smyrna, Chenango county, New York. His father was Noah Hutchinson, a native of Mass., and a branch of the Hutchinson family of Puritan fame, Governor Hutchinson being an ancestor. Loomis worked on his father's farm till 21 years of age, attending the country school in his vicinity, and with money saved from his wages earned teaching school, came to Michigan in 1844, and purchased 100 acres of the present Hutchinson farm in Emmet.

Mr. Hutchinson was married Oct. 20, 1847, to Elizabeth, daughter of David and Rebecca F. Hough, natives of New Hampshire. The children of this marriage were Whiting H. and Julius, who are residents of Emmet. Mrs. Hutchinson died May 20, 1856. Mr. Hutchinson married a second wife. By her he had three children born to him—Charles, who graduated from the high school of St. Clair, afterwards took a course at the University at Ann Arbor, and Mark and Harry, both of whom are deceased.

Politically, Mr. Hutchinson was a republican, and always worked for the suc-

cess of the party. He was supervisor of Emmet for ten years, from '64 to '74 inclusive, and served one term in the State Legislature in 1869-70. He was also president of Calhoun County Farmers' Insurance Company. Mr. H. was noted for his liberality in religious matters, and his steps through life have been marked with steady industry and strict integrity. At the time of his death he was a member of the Universalist church of this city, holding the position of trustee. He worked earnestly for the interests of the same, and will be missed by the society in many ways benefited by his zeal and earnestness.

SAGINAW COUNTY.

SAGINAW VALLEY PIONEER SOCIETY.

Tne first annual meeting of the Saginaw Valley Pioneer Society was held February 21st, 1874, at the court-house, Saginaw City, and was largely attended. The meeting was eminently a success in every particular, embracing many representatives from counties outside of the valley. The Society exerted itself to the utmost to make the gathering a pleasant and sociable one, and they have every reason to feel gratified at the result.

BUSINESS MEETING.

A business meeting was held at the court-house at 10 o'clock, and matters of interest to the Society considered. The meeting was called to order by the President, Hon. Albert Miller, and the Secretary, Mr. M. B. Hess, read the constitution and by-laws of the Society, and also the minutes of a previous preliminary meeting, which were adopted.

NEW MEMBERS.

On motion of C. W. Grant, the names of the following ladies and gentlemen—who are old and respected pioneers of the valley—were made honorary and life members of the Society. Names were suggested by G. F. Lewis, Joshua Blackmore, and others:

Harvey Williams, Judge E. Jewett, A. R. Swarthout, Benjamin Cushway, George Oliver, Sidney Campbell, Noc-chick-a-me, Mrs. E. C. Kimberley, Mrs. A. M. Richman, Mrs. B. Cushway, Mrs. S. Bullock, Mrs. A. Butts, Mrs. E. Rodgers, Mrs. Judge Jewett, Mrs. B. Barring, Mrs. Noah Beach, Mrs. H. Williams, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Judge Ure, Mrs. A. K. Swarthout, Mrs. H. Miller, Mrs. Malone, Mrs. Orin Kinney. Mrs. P. Spalding, Mrs. W. Trombly, Mrs. C. A. Lull, Mrs. Albert Miller, Mrs. Joseph Trombly.

THE STATE SOCIETY.

President Miller suggested that delegates be sent from each of the counties represented in the Valley Society to the meeting called for the organization of a State Society to be held in Lansing, March 11th.

As there is no properly organized county pioneer society, a motion was submitted for a meeting to be held at council room, East Saginaw, February 28, for this purpose, which was adopted.

There being no more business before the meeting, it adjourned till two o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

By two o'clock the court-room was packed with old settlers of the valley, men and women, many of whom had not met before for five to twenty years, who most thoroughly enjoyed this happy reunion. Tears of pleasure coursed down furrowed cheeks, as warmly grasping some old pilgrim's hand and recalling some old reminiscences of trials, tribulations, and real genuine enjoyment of thirty years ago.

The meeting was called to order by the president and opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Wright, Bay City. It was an eloquent and feeling outpouring of thanks for the goodness of God in prospering and prompting so many to meet and enjoy this time. Music—Auld Lang Syne. Well, the way it was sung by the choir and that body of Pioneers never can be feelingly expressed by a poor pencil. Men sang that had not been known to raise a note of any kind for years. 'Twas touching, and there were few eyes that were not moist. The organ was presided over by Miss Julia Little with great credit, and the music, under the leadership of J. N. Penoyer, was all that could be desired, "America" and "Old Hundred" touching the hearts of all. At the conclusion of the music

HON. ALBERT MILLER,

the president of the society, delivered an excellent address, as follows:

FELLOW PIONEERS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I am sorry the duty of addressing you to-day did not devolve upon some one more capable of performing the service acceptably; for the occasion is one that might call forth eloquence from one possessed of that gift. Assembled as we are for a reunion of a remnant of the band of pioneers who first settled in the Saginaw valley, on this day which is celebrated as the anniversary of the birthday of the Father of his Country, "who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen;" who, by the rare qualities of his head and heart, and in consequence of his unbounded patriotism and strict integrity, was the main instrument in the hands of an Allwise Providence in conquering a powerful foe, and in establishing for us a free government under which it has been possible for the institutions we planted here in the wilderness to flourish, and the growth and prosperity of our beautiful valley within the last forty years is a type of the progress of our whole country within the last century.

And what the progress of our valley has been since 1830, when its whole extent was little more than a vast wilderness, may be conjectured by comparing the commencement of some of our institutions and industries with their present condition.

I first became a resident of that portion of the Saginaw Valley which is comprised within the limits of Genesee county, in the fall of 1830, shortly before the United States census for that year was taken. At that time Saginaw (which comprised all the territory between Flint river and the Straits of Mackinaw) contained twenty-eight inhabitants who were called white. (There were counted some of a very dark complexion and of a doubtful origin to get that number.) What is now Genesee county, which was the only remaining portion of the valley that was then settled, had a population of seventy. So, then, the Saginaw Valley had a population of about one hundred whites all told. Forty years after that date, in 1870, the six counties over which our society extends, contained a population of 117,706, and estimating for the

increase since that time, we may safely set the present population down at 150,000; not a bad showing,—nearly five times the number in all Michigan at the time first mentioned. Within the limits above referred to, there are four cities, containing in the aggregate, over fifty thousand souls, and more than twenty villages with a population ranging from one hundred for the least to three thousand for the largest.

The facilities for communication between those sparse settlements, forty years ago, were not "the best that ever was;" such was the condition of the road between Flint and Grand Blanc in the spring of 1831, when my mother and sisters came to reside with me, that I purchased a farm in the last named settlement to avoid the journey through the Grand Blanc woods, though otherwise I should have preferred a residence at Flint, and was offered as a gift one acre of land (which includes the present site of the Fenton block in that city) to build upon, if I would settle there and purchase for a farm the eighty acre lot upon which the Thread mills are now located. That lot was then Government land.

Forty-two years ago last fall, John Todd, Phineas Thompson and myself spent two weeks in building bridges and clearing the trail of fallen timber between Flint and Saginaw, so as to make it possible for sleighs to pass between the two points in winter. All communications between other portions of the valley, were by Indian trails, except on the rivers where the canoe was universally adopted as a means of conveyance. There are those present who came from Flint to Saginaw by way of the river, being obliged to haul their boats and transport their baggage by hand around the driftwood which obstructed the navigation of the stream for a long distance. At one time that, by the way of the river, was the only mode of travel for ladies, who dared not undertake a journey of forty miles through the wilderness on horseback, and the river route involved the necessity of camping in the woods one or more nights while on the way. But now we can reach the center of either of the six counties in a little more than an hour's ride, and in a short ride of two hours we can penetrate the regions north and west of us, which in the early days of our settlement here, was supposed would remain an unbroken wilderness for generations to come. But now we can ride in palace cars, the magnificence of which the pioneer could have had no conception, except by reading a description of the palaces produced by the genii of Aladdin's lamp.

The means of conveying intelligence from one part of our country to another, even in the older settled portions of it forty years ago, were not what the people of the present day would expect them to have been then. In 1830, '31, '32 and '33, it ordinarily took about three weeks to convey a letter from my home in Michigan to my former home in Vermont, and the same time for the return of an answer. I well remember with what delight I received my first letter from Vermont, and with what pleasure I perused its contents while sitting on the stump of a large oak tree, which I had just felled, near the present sight of the court-house in Genesee county. The letter was handed to me by some person who brought it from Grand Blanc, then the most northerly postoffice in the Lower Peninsula of Michigan. That postoffice was supplied with a mail from Pontiac once in two weeks. Rufus Stevens, the postmaster at Grand Blanc, transported the mail between the two points for the proceeds of that office, and notwithstanding the fact that he received twenty-five cents for each letter (delivered from his office) which had been carried over four hundred miles, and that he had a monopoly of all the post-

office business in the Saginaw Valley, including a part of Oakland and Lapeer counties, his compensation for carrying the mail was very meagre.

In making these comparisons I shall not attempt to give statistics, but merely call attention to the state of the country as it existed when the pioneers first took up their residence in this wilderness and as it now exists, and let the imagination of my hearers trace the wonderful progress that has been made, and contrast the few privileges that were accorded to the pioneers, with the many that are enjoyed by the inhabitants of the present day.

Now our postoffice facilities are such that almost every village and hamlet in our whole valley has a daily mail, and some of our cities have four or five; and instead of paying twenty-five cents for the conveyance of a letter 400 miles, for three cents a letter is carried across the continent, and in less time than some letters had to wait in the postoffice at Pontiac for conveyance to Grand Blanc. And besides our postoffice facilities we have the electric telegraph (which I consider the greatest invention of this or any other age), by means of which intelligence is flashed with lightning speed from one end of the civilized world to the other, and all the important occurrences of the day are printed in our daily papers and presented for our perusal early on the following morning. Well may the pioneer now repeat with wonder the message which the great inventor permitted Miss Ellsworth to dictate, for the first one to pass over the magic wires, "What hath God wrought!"

I shall next refer to the progress of our educational institutions as a subject of primary importance, for without intelligence diffused among the masses of our people a free government cannot be maintained; and the earliest pioneers of the valley were alive to the importance of educating those who should after them possess the land. As early as 1830, or in the summer of 1831, a school-house was built in the Perry settlement in Grand Blanc, and one term of school taught previous to the winter of 1831–32. During the winter last referred to, I taught about twenty scholars in that school-house, who gathered from the settlements around; and that, I believe, was the second term of school ever taught within the present limits of the six counties.

In the winter of 1834–35 I taught school in a portion of the old barracks erected by the soldiers in 1822, which occupied the present site of the Taylor house in this city. I had in attendance from twelve to twenty scholars, some of whom were half-breeds; that was the first school taught in Saginaw county. For a contrast between the past and present you have only to imagine the little dingy room, made of hewn logs, where were gathered all the children within two or three miles around, to be instructed by one teacher, for a few weeks in the winter, and then turn your eyes toward the windows and behold the temple of science erected by *one* of our cities, at an expense of one hundred thousand dollars, which is furnished like a palace, and provided with a corps of a dozen or more teachers, who are instructing during ten months of the year, hundreds of children from the rudiments to the higher branches of an education.

Our religious privileges, or the want of them in early days, must not be forgotten. There are those present who heard Mr. Frazer, then of the Ohio Conference, preach the first sermon that was ever delivered in Saginaw. But they are *not* present who sheared his horse's mane and tail as a punishment for boldly preaching against the besetting sins of the place. It was not the *horse* that preached the sermon for which he was punished, but the minister; but afterwards, the horse, with his shorn mane and tail, preached so power-

fully that I am not sure he did not convert our Methodist brother to the doctrine of man's total depravity. It was in 1832 or 1833 that Mr. Frazer was here; he came to Saginaw but a few times, and after he left we had no preaching till 1835, when the Rev. Wm. H. Brockway came, and remained with us one year. Some who are present will remember him as an athletic young man, who, upon his arrival among us, mingled familiarly with the pioneers, and if he saw dram-drinking, or heard profane language he would rebuke the sin in a mild friendly way that would be heeded far more readily than if the offender had been denounced with wrath to come. If he was at the raising of a building he was invariably rendering such efficient aid as few could bestow. If a farmer was in the harvest field or at any other employment, or if Mr. Brockway was his guest, he was sure to be at his side performing more labor than any other one present (when in the pulpit I was going to say, but there was not a pulpit within sixty miles of him). When preaching he was bold and impressive. He did not mince matters there—and in prayer he was powerful, wrestling with the Almighty for a blessing, seeming unwilling to let Him go until he had obtained it. At that time there was no religious organization in the county, and if it was to be saved from destruction on the terms awarded to "the Cities of the Plain," there were not half righteous men enough to save it. But notwithstanding all that, every house was open for a home for Mr. Brockway, and he was treated with as much kindness and consideration as if he had all the time been with his Methodist brethren. There was no special revival or awakening during his stay; but there are those living who believe that a revival which occurred on the Tittabawassee, years afterwards, was in answer to Mr. Brockway's first prayer, made in that locality. In 1836 there was a large accession to our population, and among those who located here at that time were many good Christian people. A Presbyterian church was organized which for a time was under the pastoral care of Rev. H. L. Miller, and from that time there was a marked change in the morals of the place. The Sabbath was more generally observed, and many who had for years been deprived of the privilege of attending religious worship regularly, availed themselves of it then. In 1836 the old school-house (which is now a part of the Methodist parsonage) was built, which answered for some years for a school-house, church, court-house, town hall, lecture and show room, etc. Some present will remember with gratitude the team furnished by the late Norman Little, and driven by Erastus Vaughan, which in winter, on Sabbath mornings, would stop at the door of every house where the inmates were in the habit of attending meeting, and take them to the school-house, and after service carry them all home.

In the fall of 1838 there was a revival of religion in a protracted meeting conducted by Rev. O. Parker, who is now, at an advanced age, engaged in the work of an Evangelist. In that meeting there were several conversions; some who at that time took upon themselves vows of fidelity to their Redeemer, lived to adorn their Christian profession by lives consistent therewith, before they were called home to receive their reward, while others yet remain waiting for the summons; so that the good work went on till now we see the church spire pointing heavenward from every portion of our valley. We have earnest, intelligent Christian ministers instructing the people from Sabbath to Sabbath in the way of salvation, and in our Sunday schools there are thousands of children receiving instruction in the word of God, fitting them for the position which we hope they will occupy, of Christian men and women.

In 1834 there was but one saw running on the Saginaw river. That was before the day of mulay saws, but the machinery that propelled that saw was "fearfully and wonderfully made." Charles A. Lull was the sash, and I was the pitman. When I was a lumberman, the season's cutting for one saw was estimated at one million feet. We fell short of that amount that year; but we *did* cut enough to lay the floors in Mr. Lull's log house that he built on his farm, which is now in the town of Spaulding, and which was the first house built in Saginaw county away from the banks of a river.

In 1835 Messrs. Harvey and G. D. & E. S. Williams built their steam saw-mill just above the foot of Mackinaw street in this city; and so little was known at that time about running steam saw-mills economically, that when they commenced to build their mill they contracted for large quantities of cordwood to be delivered, for fuel with which to run it. It is not necessary for me to trace the progress of the lumber business from that time to the present, when it has attained such enormous proportions. Last year there was manufactured in the valley over six hundred and nineteen million feet of lumber; which, in order to give some idea of the magnitude of the business, I will say that if the lumber had all been cut into one and one-half inch plank, there would be sufficient to lay a walk three feet wide around the circumference of the earth, and have twenty-five million feet left.

Many who are present to-day will remember the genial, talented and now greatly lamented Dr. Houghton, who many years ago lost his life while prosecuting his researches in bringing to light the hidden riches of the Peninsular State, and who, I believe, was the first to adopt the theory, and define the limits of our great salt basin, which theory has been very nearly verified by subsequent facts. You remember also the undertaking of the State, under Dr. Houghton's supervision, to develop the salt interest near the mouth of the Salt river, far up the Tittabawassee; which point Dr. Houghton selected in opposition to his better judgment, fearing that in case of a possible failure, if he undertook to penetrate the salt rock in the lower part of the valley, he would be voted a humbug by the people, and the development of one of the great interests of Michigan be indefinitely postponed.

The work of sinking a well was prosecuted under many difficulties till they had reached a depth of about two hundred feet, when difficulties incident to such operations occurred at the well, which delayed the business till our great State became bankrupt and unable to furnish more money to prosecute the work, and it was abandoned, and twenty years passed away before another effort was made to penetrate the salt rock of the Saginaw Valley. In the meantime other scientific men so fully demonstrated the correctness of the theory adopted by Dr. Houghton, that some enterprising citizens of East Saginaw determined to penetrate the earth and bring forth the riches that have so long remained beneath its surface. Their enterprise proved a success, as has every other one of the kind that has been undertaken in this part of the valley.

The wealth lying beneath our rivers and marshes is greater than that of any equal space in the rich State of California. The gold placers of California will be exhausted, while the wealth beneath us is a perennial spring, which will flow to enrich the inhabitants of our valley till the great convulsion which shall overwhelm all sublunary things. The commerce of our river must necessarily have kept pace with the other material interests of our valley. There are those present who remember when the "Savage," a

schooner of forty tons burden, was the only craft larger than the red man's canoe, that disturbed the placid waters of our beautiful river; and two trips of that craft per year was sufficient for all the carrying trade of both the white man and red; and the supplies that were brought in were in proportion of four barrels of whisky to one of pork and two of flour, and sometimes when the vessel was discharging her cargo the people would wonder what would be done with so much pork and flour.

In the winter of 1847–48, when the schooner "Julia Smith," of sixty tons burden, was built at Saginaw with a view of trading between this city and Detroit and other ports, the people thought we were making wonderful progress, and so we were. But let us look at the progress made since that date: A large portion of the hundreds of millions of feet of lumber and the hundreds of thousands of barrels of salt are exported by water, and the imagination must furnish the details of the amount of shipping necessary to do all the business; for I find I am extending this address beyond the limits I first intended, and there are many other matters of interest that I would fain have mentioned to-day, but for want of time I must defer till some other occasion.

We, my fellow pioneers, who have witnessed the growth and progress of the material interests of our valley during the last forty years, had great anticipations for its future, or we never would have been willing to have undergone the privations and hardships we did in making this our home; but can one of us put his hand on his heart and truthfully say that those anticipations have not been fully realized? And now let us thank our Heavenly Father that He has so far permitted us to realize the consummation of our earthly desires, and that so many of us are still living to enjoy the fruits of our early labors. The material progress of our valley will not stop now; the prospect for its future prosperity was never brighter than it is to-day; great manufacturing interests other than salt and lumber will soon be ranged along the banks of our river, giving employment to thousands who will hereafter be supplied with the products of our soil, which, when properly drained and cultivated, will yield such bountiful crops as can not be produced in any other locality in this latitude.

But, my fellow pioneers, we will not be here to see the full development of all the resources of the Saginaw Valley, for according to the common course of nature, in a few more days or years the places that know us here on earth will know us no more forever; and may those days and years be so spent that, when the summons comes to call us from these scenes which we have so loved and cherished, we shall be ready—having a *well-grounded* hope of meeting our dear ones who have gone before, in the mansions above, where there will be no more parting—where our blessed Saviour has gone to prepare a place for those who love and serve him.

HON. W. R. McCORMICK

Then read the following interesting sketch:

My father removed with his family from Albany, N. Y., to Michigan, in the summer of 1832. I was then a boy of ten years. We came by canal to Buffalo. From there we crossed the lake in the steamer Superior. My father paid fifty dollars for a steerage passage to Detroit, where we arrived the first of August. Detroit was then a small place not nearly as large as Bay City is now. Here he rented some rooms for his family until he could go into the country and find a location for a farm. By the advice of the late John R. Williams, an old Albanian who was living in Detroit, he decided to go to

Saginaw. After seeing his family settled, he started with my two brothers, Robert and the late James J., for Saginaw, with a horse and wagon which we had brought with us. It was some time before we heard from them; my mother became quite anxious. At length James returned with the horse and wagon, accompanied by a young man whose name was Miller. This was the first time I ever saw the honored president of our society. My father wrote to my mother that he had bought a piece of land containing 125 acres, of a Mr. Ewing, a half breed title, on the north side of the river and east of Saginaw street, now in the city of Flint, comprising at present a portion of the first ward of that city, for one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

My mother hired a man by the name of Mosher with a team to take the family and what household goods we had to Flint River, as it was then called. We took our own horse and wagon and were three days in reaching Grand Blanc. We could go no farther with the team, as this was the terminus of the wagon road. There was a bush road cut on the Indian trail down to the Flint river by which sleighs had gone through in the winter. My mother paid off the teamster and he returned to Detroit. We here left what little household goods we had, and the next morning started for the Flint river, my mother and the smaller children riding in the wagon and the rest of us going afoot. We had to cut away the brush and trees on each side of the trail to let our wagon pass through. It took us all day to reach the Thread, which is one and a half miles south of Flint River, and a hard day's work it was, although the distance accomplished was but six miles.

Here we moved into a little log house until my father could build something suitable to live in on the place he had bought. With the assistance of my brothers he soon built a house on the north bank of the river and on the east side of what is now Saginaw street, near where the north end of the bridge now is. John Todd lived on the south bend of the river and on the west side of Saginaw street. The late Judge Stowe lived about forty rods below, on the north bank of the river, in the old Indian trading house of Jacob Smith. These three houses constituted what is now the beautiful city of Flint.

After getting his family settled, my father turned his attention to securing provisions for the winter. There was plenty of venison to be got of the Indians, but there was no pork in that part of the country, so he and George Oliver, now of East Saginaw, started down the Flint in a canoe for Saginaw to try to buy some pork and at the same time to see the country. They were gone ten or twelve days. They finally bought some pork of a man by the name of McCleland, I believe. They then commenced their return, and on the way up the river camped on the old "Indian Field," about seven miles south from what is now Bridgeport Center, and about fourteen miles from Saginaw City by the present road. My father took a great fancy to this old Indian field, which contained about one hundred and fifty acres without a stump or a stone, and ready for the plough, where he could raise enough to support his family. The Indians had left years before because the grub-worms had destroyed their corn. They said the great spirit had sent them as a curse on the land. They therefore left the place, and made new corn-fields further up the river. On my father's return he told my mother that he would sell his place at Flint at the first opportunity, and would remove down the river on the old Indian fields, where he could raise better and more extensive crops.

This year Rufus W. Stevens moved from Grand Blanc to Flint, and James

Cronk built a log house half way between the Flint and Thread. The late Judge Davenport, of this city, had built a small log house near Hamilton's saw-mill, but had left it and moved back to Grand Blanc. In this building the first school was started; the floor was made of split basswood logs and the roof was made of basswood logs hollowed out, overlapping one another. In one end was a large stick chimney and a window; the rest of the light furnished to that primitive school-house came down the chimney. In the rear and on the river bank was about an acre of cleared land, an old Indian camping ground. This was our play ground. The scholars consisted of Leander, Albert, and Zobedia Stevens; Cordon, Walter, and Abagail Cronk; Edwin Todd, Adaline, and Emeline Stow; William R., Ann, Elizabeth, and Sarah McCormick. The boys, as a general thing, were full of mischief and hard on clothes. Our mothers were all visiting one day at Mrs. Stevens', and they came to the conclusion they could keep no pants on us without they dressed us in buckskin breeches. The next week six of us came out in our new pants. At first we felt very proud of them; but the feeling of pride did not last long, for opposite our play ground there were rapids in the river, six or eight inches deep, and in our play we used to catch the girls, carry them into the rapids, and dip their feet in the water—for we all went barefooted in those days. Sometimes the girls would get the best of us, when they would push us into the river, buckskin breeches and all.

Any old settler knows the effect of water on buckskin, and can appreciate how we would look when our pants got dry. They began to shrink until they got up to just below the knees. At the bend of the knee they stuck out as big as your two fists, but that part, known in strict parliamentary language as the unmentionables, stuck out like the hump on a camel's back; elsewhere they were skin tight. They called us the buckskin ragamuffins. Our teacher was once taken sick, and a young woman who had lately come into the place volunteered to teach in his place. She weighed nearly two hundred, had a bran new calico gown and a high back comb, which stuck up about six inches above her head. Of this she felt quite proud. I recollect hearing the women say that she was dressed too finely for a school ma'am. She was middling tall, and looked like a perfect Amazon. She opened the school and said that she understood we were a hard lot of boys, but she was going to lay down her rules, and the first one that broke them should be punished. She held in her hand a pine stick about one inch and a half square and about two feet long, something like a policeman's club, but larger. One of her rules was that no scholar should spit on that puncheon floor. This was unnecessary, as we could spit in the cracks, which were two or three inches wide. I sat next to the chimney, which, with the hearth, took up about one-quarter of the school-room. The boys were all looking at me to see how I would take the new order of things, so I made a prodigious effort and spit in the fire. This achievement made all the scholars laugh. Just in front of the hearth and across the room was a low bench for the small scholars on which there were some children at the time. Amazon called me up between this seat and the fire-place, and said she would teach me not to disobey her orders. She told me to hold out my hand; I did so, and when the big stick descended I caught it and threw it into the fire. At that she seized me by the collar, when I gave her a push back. Her feet caught against the seat where the little ones sat, and over she went, down among the frightened small fry. I am sorry to say that elegant high comb was smashed all to smithers. She was up in a minute, and when she saw

the damage that had been done, her rage knew no bounds; she caught me by the collar and my buckskin breeches and pitched me clear across the room; my head striking against the logs on the other side, producing an astonishing astronomical revelation. I never saw more stars at one time than suddenly glimmered through those logs. I dodged her and ran out of the door. The boys always said they knew why my buckskin breeches were enlarged to such extravagant dimensions so far exceeding my mother's calculations. I waited outside, and in a few minutes the scholars all came out and said the school ma'am had dismissed school. This was the last of her teaching. So you see how I graduated with distinction.

My father sold his place to a man by the name of Smith, son of Jacob Smith, the Indian trader, for six hundred dollars, who afterward sold it to Mr. Paine, now of Flint. My father thought he had made a great speculation. I understand this property is now worth over two hundred thousand dollars. We then moved down the river to the Indian field spoken of before, and arrived at that place on the second day, unloading our canoes after dark. We had no place to sleep, but we went to work and built a large fire and made a tent of blankets for my mother and the little children. I recollect a circumstance that occurred that night which made me feel very bad at the time, and which I can not now even recall but with a sense of pain. My mother was sitting on a log close by the fire crying; we asked her what was the matter? She said she had never thought she would come to this—no roof to cover her and her babes, for at that time some of the children were quite small.

She had known "better times," as they say. My father had been the owner of a handsome estate near Albany, and the home over which my mother presided was as delightful as any which, at that early day, graced the banks of the noble Hudson. It was a fate that a mother's heart could not easily bear, to see that beautiful home sold to satisfy the debts of a New York broker, for whom my father had undersigned; to see the toils of a lifetime brought to ruin, to see the hopes of the future all struck down by one rude and cruel blow, and to turn her face and steps towards the wilderness of the great West, there to seek, with such strength as might be left, to partially retreive the fortunes that had been so suddenly wasted to redeem another's name and obligations. Hard, hard indeed, was it for her, when the darkness of that memorable night surrounded her in the great forest, and she wept because there was no roof to shelter her babes from the weather.

The next morning we all went to work, and on the second day we had quite a comfortable shanty to live in. We then began the construction of a log house, which we soon finished, when we took down our shanty and moved into the house, where we lived many years. Our first year's crop was excellent. The second year we sold one thousand bushels of corn to the American Fur Company, to be taken to Lake Superior for the Indians. The only drawback we had was in converting our grain into flour. A grist-mill had been built at the Thread, one and a half miles south of Flint. We had to take our grain in a canoe up the river some thirty-five miles, and then get it drawn to the mill, and back to the river, and then come down the river home. It usually took us four days to go to mill and back, camping out every night, and the hardest kind of work at that. This work always fell on my brother James and myself; for though a boy, I could steer the canoe, and my brother would tow it over the rapids with a rope. Our feet used to get very sore walking in the water so much. When winter came on it was impossible to go to

the mill, as there was no road. So in the winter evenings we all took turns pounding corn in a mortar made in the end of a log of wood, sawed about three feet long, with a hole in one end to pound corn in, similar to what the Indians used for the same purpose in those days.

Many of the old settlers of Saginaw will recollect how, in coming down the river, they would make calculations to reach our house to stay all night, without camping out, and how happy they were when they got there, for at that time it was the only place between Flint and Saginaw where they could stay without camping out.

There was nothing but a trail, or bush road, between Flint and Saginaw, and part of the year it was impassable, and especially for ladies, consequently most of the travel went up and down the river in canoes and skiffs.

In 1835 my father went back to Albany, his native place, and was eleven days in reaching his destination. He considered it a quick passage. This was before the age of railroads. When he returned he brought a mill, something like an old fashioned coffee-mill, but five times as large. The hopper would hold about a peck, and had a handle on each side. This was a great thing in those days, for with it we could grind a bushel of corn in an hour. We now threw away the old mortar, and stopped going to mill, as we had a mill of our own.

This year we had two neighbors, and they used to come in the evenings to grind their corn at our mill, which was worth its weight in gold to that little settlement.

A circumstance happened at this time that I will give, if you will have the patience to hear me. My father being of a poetical turn of mind, the day after he came back from the east, sat down on the bank of the river, and composed the following verses, which I have taken from his note book :

POEM.

Down the banks of Flint river,
  This beautiful stream,
Where my cottage remains,
  I've returned home again,
And who, in his senses,
  Can help but believe
That this was the garden
  Of Adam and Eve?

Here the fields yet remain,
  With the corn hills in view,
And the bones we dig up
  Which Cain no doubt slew;
And the soil is so fertile,
  We can but believe
That this was the garden
  Of Adam and Eve.

Some apple trees here yet
  As relics remain,
To show that a gardner
  Once thrived on this plain;
And in those fine days,
  E're a snake could deceive,
How happy here lived
  Old Adam and Eve.

The natives we saw here
  Were forced from this plain
By a curse which they say
  On it yet does remain;
And in all of their looks
  We can plainly perceive,
That these are descendants
  Of Adam and Eve.

Here the cherubims stood
  With their wings widely spread,
Lest Adam should enter
  And eat of that bread.
Here the wild sporting deer
  Yet the hunters deceive,
That once furnished bacon
  For Adam and Eve.

Here the lofty black walnut,
  With boughs spreading wide,
And the elm and hackberry
  Grow side by side,
And a mound gently rises,
  Whereon we perceive
That once stood the altar
  Of Adam and Eve.

But far from this place
  Those characters flew,
And we bid them a lasting
  And farewell adieu.
In confidence thinking,
  And I still shall believe
That this was the garden
  Of Adam and Eve.

In 1836, (this was wild-cat times,) the country was overrun with persons looking land; in fact the people had gone land crazy. My father's house was crowded with land speculators; as there were only three rooms in the old log house it was necessary to make what is called a "field bed" before the old-fashioned fire-place which would hold from 10 to 15. On one occasion we had got out of flour, so my father started my brother James and myself to Saginaw in a canoe for some. At that time there were three "drift-woods" in the river—one sixty, one thirty-five, and one twelve rods long. Around these we had to draw our canoe, and carry what we had. At Saginaw we purchased two barrels of flour, for which we paid eighteen dollars per barrel. On our return it commenced raining, and rained all day. We paddled till late in the night up the Flint river to find land high enough to permit us to build a fire, dry ourselves and lie down. But we did not sleep long; for in the middle of the night the water raised so that our camping ground was under water. We had to take to our canoe and sit in it until daylight so we could see to go ahead. We soon arrived at the drift-woods. Here we had another obstacle to contend with. How to get our flour around was a question, as the mud and water was four inches deep, and carry the barrels we could not. There was no other way but to roll them around in the mud and water. We arrived at home that night with our two barrels of flour covered all over with a coating of mud. The next winter my father sold his crop of corn to parties in Saginaw for one dollar and fifty cents a bushel. As usual my brother James and myself drew it

down on the ice to Saginaw and got our pay in bills on the Flint Rapids Bank. A few days after our return home my father started for Flint, and found after his arrival that the Flint Rapids Bank was a wild-cat concern, and had failed a day or two before. Thus was all our hard year's labor gone. In the fall of 1837 my father sent me to Saginaw to school. The only schoolmates I then had, who are now living within the jurisdiction of this society, were Michael Bailey of Bay City, and Walter Cronk of the city of Flint. The rest are all gone. I was to board with Major Mosley, and do chores night and morning for my board. Major Mosley lived in one of the old blockhouses inside the fort. This fort was located where the Taylor House now stands and part of the block east of it. It was then the highest ground near the river, but is now graded down. Thomas Simpson, *alias* Sixabogo, also lived inside the fort. I believe he has a son living here yet by the name of John Simpson.

The school-house, if I recollect rightly, stood near where the jail stands now. I forget the first teacher's name. He had to quit, as the boys were too hard cases and ran the school to suit themselves. Thomas Simpson, now of California, was the ring-leader. Our next teacher was Horace S. Beach. I understand he is yet living and is a farmer on the Tittabawassee. Mr. Beach was a kind-hearted man and an excellent teacher. He had a lot of hard boys to contend with, but he was equal to the emergency, and soon brought order out of chaos. I will relate an incident that occurred in the winter of 1838. Walter Cronk was living with his uncle, Judge Davenport, and going to school. Walter and I fell out about something while in the school-room. He said he would whip me when school let out for nooning. So while going out of the door he gave me a kick which pitched me headlong off the icy steps. This got my Scotch up, and at it we went. Walter was more than a match for me, but accidentally I got my hand in his neckerchief, and before he was aware of it, I blackened both of his eyes. He got me down and was paying me back with interest, when the master came out and marched us both into the school-house. He told us then to go home and he would settle with us after dinner; but Walter's eyes looked so bad he was ashamed to go home for dinner, and he staid at school. At this time, south of where the court-house now is, and a little west of Washington street, there was a thicket of blue beeches. I took a hasty dinner and hurried back to school, where I found Walter, and we made up friends, but we were, meantime, glancing out of the back window looking for the master. It was not long before we saw him coming out of the blue beech thicket with five good-sized blue beeches over his shoulder. The boys all shouted we would catch it. They need not have told us that, for we had found it out before on several occasions. We had learned from past experience what kind of a man we had to deal with. The master came in, sat down, and very coolly commenced trimming his blue beeches. I looked at Walter and he at me. We knew our hour had come. He called the school, and then said: "Boys, step forward; I want to settle this little affair." He wanted to know what we had to say why we should not be punished. By this time Walter's eyes were swollen so he could scarcely see. I said I did not think I ought to be punished, for I did not begin the fight; and as for Walter, judging by the looks of his eyes, he had been punished enough already. "Well," says the master, "I have a proposition to make. You see these whips and you see those six cords of maple wood at the door; you can cut that wood at recess and noon-times, or settle things now." I did not like the idea of "settling things now;" I had tried

that before, so I said I would cut the wood. Walter partly concluded he would "settle things now," but on second thought, as the master held up one of those blue beeches, with the remembrances of past experiences, he concluded to help saw the wood. My father had sent an Indian down the day before to tell me to come home and help with the spring work. At recess that afternoon we commenced our job on the six cords of wood; I sawing and Walter splitting, while the boys all stood around laughing at us. That night I got Thomas Simpson to bring my books out of school, and the next morning I started for home with the Indian. Some two months afterward I came down to Saginaw. At noon-time I thought I would step over and see the boys. There was Walter sawing wood. He said he had "jumped the job" three or four times, and every time he had got a whipping. Finally he had concluded to finish it up. A few years ago I was talking with an old friend in the city of Flint, and he said: "Have you seen Walter Cronk?" I replied: "No, not in over twenty-five years." "There he is now," said he, "coming up the street; see if he will know you." When he came up my friend said: "Walter, do you know this man?" He looked at me a moment, and said: "Yes; he made me saw six cords of wood over thirty years ago, and I got three whippings besides." Walter and I have been, and continue to be, the best of friends ever since our schoolboy fight nearly forty years ago.

In the winter of 1837 and 1838, Mr. Beach, the school master, very kindly offered to teach us to sing evenings if we would get up a class. We accordingly formed a class of twelve scholars—six girls and six boys. Among the girls was one whom I will call Sally. She was homely; her parents were very poor, and she could not dress as well as the rest. As a consequence she was very much slighted by the rest of the girls. It was no more than gallant that we should see the girls home after school, but none of the boys wanted to go home with Sally. The first two or three evenings she went home alone. This we thought would not do, so we agreed to go out in the hall and draw cuts to see who should go home with Sally, and I was the unlucky individual. We continued to draw cuts, and four times out of five it fell to my lot to go home with Sally. At last I began to think Sally was not so bad looking after all. Then I told the boys that I did not care to draw cuts any more, that I would take care of Sally. Sally is now one of the most highly respected ladies of the Saginaw Valley, and is at the "top of the ladder," while most of those who felt themselves above her are at the bottom.

My father continued to live in what he called the "Garden of Eden" until 1841, when he and my brother James J. bought out Capt. B. K. Hall's interest in the "Old Portsmouth steam mill," formerly built by Judge Miller and others. Captain Hall had been for many years of his life commander of a packet ship on the ocean. Thinking that he could make his fortune lumbering he removed to Portsmouth, but because of hard times and want of experience, he lost all his property. He sent his family back to Cambridgeport, Mass., and remained all winter with my father settling up his affairs. He was of a pious turn of mind, full of fun, especially with children, and had seen much of the world. My little brothers and sisters became very much attached to him during the winter he lived with us. Many of the old settlers recollect Capt. Hall. With your permission I will read you a letter from my father to Captain Hall after he had returned east and taken command of his vessel:

OLD SHIP.

On Eden's Garden yet we live,
Where Providence us plenty give;
I say, my children, silence all,
I'm going to write to Captain Hall.

Last winter he was here, you know,
And in the summer off did go;
Don't you yet mind him, children all?
You used to play with Captain Hall.

He was as busy as a bee,
And much we loved his company;
And from my children tears yet fall,
When thinking back of Captain Hall.

He made our fires and sung his song,
He charmed the hearts of old and young;
The time seems long to one and all,
Since he's departed, Captain Hall.

On Saginaw river he did stay,
A steam mill run there many a day;
And when he spent his money all,
We bade adieu to Captain Hall.

And now he's left this wild countree,
To sail again the stormy sea;
May Providence who guides us all,
Make smooth the path of Captain Hall.

Now to your lady I'll resort,
May she live long in Cambridgeport.
And comfort take with children small,
And fold her arms 'round Captain Hall.

By this time you will plain discover,
My letter's full and running over;
My children join me, one and all,
In sending love to Captain Hall.

Soon after this my father removed to Portsmouth, and with my brother James commenced the manufacture of lumber. This was the second mill built on the Saginaw river. My father shipped the first cargo of lumber that ever went out of the Saginaw river. It would run 60 per cent uppers, and he sold it in Detroit to the late James Busby, brother-in-law of the late James Fraser, for eight dollars per thousand, one-third down and the balance on time. The vessel was the "Old Coneaut Packet," Capt. George Raby, and the cargo consisted of 40,000 feet. Clear lumber was then selling at the mill for ten dollars in store trade, as there was no money in the country. So, you see, lumbermen did not get rich in those days. They only opened the way for those who came after them to make their fortunes.

The early pioneers came into the valley too soon to get rich. But then again, what would our beautiful Saginaw Valley have been to-day but for the perseverance, and privations, and hardships of those early pioneers? I see about me only a few of them left, and in a few years none of them will remain to tell their children of the sufferings they have passed through, and of which the present generation are reaping the benefit.

I look back with pleasure on some of the earlier scenes of my life, for truly we were a band of brothers in those times that tried men's souls. If one had

a barrel of flour it was divided with the others. No one was allowed to want for what another had. Would to God the present generation might take counsel by the past, that they might profit in the future. I am happy to meet the old Pioneers here to-day. Our band is small, and in a few years its last member will have passed into the remote and unknown land of the hereafter. We have seen this wilderness made to blossom as the rose; another generation has usurped our places. The crowded iron pathway of American civilization has taken the place of the unfrequented Indian trail. School-houses and churches stand where once were only the wigwams of the savage and the lairs of the wild beasts.

Our work is done. It was an humble work. The pioneer's name never shines among the brilliant and illustrious names on the historic page. He is only a pathfinder, carrying the torch of discovery into the wilderness; yet without him civilization is impossible. Those busy manufactories that to-day line the Saginaw river; those beautiful church edifices that crown our prosperous towns; those magnificent school buildings, that stand as the proudest and best monuments of modern civilization—these are all the fruits of our work into which other men have entered. Let us be content to leave our work, knowing that for the day and the place it has been well done. May this rich country that we have helped to reclaim to civilization and human happiness be ever guided in affairs of business and State by a higher wisdom and a no less sacrificing and unselfish spirit than that which, in the rude and sparsely settled wilderness, governed the pioneers of the Saginaw Valley.

Next on the programme was the following:

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY HON. CHARLES D. LITTLE.

Capt. Anthony R. Swarthout, the subject of this short sketch, was born in Seneca county, in the State of New York, in 1796, where he resided with his parents until his marriage with Miss Hannah Rose, of the same place, in the year 1816. A short time thereafter, he, with his wife, removed to Steuben county of the same State, where they remained until the year 1820. At this date Capt. Swarthout, having heard much of the territory of Michigan, resolved that he would venture his all in what was then called the "Far West;" and after a tedious journey of weeks, he finally reached Washtenaw county in this State, and commenced his territorial life as a farmer. He was one of the pioneers of Washtenaw county in clearing up the almost unbroken forests of that portion of the State. At that period railroads were hardly known in the United States, and magnetic telegraphs had not been dreamed of. It took weeks for communications to pass to, and return from the State of New York, where now but a few minutes are required. The only means for removing goods and family stores was by the slow but sure "ox-team," and the "log cabin" furnished the shelter for those who dared to brave the privations attendant upon opening up a new country. At this time General Lewis Cass was Governor of the Territory and was a warm and personal friend of Capt. Swarthout. While living in Washtenaw county the difficulties between the settlers and Indians culminated in what is and was known as the "Black Hawk War." Capt. Swarthout was among the first who volunteered his services in defense of the settlers and government, and was enrolled in a company of riflemen known as "minute men," and remained in the service until the troops were discharged, their services being no longer needed. In July,

1835, having heard of the Saginaw Valley and the abundance of game of all kinds, and being fond of hunting, he ventured the journey through the almost unbroken wilderness between Ann Arbor and Saginaw. Arriving here and becoming acquainted with the advantageous location, and finding such excellent farming lands in the immediate vicinity of this city, he determined to make it his future home. He returned to his family in Washtenaw county, disposed of his property there, and in September of the same year he accomplished the tedious undertaking of moving through the woods to Saginaw; an accomplishment more to be dreaded than a trip now is to California. At the first township meeting held in Saginaw, the spring after his arrival, there were seventeen votes polled. At the time Saginaw township embraced almost the entire territory of Saginaw, Tuscola, Bay, Midland, and Gratiot counties, and extended as far north as the North Pole.

He was at that meeting elected one of the township officers, and has from that time to the present filled some one of the township offices—a period of nearly forty years. He has several years been elected supervisor, sixteen years of the time has been highway commissioner, and with the aid and assistance of Abram Butts, another early settler, laid out and established most of the public highways of Saginaw, Bay, and Tuscola counties. For fourteen years he has held the office of township clerk of Saginaw township. In all public positions, whether as supervisor, commissioner, or clerk, he has always commanded the respect of his fellow townsmen, manifesting himself not only in public life but in all relations, the noblest work of God—an honest man. Captain Swarthout has had born to him seven sons and five daughters, four of each now living, all but one daughter residing in Saginaw county. And now after more than filling the full measure of time allotted to man, with his aged and amiable wife, who has shared with him all the hardships of pioneer life and the fulfillment of anticipations of the growth of Saginaw, still spared to him, with their children comfortably settled immediately about them; with an abundance of this world's goods; with a vivid remembrance of all the early events of Michigan, he among the very few of the pioneers of Saginaw, still lives.

"Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown."

May he still be spared, and may his last days be as pleasant as his whole life has been honorable.

Music—Quartette, "Gathering Home," the musical gem of the day, was sung by Miss Georgia Green, soprano, Miss Ida Moore, alto, Messrs. Penoyer, tenor, and Hudson, bass.

LETTER FROM HON. TOWNSEND NORTH.

The following letter was read by Mr. Geo. F. Lewis from Townsend North, of the Tuscola Pioneer Society:

VASSAR, Mich., *Feb. 19, 1874.*

M. B. Hess, Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR,—Your circular letters of invitation to the pioneers of your county came to hand to-day. I will distribute them, and would be pleased to attend your meeting, but fear I will be unable, as I would be pleased to meet

with the early settlers,—men that conquered difficulties, endured privations, and now live to enjoy the fruit of their labor and congratulate each other on the improvements and changed condition and developments of the entire valley. I came to Flint in 1845, made my first visit to Saginaw City that summer or fall with a full wagon load of the legal profession, Judge Whipple, Wm. Fenton, E. H. Thompson, A. V. Thayer, A. W. Davis, and James McKabe (of Pontiac.) They went there to hold court. I think they did up the work in one day. What a contrast. There was no East Saginaw then. Good pasture in the streets of Saginaw where you now have the Nicholson pavement. Court calendar cleared in a day. Now your courts are nearly perpetual. Two years after, I made my first trip to Lower Saginaw, as it was then called, in two little dug-outs lashed together. Two Indians composed the crew and I the only passenger, sitting flat in one of the canoes with my hands on each side of the little craft with my fingers in the water. Now you have two railroads, and your river during navigation, alive with steam and sail.

What a change has come in a few short years. The rich resources of the Valley are being made known, and the Yankees and co-workers from Oregon to Maine, and from Maine to Faderland, have taken the key note and checked their baggage for the Valley that teems with life and lumber, and salt sufficient to pickle a nation. Yours truly,

T. NORTH.

MEMENTOES.

C. W. Grant was loudly called for and created considerable amusement by his remarks, and a copy of a Fourth of July celebration at East Saginaw, in 1855.

C. D. Little presented, from Mrs. C. E. Hayden, some copies of the first papers published in the Valley—The Journal, of 1837.

Mrs. A. M. Richman presented copies of the first papers printed in the Valley—The Journal, Republican, Spirit of the Times, North Star, and others.

Robert Ure presented a territorial map of Michigan and Wisconsin.

Numerous other relics and mementoes too numerous to mention, were presented, each and every one telling its own story of early pioneer life.

G. F. Lewis gave Frank Glasby's speech on being urged to run for Mayor. He had persistently refused to allow his name to be used, but the committee appointed to advise him of his nomination, insisting that to restore harmony in the party he must accept, he turned carelessly to his work and pathetically answered, "Well, gol darn it, let 'em hump."

CLOSING PROCEEDINGS.

On motion of George F. Lewis, a vote of thanks was tendered to the ladies and gentlemen composing the choir for their excellent music.

After benediction by Rev. Dr. Love, of East Saginaw, the meeting adjourned for the dinner at the Taylor House, which was partaken of by about one hundred of the old pioneers. The edibles were of the very best quality, and served up in mine host Hopkins' best style. Following the dinner were a number of toasts and responses, of which, however, we are only able to publish the following brief programme:

1. The Pioneer Society of the Saginaw Valley. Response by the President.
2. The Old Settlers. Response by W. R. McCormick, of Bay City.
3. The times as they were and are. Response by C. W. Grant, of East Saginaw.
4. The County Societies of this jurisdiction.
5. The Press. Response by R. W. Jenney, of Flint.
6. The Ladies—God bless them. Response by George F. Lewis.

The meeting will long be remembered by all those who participated in it, as it doubtless recalled to their memories many almost forgotten incidents of early life in the Saginaw Valley.

A PIONEER INCIDENT.

BY W. R. McCORMICK, OF BAY CITY.

For the particulars of the following tragic story I am indebted to Hon. E. S. Williams. It occurred while he was trading with the Indians at Saginaw, some time before De Tocqueville's visit, and about two years before I came to the Saginaw Valley. The event was witnessed by Mrs. E. S. Williams and daughter, Mr. G. D. Williams and wife, Judge Eliezer Jewett, wife, and daughter, Col. David Stanard, wife, and daughter, and nearly all the white residents of the Saginaw Valley, and strangely illustrates the peculiarities of frontier life and of the Indian character.

Neh-way-go was a young Saginaw brave, living, in his earlier life, at Green Point, which is at the mouth of the Tittabawassee river, and in his later years upon the shores of the Saginaw bay. He is described as a model of native strength and grace. While living at the former place he killed a son of Red Bird, who lived on the Tittabawassee river. The relatives demanded satisfaction, and by Indian laws his life was the forfeit. He presented himself at the chief mourner's wigwam, where the warriors of the family of the deceased had assembled, and informed them that he had come for them to strike at his heart. He bared his bosom and took his position for the selected number to pass by him and inflict the knife wound. They passed and inflicted, as they hoped, the mortal thrusts. That done, and Indian usage being satisfied, he was making the best speed he could, with his streaming wounds, to his own wigwam, when he was struck in the back by a cowardly Indian, inflicting a severe stab, but, as it appears, like the other blows, not fatal. He was yet enabled to reach his own wigwam, some distance off, where his young wife was waiting, not expecting ever to see him alive again. She received him and bound up his wounds. He was restored after fearful suffering.

After this event he removed to Kawkawlin, where he remained until his wounds were nearly healed, when coming up to Saginaw in a canoe, with his wife, to do some trading at the Indian trading-post of the American Fur Company, which was then operated by G. D. and E. S. Williams, he was not yet able to get out of his canoe and go to the trading-post, which was but a few rods from the river, without the aid of his paddle to lean upon. B. O. Williams, who was there at the time, describes him as a walking skeleton.

Some Indians were there at the time. They soon sent word to O-sou-wah-bon's band at Green Point, some two miles distant, that Neh-way-go had arrived at the American Fur Company's trading post. The Messrs. Williams were well aware that if they met, there would be a dreadful tragedy. They

threfore placed persons to watch if any Indians came from that direction. It was not long before O-sou-wah-bon and two Indians were seen approaching. While Neh-way-go was still by his canoe, standing on the bank of the river, leaning on his paddle, he was told by Miss Williams to get into the canoe with his family and go down the river. This he refused to do, saying he was no coward, but like a brave man patiently awaited the attack. E. S. Williams went and met O-sou-wah-bon and told him he must go into the store as he wanted to see him. After he was inside, the door was closed, and he was told that they knew his business, and that he must now give up his knives. He reluctantly drew his knife from his sheath and handed it to B. O. Williams. They asked him if he had any more, and if so to give them up or they would search him. He finally pulled out another which he had concealed down his back. They then asked him if he had any more; he said "No," when E. S. Williams said they would have to search him, which he refused to submit to. Mr. Williams clinched him, and with the assistance of B. O. Williams, now of Owosso, and some others, after a severe struggle, as O-sou-wah-bon was a very powerful man, they threw him on the floor. While B. O. Williams and some others were holding him, Mr. E. S. Williams commenced the search, and inside of his leggin they found a large knife, a very formidable weapon, and as sharp as a razor. When Mr. Williams drew it from his leggin he caught it by the blade and refused to give it up; the result was, before they could wrench it from his grasp it had nearly severed his hand in two. They then let him up and dressed his wound. While this proceeding was going on E. S. Williams and another person slipped out of the back door and found Neh-way-go still standing on the shore leaning on his paddle, awaiting the attack, while his wife was sitting in the canoe crying. They told him to get into his canoe and be off, which he refused to do, repeating he was no coward. They then took him by main force, put him into the canoe with his wife, and shoved it from the shore and ordered his wife to paddle him home, and not to come back again. He returned to his home on the Kawkawlin where he soon after fully recovered from his wounds.

Finding afterwards upon his hunting ground, the coward who had inflicted upon him the wound in the back, he visited him summarily with Indian vengeance, death. Soon after the Indians were assembled in large numbers at Saginaw at an Indian payment, when an altercation ensued between Black Beaver, an Indian of considerable note, and the brave Neh-way-go. The former reproached him with the outrage he had committed upon the Indian who had struck him in the back. Neh-way-go defended the act as just and brave; the reproof was repeated, and upon the instant he slew Black Beaver.

This was at the upper end, where the city of East Saginaw stands, near where the upper bridge crosses the river, in the vicinity of the old Curtis Emerson mill. Black Beaver and his band were here encamped. On the west side of the river, on the open plain, near where the residence of E. J. Ring now stands, Neh-way-go and his band were encamped.

After the bloody deed Neh-way-go crossed over to the west side of the river among his own people. A warrant was at once issued by Colonel Stanard for his arrest, acting as justice. Neh-way-go fled back to the east side of the river, and, accompanied by a friend, secreted himself in the woods upon what is now the site of the city of East Saginaw.

He preferred to trust himself on the same side of the river with the tribe

whose leading warrior he had stricken down rather than to endure the mortification of arrest and punishment by the white man's laws.

He sent word to two of his white friends, Antoine Campau and Ephraim S. Williams desiring them to cross the river and come to the woods in which he was secreted, when by giving a signal he would come to them. They did so and he soon made his appearance. He informed them that he had sent for them for advice; that the white man's punishment (imprisonment) was only fit for cowards; death by the hands of his own race was glorious in comparison, if any relative of Black Beaver should choose to make it a cause for vengeance.

They advised him to cross back to his own camp, present himself to his people, and let the affair take the course warranted by Indian usage. The arrest by the officer was waived and he presented himself at his own camp openly.

The hour for the burial of Black Beaver arrived. An immense number of Indians, from two to three thousand, were present, as it was Indian payment at Saginaw at the time, as mourners and spectators.

The place of burial was just below the old Campau house on the brow of the hill, west of where A. W. Wright's planing mill now stands and near where Neh-way-go and his band were encamped. The body had been placed in the coffin. The relatives with their faces streaked with black had gathered about it. The few white settlers then in the valley were all there as spectators. The fearful outrage so near their own doors had absorbed and engrossed the attention of all.

While the solemn Indian rite was in progress over the remains of their favorite warrior, Neh-way-go was seen approaching from his camping ground. He was dressed in full and careful costume, tomahawk and knife in his girdle and a small canteen of whisky at his side, his whole appearance imposing and gallant. He made his way with a lofty and majestic step to the center of the mourning group. Walking with measured step to the side of the coffin, he placed upon it his tomahawk and knife. He filled his calumet with kinakanick, composedly and with dignity. After smoking from it himself first, he passed it to the chief mourner, who declined it. He passed it to the next, and the next, with the same result. He passed his canteen of whisky with the same formality, and with the same result. They declined to partake.

He then undid the collar of his hunting shirt, and bared his bosom, seating himself with calm dignity upon the foot of the coffin. He turned his face full upon the chief mourners, and addressed them:

"You refuse my pipe of peace. You refuse to drink with me. Strike not in the back. Strike not and miss. The man that does, dies when I meet him on our hunting ground."

Not a hand was raised. Upon the dark and stoical faces of that cloud of enemies by whom he was surrounded, no feeling found expression except that of awe; no muscle moved.

He rose from his seat on the foot of the coffin, and towering to his full, fine height, exclaimed: "Cowards! Cowards! Cowards!"

As composedly as he had taken them out, he restored, unmolested, the tomahawk and knife to his girdle, and, with his canteen at his side, walked away from the strange scene as lordly as he came. He had awed his enemies, and was evidently master of the situation.

Removing soon after to the bay shore, away from the scene of his early feuds and fearful exploits he fell ultimately upon the hunting ground in a personal encounter with a relative of one of his victims.

MOUNDS AND MOUND-BUILDERS OF THE SAGINAW VALLEY.

BY W. R. McCORMICK, OF BAY CITY.

My father emigrated with me to the Saginaw Valley in 1832. My associations were mostly with the Indians, whose language I became very familiar with. For several years I was engaged in the fur trade, during which time my business was to go up the several tributaries of the Saginaw to buy furs of the Indians, and on nearly all such occasions I found indications that the Saginaw and its tributaries had been densely populated at some remote period by another race of people prior to the Indians.

On the bluff just below the city of Flint, there were, forty-eight years ago, when I first saw them, eight large mounds, which I saw opened. They were from twenty to forty feet in diameter and about five feet high. When opened they were full of human bones, all of which were in a better state of preservation than in any mounds I have examined. We found one shin-bone with a flint arrow embedded in it and broken off, showing that it was part of the leg of an Indian killed in battle. We found no implements but pieces of flint. The bones indicated a larger race of people than the present Indians.

We now proceed down the Flint river until we come to the high bluff one mile above the village of Flushing on the Bailey farm and examine the mounds at that point, which I shall designate as the Bailey mounds. I first saw these mounds opened in 1833 or 1834. At that time this farm was one dense forest. I think there were about twenty mounds, great and small, some forty feet or more in diameter and six feet high, with pine trees growing on the top of them as large as those in any part of the forest. We found upon opening the largest one that it was full of human bones. The skeletons did not appear to be arranged in any order, but had been thrown promiscuously together before they were covered, leaving hardly a doubt that they had been slain in some battle. The bones were too much decomposed to find any marks of violence upon them. Subsequent events in after years have confirmed my belief that this once popular race of the Saginaw Valley had been exterminated by another race of people.

From the Bailey mounds we will resume our explorations down the river. At several points, always in the elbow of the river, and also always on the bluff where you could get a view up and down the river, there would be two or three mounds, but not of so large dimensions as those above, until you reach a point about twelve miles below. There, contrary to the custom of the mound-builders, you find on the east side of the river and on the flat, nearly one hundred gaves, which tradition says are those of Indians, all of whom died in one day and night with some sickness which the Great Spirit in his anger had sent among them. This must have been some epidemic, for we know that when the Indians have had the small-pox or any other contagious diseases among them they all flock together. In their tradition of this incident they say it was their own nation, over one hundred years before that time, which was then in 1835, and not the mound-builders.

Some ten miles further down the river, having seen only a few small mounds,

we come to the old Indian fields—now the Ross farm, but formerly the residence, in an early day, of the old pioneer, James McCormick. This land was given to him by the Indians—their white brother as they used to call him—and was on the Indian reservation. Here there were four large mounds together in the elbow of the river on the bluff, like the Flint and Bailey mounds heretofore described, and several more on the flat below. The bones in these mounds were very much decomposed, especially those on the flat, which I helped to plow down myself, so that when they were exposed they crumbled to pieces. This was no doubt owing to the difference of soil, the ground being much lower and subject every spring to overflows of the river. But I have no doubt all of the mounds are nearly of the same period. We plowed up in those mounds a great variety of stone implements, which were carried off by curiosity seekers.

Proceeding down the river to the mouth of the Tittabawassee, at a place formerly called Green Point, a favorite camping-ground of the Indians in olden time, and where they had their corn-fields, quite a distance back from the river on the prairie, contrary to all previous experience, we discovered two very large mounds. I think when I first saw them in 1836 they were sixty feet long and thirty feet wide, by four or five feet high. They are on very low ground and subject every spring to be inundated by the river, and for convenience I shall call them the Green Point mounds. I also saw one after it had been opened, and the whole interior appeared to be of a whitish substance, evidently of decomposed Indian bones, the decomposition being more rapid than for the same length of time elsewhere, owing to the lowness of the land and the overflow of the river. What the relic hunters found in these mounds I never ascertained.

We now proceed up the Tittabawassee river some four miles, to the farm on which the late James Fraser first settled when he came to the Saginaw valley, where there is one very large mound, which I shall call the Fraser mound. This is also situated on the bluff in the elbow of the river.

This mound comprises nearly half an acre of ground. No one ever imagined this to be a mound until some years since, when the river had worn away the bank, and the ice in the spring had torn away the side so that the bones fell into the river.

From this point we will proceed up the Cass river to the farm of A. Lull, now the village of Bridgeport, which is about six miles from East Saginaw. Mr. Lull informs me that there were several mounds there. And I have been informed by the old Indian traders that when they first came to the Saginaw valley, at the bend of the Cass where the village of Bridgeport now stands, there was also a second mound, a regular earthwork fortification, comprising several acres. I have never examined these mounds, but have got my information from M. A. Lull, who is an old pioneer, a member of this society, and from other old settlers. The present Indians say this fortification was built by another race of people before the Indians came here, and that they were more like white people, as they made kettles and other dishes of clay. I have in my possession several specimens of pottery, which I have taken out of mounds.

On the Saginaw river, towards its mouth, when we come to what is now the corner of Twenty-fourth and Water streets in Bay City, where the Centre House now stands, we find the old McCormick homestead. Here were two large mounds in the garden, which my father plowed and scraped down.

They contained a number of skeletons, stone axes, knives, and quite an amount of broken pottery.

Some thirty rods below, on Water street, between Twenty-second and Twenty-third streets, is an elevation, the highest on the river, on which is located the Bay City brewery, Barney hotel, the residence of W. R. McCormick and other residences, comprising nearly two acres. I wish to describe this elevation as I saw it in a state of nature, over forty-five years ago. For many years it was considered to be a natural elevation of the land, but subsequent excavations have proved it to have been constructed by some remote race of people.

When I first became acquainted with the location it was covered with a dense growth of timber, with the exception of the mound and about an acre and a half in the rear of it, from which the earth was taken to build the mound. It was then a duck pond, with water three feet deep, grown up with alder bushes. In grading Twenty-second street through the north end of this mound, some years since, we found at a depth of eleven feet three skeletons of very large stature with large earthen pots at the head of each. In excavating for the cellar of the Bay City brewery, we find at the depth of four feet the remains of Indians in a good state of preservation, with high cheek bones and receding forehead, while below these again, at a depth of four or five feet, the remains of a more ancient race, of an entirely different formation of skull, and with those, burned stone implements and pottery were found. I have been unable to preserve any of these skulls, as they crumbled to dust when exposed to the air. I found one skeleton in a sitting position facing the west with a very narrow head and long as if it had been compressed. I laid it aside in hopes to preserve it, but in a few hours it had crumbled to pieces.

This mound is full of the remains of ancient pottery and small stones that have been through the action of fire. A friend of mine found an awl made of copper which was quite soft with the exception of about an inch from the point which was so hard that a file would scarcely make an impression on it. This seems to me to show that the mound builders had the art of hardening copper. We also find that they had the art of working in metals as we will show. This comprises the mounds on the east side of Saginaw river.

We will now pass over to the west side near the mill of More, Smith & Co. There was here, forty-five years ago, a mound just above the mill about 100 feet across in a circular form and about three feet high. Originally it must have been much higher. I have never examined this mound, but have understood from old settlers that there were a great many stone implements found in it. The plow has nearly leveled it, so that it is scarcely noticed any more.

The mound which was located near the west end of the Detroit and Bay City Railroad bridge, which for reference I will call the Birney mound, as it is located on the lands of that great philanthropist, the late Hon. James G. Birney. This mound was not so large in circumference, but much higher than the one just noticed. In this was also found human bones, in a much better state of preservation than any of the rest. I procured from this mound a skull with a hole in it just above the temple bone, produced by a sharp instrument, which undoubtedly caused death. This skull I presented to J. Morgan Jennison, of Philadelphia. It was of an entirely different formation from the Indian skull of the present day, as it did not have their high cheek bones nor their receding forehead, but a very intellectually developed head, showing that it was of a different race of people from the Indian. Some years since some boys were digging in the side of the mound as they had

often done before, to get angle-worms for fishing, when they came across a small silver canoe, about five inches long, and a gentleman who was fishing with them, offered them fifty cents for it, which they accepted. After cleaning it up, he found it to be of exquisite workmanship, with the projecting ends tipped with gold. [Query.—Was not this a present from some early Catholic missionary of whom history makes no mention?]

A rough copper kettle of peculiar shape and make, having been wrought into shape by hammering, without any seam, was also taken from one of those mounds, and is now in the State Capitol among O. A. Jenison's collections of antiquity.*

The next mound was about half a mile up the river, and formerly stood in the center of Linn street, West Bay City, but has been graded down many years since. I was not there at the time, but was informed by others that it contained human bones and stone implements. Charles E. Jennison, a pioneer of Bay City, informs me that he dug up two skeletons, many years ago, in the side of this mound. He found, with the skeletons, two copper kettles, which he has still in his possession. I am inclined to think that these were not the remains of the original mound-builders, but a race of a subsequent period.

We now proceed a half-mile more up the river, to the rise of ground in the rear of Frank Fitzhugh's grist-mill. This elevation, forty-five years ago, when I first saw it, was the most picturesque spot on Saginaw river. Here was also a beautiful spring of cold water, and was a favorite camping ground of the Indians. It was also, according to Indian tradition, the original site of the Sauk village, and where the great battle was fought when the Chippewas exterminated that nation. This I will call the Fitzhugh mound, as it is on the lands of Frank Fitzhugh.

This elevation, comprising two or three acres, was always thought to be natural. But I am satisfied from recent excavations, and a low place to the southwest, that the earth had been taken from this point to raise the mound higher than the surrounding land, and that it is, therefore mostly artificial. Then again the land adjoining on the north is a yellow sand, while on the south the land fell off abruptly, and is composed of the same kind of soil as the mound, black sand and loam, from where the earth was taken. I am now speaking of this mound as it appeared forty-five years ago. Since then the railroad company have excavated a part of it for balasting their road, and many other excavations and alterations have taken place, so that it has not the same appearance it had when I first saw it. Some years since Mr. Fitzhugh, or the village authorities of Wenona, now West Bay City, excavated a street through this mound, which brought to light many relics and proved beyond a doubt that this eminence was a mound built in remote ages. A great many skeletons were exhumed, together with a great many ornaments of silver, broken pottery, stone implements, etc., and like the McCormick mound on the opposite side of the river, was full of broken stone which had been through the action of fire.

There are also four fortifications on the Rifle River, in township 22 north. They contain from three to six acres each containing several mounds of large size. They are also situated on the bluffs. The walls can yet be traced, and are from three to four feet high and from eight to ten feet wide, with large

*Unfortunately the Legislature declined to purchase this valuable collection, and it has been repossessed by Mr. Jenison.

trees growing upon them. A friend of mine opened one of these mounds and took from it a skeleton of larger size than an ordinary person. He says he also saw several large mounds on the Au Sable River.

I have thus given the society an idea of how these mounds appeared before the hand of man had destroyed and leveled them down. Many of them can yet be seen, but the plow has helped to level many of them, with the exception of the Fraser, Fitzhugh, and McCormick mounds.

And to prove that the last three are artificial and not natural, is the fact that in the rear of all of these are low places, showing where the earth had been procured to build the mounds, which had taken the work of years.

Again, the soil on the mounds differs from the soil around them, with the exception of the low places referred to from where the earth was taken; and finally, the most convincing proof of all is that you can dig down until you come to the original surface, and will find various kinds of stone implements, broken pottery, and great quantities of stone broken by the action of fire. And in no part of the valley will you find those relics except in those mounds.

The main objection to my theory is, how could so large an elevation and of such extent be built by so primitive a people, as the Fitzhugh, Fraser and McCormick mounds; but more extensive works have been found in Butler county, Ohio. I account for so much broken stone being in these mounds by the manner in which they cooked their food. As their pottery was not made to stand fire, the stones were heated and then put into the vessels to cook their food, which occasioned their breaking to pieces when they came in contact with the water.

MEMORIAL REPORT.

BY C. M. GRANT, VICE PRESIDENT FOR SAGINAW COUNTY.

JOHN SIMPSON, aged 71, died in the year 1879. He came to Saginaw in 1831, and was a respected and beloved citizen of Saginaw county.

MRS. CHARLES A. LULL, a member of the Pioneer Society of Michigan, died January 6th, 1880, aged 70 years. She came to Saginaw county in 1833. She was a noble woman, and will long be remembered by the pioneers of Saginaw county.

PHINEAS SPAULDING died in the summer of 1880, at the age of 71 years. He came to Saginaw in 1834, and was one of the best farmers in Saginaw county. He was a man of great worth, and respected by all who knew him.

JAMES MCCARTY died in 1879, aged 69. He came to Saginaw in 1833; was one of the first farmers of Saginaw county.

MRS. NOAH H. BEACH, one of the noble women of Saginaw county, came to Saginaw in 1836, and died in 1879, aged 81, respected by all who knew her.

LOTON H. EASTMAN came to Michigan in 1834, and has lived in Saginaw county for the last twenty-five years. He was one of the large mill-owners of the Saginaw valley; was very prosperous in business, and a man well respected by all who knew him. He died in the summer of 1879, aged 63 years.

MRS. LUKE WELLINGTON died February 9, 1880, aged 68. She came to Saginaw in 1837, and has been a resident of Michigan for 44 years. Few names recall more pleasant remembrances than does that of Mrs. Wellington.

MR. C. C. BATCHOLER died in the summer of 1880, aged 67 years. He has

lived in Saginaw county for 32 years; was a farmer, and was well respected by all who knew him.

CURTIS EMERSON, one of the first settlers of East Saginaw, aged 70 years, died February 11, 1880. Mr. Emerson came to Michigan in 1836, and went into the manufacture of malt liquors in Detroit, being the first man to engage in the business in the State of Michigan. In 1845 he went into copper mining. In December, 1846, he came to Saginaw City, and July 4th, 1847, he crossed the river and became the first resident of Buena Vista, which town he named in honor of Taylor's then recent victory over Santa Anna. Mr. Emerson went largely into the lumber business, and in the year 1847 consigned to C. P. Williams & Co., of Albany, the first full cargo of clear lumber ever shipped from Michigan.

MRS. AGNES URE died August 27th, 1880, aged 79 years. She had lived in Saginaw county forty-five years, and was respected by all who knew her.

JOSEPH E. SHAW died April 4th, 1879, aged 67. Mr. Shaw was a resident of Saginaw for twenty-three years; was largely engaged in lumber, salt, banking, manufacturing, and railroading; was one of the leading business men of the valley, and his friends are legion. His word was as good as his bond; a very benevolent man, and I think he had not an enemy in the world.

EGBERT TEN EYK died August 18th, 1879, aged 38 years. Mr. Ten Eyk had been a resident of Saginaw for about twenty-five years. Although a young man, he had identified himself with the business men of the valley as a strong business man; was engaged in the manufacture of shingles and salt, and in his death the Saginaw valley and the State have lost one of its best business men.

DAVID W. RUST died Oct 4, 1880, aged 59 years. Mr. Rust came to Saginaw in 1855 from St. Clair county, and has always been prominently identified with the chief industries of the Saginaw valley. At the time of his death he was engaged in lumbering, shipping, and the manufacture of salt. In business Mr. Rust was very prompt, and to his fidelity in this respect is due his business success. A man of positive opinions, and sometimes rash in temper, he was withal a good neighbor, a firm friend, and an excellent citizen. The death of such a prominent business man, whose integrity was never questioned, is a severe loss to the business community. Mr. Rust was remarkably successful in business; accumulating through his activity and sagacity a handsome fortune.

WILLIAM BAKER died January 29, 1881, in his 83d year. Mr. Baker came to East Saginaw in 1855; was a blacksmith by trade, and was esteemed by the older inhabitants who knew him best; having striven in common as a pioneer of that city for its best interests, he was well respected by all who knew him.

SHIAWASSEE COUNTY.

MEMORIAL REPORT.

BY E. F. WADE, VICE PRESIDENT FOR SHIAWASSEE COUNTY.

JOHN BELL died February 19, 1880, aged 77 years. The funeral took place from the Presbyterian church, Corunna, of which deceased was a member, Rev. Mr. Bartholomew officiating, and many sincere friends and sympathizers in attendance. Mr. Bell was born in the county of Down, Ireland, but had been a resident of this country for the greater part of his lifetime. Thirty-eight years ago he came into the town of Caledonia where he has since lived, the last two years of his life being spent in this city. He has been in feeble health for a long time and his death was not unlooked for. Mr. Bell leaves an aged and bereaved wife to mourn his loss. It can truly be said of him, another old land-mark has passed away.

LEWIS VANAUKEN died at the residence of his son, Anthony Vanauken, in the township of Vernon, on Tuesday, February 24, 1880, aged 93 years, 4 months and 13 days. He was born in the State of New Jersey, in the year 1786. He resided in this State, in the counties of Shiawassee and Washtenaw about forty-five years. He was married in the year 1806, and lived with his wife sixty-five years. Mrs. Vanauken died about eight years ago, aged 81 years. Twelve of their sixteen children are now living, and all of them lived to be over forty-five years of age. The last years of Mr. Vanauken's life were cheered by Christain hope, and when near death he desired that his funeral sermon be preached from the text: "Be ye also ready." His remains were taken to Adrian for burial.

MRS. MARY MASON died at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. John Jackson, of Shiawasseetown, October 8, 1880, relict of the late Hiram Mason, aged 75 years. She was a native of Sullivan, Madison county, N. Y., and with her husband and family moved to Washtenaw county, this State, in 1834. Thirteen years ago Mr. Mason removed to Shiawassee and purchased a farm upon which he died about three years later. His widow remained in charge of the property until a year or two since, when, on account of increasing infirmities, she went to live with her daughter near by. Mrs. Mason died from the effects of a paralytic stroke—the third which has befallen her within three years past. She leaves eight children who are living in various parts of the country; and of them all, only her daughter, Mrs. Jackson, could attend the funeral which occurred last Sunday in the Maple River Baptist church. A large concourse of people assembled to show their respect for an aged friend and a worthy pioneer of Michigan. Services were conducted by Rev. D. W. Sharts.

MRS. UMPHREY WHEELER aged 85 years, mother of Mr. James B. Wheeler of Corunna, died at Albany, Missouri, on the night of October 22, 1880, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. E. C. Shimin. Mrs. Wheeler and her husband were pioneers in Shiawassee county, having settled in New Haven, in 1836, at the place known as Wheelerville, which took its name from this family. Mr. Wheeler died in 1860, and Mrs. Wheeler has lived with her daughter in Missouri for the past twelve years.

THOMAS H. LEMON died at his residence in North Newburg, on Monday, December 6, 1880, aged 64 years. Funeral services took place from the family home on the following Friday, the pastor of the Congregational church at Vernon officiating. Deceased had been ill since last March, and the best medical skill brought to treat his case was of no avail. His wife, whom he married in Oakland county 38 years ago, and their family of six children survive him, and in their grief have the comfort and sympathy of many true friends. Mr. Lemon was born in Steuben county, N. Y., December 1, 1816, and came with his father's family to this State in 1831, settling in Troy, Oakland county. There they resided until the winter of 1842, known as the hard winter of Michigan, when the father came to this county and purchased 160 acres of wild land, upon which he and his wife, with their family of eleven children, were to gain their livelihood. The deceased being the eldest child, upon him devolved much of the labor incident to a pioneer's life. Persevering, industrious, and ambitious, he became closely identified with the early growth and settlement of Shiawassee county, wild and undeveloped as it was 40 years ago, and will always be remembered as one who took an active part in the transformation of a wilderness into the abode of refined and civilized life. But his work is done, and well done, as all who knew him will attest, and he has entered into that haven of rest and peace which is the reward of the good and the just.

MRS. ANN ELIZA FERRY BEACH died in Vernon, April 21, 1880, aged 74 years. The subject of this sketch was born in Lebanon, N. Y., in 1805; removed from there when a child to Mentor, Ohio, where she lived until her marriage to Nelson Ferry in 1825. She and her husband then settled in Chester, Ohio, where they resided for several years, when they removed to Kirtland, where her husband became a teacher in the Western Reserve Seminary.

Kirtland continued to be their home till the Autumn of 1839, when they removed to Vernon, settling on a farm nearly new, a short distance from where the village of Vernon now stands. For four years she there labored and toiled with her husband to make for themselves a home in the wilderness.

In 1843 Mrs. Beach, with her family, moved to Corunna, where in the Autumn of 1846 she buried her husband and a daughter within a few days of each other, and after a widowhood of some five years, she married Harlow Beach, Esq., of Corunna, who died in 1856. Most truly can it be said by all who knew her, that Mrs. Beach has left a worthy example for the rising generation to follow.

RICHARD FREEMAN was born in Warwickshire, England, September 9, 1808, and was married March 27, 1831, and about two years later emigrated to America. Three years afterwards he came to Shiawassee county and settled on section 20 in New Haven on land owned by a Mr. Reid, and soon after purchased a farm on section 21, and after a brief residence there moved into the township of Rush where he has since resided.

He became thoroughly inured to all the hardships and privations of pioneer life, but succeeded temporally in spite of them all.

Kindness of heart, benevolence and generosity, as well as integrity and industry, were prominent traits of his character, and procured for him the respect and esteem of all who knew him.

He succeeded in securing a comfortable home for himself and family and saw nearly all his children well provided for and settled in life.

He raised a family of twelve children, all of whom were present at his funeral except two sons who died in the army.

He was a man of robust constitution and temperate habits and enjoyed uninterrupted health until quite recently, when the excessive toils of earlier years and the infirmities of age seemed to impair his health, which soon gave way, and after an illness of two weeks, during which he received all the attention that kindness and care could bestow, he passed peacefully away January 22d, 1881, aged 72 years, 4 months, and 13 days.

Mr. Freeman made a public profession of religion and with his wife united with the Methodist church during the winter of 1860 and 1861, at the Goss school-house in Rush, under the labors of Rev. E. E. Caster, then pastor of the M. E. Church in Owosso. He ever after adorned his religious profession by an upright, consistent life, and a faithful adherence to the church whose doctrines and discipline so nearly coincided with his views and whose fellowship he prized and enjoyed.

He was married the second time to Mrs. Nancy Washburn of Rush, with whom he lived very happily until called to his reward in the better land.

At the close of this biographical sketch (given at his funeral) B. O. Williams of Owosso, who has known the deceased more or less intimately since his residence in this county, made some very appropriate remarks relative to Mr. F. as a friend and neighbor, and paid a fitting tribute to his integrity and consistent Christian life and character. He was very deeply affected. James B. Wheeler of this city also made some touching allusions to Mr. Freeman's kindness to his family when they first came to this county, during sickness and the privations of that early period. Those were trying times and the friendships formed amid such adversities were true and lasting. The men and women who cleared the forests and made the early homes in this county are fast passing away, but their work and worth are seen in the comforts and blessings enjoyed by their posterity.

BENJAMIN DAVIS, of Shiawassee township died at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. Chauncy Cook, January 21st, 1881. This makes another break in the ranks of the old settlers of the county. He died of paralysis after about one week's illness. Funeral services were held Sunday morning at the Maple River Baptist Church, Rev. George Atchinson conducting the worship. His remains were taken to Owosso for burial. Mr. Davis was born at Merrimac, N. H., November 9, 1791. He was therefore at his death, 89 years of age. He removed to Vermont while young, and from thence removed to Bennington about 36 years ago, since which time he has resided in this county. Of his children, Mrs. Chauncy Cook, of Shiawassee; Levi Davis, of Kansas; and Miss Delina Davis, of Vermont remain. Thus is a good man, full of years and rich in the affections of his children and friends gathered to his fathers.

N. L. JENNINGS, one of our most respected and worthy citizens, and one of the early pioneers of "Old Shiawassee," died at his residence in Caledonia February 16, 1881, aged 62 years. He recently had an attack of diphtheria, followed by inflammatory rheumatism, and low fever, producing exhaustion of the system that caused his death. Funeral services were held in the Baptist church, in the city of Owosso on Sunday, February 20, Rev. W. L. Farnum officiating.

Mr. Jennings was born in the town of Ballston, Saratoga Co., N. Y., August 7, 1819, and removed with his parents to Monroe Co., N. Y., in 1824. During 1837 he came to Oakland Co., Mich., and in 1838 came to Owosso,

where he lived about six years. He then purchased his present farm in Caledonia, two and one-half miles south of the city of Owosso. In 1846 he returned to Monroe Co., N. Y., and there married Miss Vashti Bennett, who accompanied him to his new home, and shared with him the trials and privations of the early pioneers. By hard labor he changed his wilderness to a beautiful farm, and surrounded himself with many of the comforts of life and has there resided excepting an absence of four years in the State of New York. He leaves a wife, one daughter, two sons, and numerous relatives and friends to mourn his death.

MRS. ELIZABETH COOK died at the residence of her son, Peter N. Cook, Esq., in Corunna, May 1, 1881, aged 85 years, 2 months and 11 days. The deceased was born in Ulster county, State of New York, February 12, 1796. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Duboice, and in 1815 she married Benjamin Hood. They were among the pioneers of Washtenaw county, this State, settling in the town of Lodi, where Benjamin Hood died in 1830, leaving the subject of this notice with three children: Ann, who is now the wife of Horace Carpenter, of Ann Arbor; George, a clegyman now of Detroit; and James, a farmer of the town of Sharon, Washtenaw county. In 1833 she married Peter Cook, with whom she removed in 1836 to Shiawassee county, and settled in the town of Antrim, on the farm which, or a part of which, her youngest son, John Q. A. Cook, now lives. In 1873 she came to live in Corunna with her son Peter N. Cook, Esq., and has remained with his family since that time. Mrs. P. N. Cook was in her room and waited upon her just at daylight, May 1st, and when a member of the family again visited her room, about an hour and a half later, she was found taking that sleep that knows no waking this side of the grave. She died of old age, without any visible disease,—the clock of life ceased to beat and stood still. Her funeral was held at the Methodist church May 3d, conducted by Rev. S. Reed, who very feelingly and appropriately reviewed her long and useful life. She was buried in a new lot just outside the enclosure of our cemetery, to which the remains of her husband, Peter Cook, has since been removed, where forever in this silent city will rest the remains of two of the pioneers of Michigan and Shiawassee county. The children of the deceased were all present at the funeral except James.

JOHN N. INGERSOLL.

From the Shiawassee Journal.

Last Friday morning, May 13th, 1881, John N. Ingersoll died at his home in this city, aged 64 years. For many months Mr. Ingersoll's health had been declining, the first alarming feature being the failure of his eyesight in December, 1879. Mr. Ingersoll sought the best medical aid in Detroit, Ann Arbor, and here at home for relief to his eyes, but received no positive encouragement of recovery. Since that time he has been gradually breaking down, and in the last few months his mental and physical powers failed very rapidly. An autopsy of the head, performed at the request of the family, revealed the cause of illness and death to be softening of the brain of the most hopeless character, fully confirming the early prognosis of his case, and induced by an undue amount of mental and intellectual labor. The brain weighed fifty-five and one-half ounces—a remarkable weight, and one of the largest on record. Mr. Ingersoll leaves a wife and five children—Mrs. M. E. Moreau, Mrs. G. D. Moreau, Misses Lottie and Nellie Ingersoll, and his son Ward, all of whom receive deep and heartfelt sympathy in this, their greatest affliction.

Corunna bows her head in the dust over the loss of Hon. John N. Ingersoll, one of her most honored and prominent men, who last Friday morning passed through the gates ajar, into eternal rest. The long illness which followed the failing eyesight eighteen months ago, and which he battled so bravely, has ended, the thread of his busy life is broken, and the soul of the master mind has been borne up to immortality.

The Saturday evening previous to his death Mr. Ingersoll was taken suddenly worse, and though he rallied slightly, he was really no better, and each day gradually failed, until the last sign of life receded as a wave along peaceful shores. His demise was not unexpected. For long months his most intimate friends and associates could see evidences that the disease would terminate sooner or later, and those that watched and cared for him were admonished that he had known the last of earth's winters and entered upon the final spring time. Yet the announcement of his death was laden with sadness and mourning, and touched with a peculiar grief those who knew and loved him so well. The funeral occurred on Sunday from the family residence, Rev. B. F. Matrau, rector of Christ church, Owosso, conducting it in the Episcopal form. The Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of which the deceased was a devoted member, was largely represented by Byron Lodge No. 41, Owosso Lodge No. 88, Vernon Lodge No. 99, and Owosso Oriental Encampment No. 59, and under their care and charge the body of their brother was committed to the grave. Their sad burial ritual, blended with the impressive service of the church, made the scene one of beauty, solemnity and awe, and bowed heads and heavy hearts wept out their sorrow in response. Beautiful music, peculiarly appropriate to the occasion, was rendered by persons chosen especially therefor, and the crowd of people in attendance expressed better than words the deep, loving loyalty and esteem given to the dead. More than sixty carriages followed in the funeral cortege, while the walks were fringed by the multitude eager to witness the last sad rites. His last couch was dressed with the loveliest of floral gifts, fit offerings to him who loved everything that came from nature's hands. But if there is anything purer and lovelier than those flowers it is the tender and devoted love which holds in sacred memory the dead man whose casket they covered.

Mr. Ingersoll was born in the town of North Castle, Westchester county, New York, May 4, 1817. He was the son of Nathaniel Ingersoll, of old Connecticut stock, and his mother was one of the Webber family whose ancestors came from Holland and settled in New York—then New Amsterdam—as early as 1680. When Mr. Ingersoll was but two years of age his father removed to New York City and engaged in mercantile pursuits. In a short time he was accidentally drowned in East River, and not long after, Mr. Ingersoll's mother died, leaving him an orphan at the age of eleven years. He was the youngest of four brothers thus left, and was adopted into the family of an uncle, residing in Fairfield county, Connecticut, where he remained until he was thirteen. At that time he conceived a desire to learn printing, and for that purpose entered an office in New York City. In 1834 he married Miss Harriet M. Robinson, a resident of New York. In 1837 upon the personal advice of Horace Greeley, with whom he had worked while an apprentice, and with whom his subsequent relations were of the most intimate character up to the death of the great journalist, Mr. Ingersoll came to Detroit. The first year he worked as compositor on the Detroit Free Press. The year following he became foreman of the Detroit Advertiser, also contributing many articles

to the paper. He relinquished this position in 1839 to become the editor and publisher of the Macomb Statesman, a weekly paper at Mt. Clemens. There he remained until 1842, when he removed to St. Clair and commenced the publication of the St. Clair Banner, which he continued until 1846. At that date he started, in conjunction with a partner—one who deserted his post in less than three months—the Lake Superior News—the first paper ever published in that region of country.

During his residence in Michigan, Mr. Ingersoll acted as enrolling and engrossing clerk in the State Legislature, and in 1848, during the first session at Lansing, he was elected secretary of the senate, but resigned the position for one more congenial. In 1849 he was elected representative from Chippewa county and the unorganized territory of Lake Superior. Though but thirty-one years of age, he received from the house a very flattering vote for speaker—a position entirely unsought, but which proved an honor well conferred. The year 1850 found Mr. Ingersoll again a resident of Detroit, acting as one of the editors of the Detroit Daily Bulletin, and, at the same time, editing and publishing the Hesperian, a monthly magazine of great popularity and literary merit. Through this latter medium were given to the public some of the choicest gems that ever came from the pen of this gifted writer. He continued to edit these publications until 1852, when he assumed the sole management of the Detroit Daily Times, and, subsequently became its proprietor. He remained in Detroit until 1856, when, on account of ill health in his family, and by the advice of physicians, he returned to Rochester, New York, and became one of the editors and publishers of the Rochester Daily Tribune. Although he remained in that city but two years, in that time he was so unsuccessful in financial affairs as to lose several thousand dollars—the accumulation of many years of unceasing labor. This, coupled with the knowledge that his family had not received the benefit anticipated, would have discouraged a less resolute person, but Mr. Ingersoll, with an undaunted will and unwavering faith in his own ability, once more turned his face towards Michigan. While making a prospecting tour, and ostensibly writing up Central Michigan, he was induced to purchase the office of The American, then located at Owosso. He conducted the paper at that place until 1862, when he removed to this city, the shire town of the county, where he has since resided, and where he died. In 1860 Mr. Ingersoll was grievously afflicted in the loss of his wife, who met a terrible death by burning. In 1862 he married Mrs. Julia H. Barnum, of Owosso, who now survives him, as do her two children, a son and daughter, and three daughters of the first wife.

While a resident of Owosso Mr. Ingersoll was elected to the State senate, serving as senator in three sessions of the Legislature, and was again elected to the house in 1868. In Owosso and Corunna he held at different times the offices of city clerk, United States revenue assessor, supervisor, mayor, and postmaster—filling all creditably and to the satisfaction of the people, and being elected to many of them for the second and third terms. For more than twenty years Mr. Ingersoll was editor and proprietor of the Shiawassee American, which attained a success financially and otherwise, scarcely excelled in the rural districts of the west, and under his control wielded unbounded influence throughout the State. June 1, 1880, Mr. Ingersoll sold a half interest in the American to Geo. W. Owen of Owosso. After a five months' partnership he also disposed of the other half to Mr. Owen and at once commenced

the publication of The Journal which he continued to his death, thus remaining active in his chosen work to the close of his life.

For many years Mr. Ingersoll has been closely identified with the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, filling the offices of Grand Patriarch of the Grand Encampment and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Michigan. In 1869 he was a Grand Representative of the Grand Lodge of the United States which met in San Francisco, California, and again at the session held in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1877. He anticipated representing the order in 1878 at Austin, Texas, but the scourge, yellow fever, prompted the authorities to change the place of meeting and he went again to Baltimore. He was one of the most zealous and efficient workers in trying to establish the Odd Fellows' Institute at Lansing, by which the widows and orphans of deceased members were to be cared for. To his untiring energy would the fraternity have been indebted had it been a success and the institute been put in practical working order. His faith in the good that would accrue from such an institution was strong, and that it was not carried out was from no fault of his. His long years of staunch service won him wide reputation in the order of Odd Fellows and he was one of its leading and most honored members.

Throughout his life Mr. Ingersoll was known as a prominent journalist and politician. He was intimately acquainted with many of the leading men of the nation, with whom his gifted intellect placed him upon an equal footing. As a writer he was well known. Many of his productions were marked by grace and beauty while others were characterized by a strong and vigorous style. The latter features were notable in his orations, in which his illustrations were drawn from facts and incidents gleaned from his own varied knowledge and experience. He was much sought as a public speaker, and was in constant demand in that capacity for more than thirty years.

Mr. Ingersoll was eminently a self-made man. In early boyhood he put on the armor of labor, the sharp opposition met in the rugged path of employment developing his character and endowing him with that noble majesty of intellect, that genius, worth, and power of mind that comes to men not born but made. He was a person of very positive force, making enemies as well as friends, yet he was ever kind and considerate, and literally followed the ruling motto of his beloved order, extending the open hand of charity to all. He was always guided by a sense of faithfulness to men in every public and private trust, and a broad and generous manliness was recognized in his whole life. In his death the field of journalism has lost one of its noblest workers, the world of letters one of its most brilliant lights, Corunna one of her best citizens, and his family their best friend. His good deeds were many—not blurred, misty, half remembered dreams, but, clearly defined, they stood out in bold relief, shaping life, death and the vast forever into one grand, sweet song. His life had known much of toil and vicissitude, yet it was marked by those rare pleasures only attained by appreciative and gifted natures. Many times as his path wound across the desert years, his feet wearied and his hands grew tired, and he longed for rest. He now sleeps peacefully in the city of the dead, and just over the river the brother, whose light went out but a short time ago, was waiting to welcome him home.

ST. JOSEPH COUNTY.

OBITUARY.

At Boerne, Kendall county, near San Antonio, Texas, Col. Asahel Savery died, at the advanced age of 97 years.

A pioneer in every sense of the term, a man of energy, fearless, and of a warm heart—the death of Col. Savery demands more than a passing notice.

His life was full of stirring events. At an early day he left his native State, Vermont, and settled near what was then the headquarters of General Anthony Wayne, near Fort Wayne, Indiana. His farm was on the banks of the St. Mary's river. At that time, Gen. Lewis Cass of Detroit, Indian Commissioner of the Northwest, being on his way from Detroit with goods for the Miami tribe of Indians, found and employed Mr. Savery with his teams to transport goods from Fort Wayne to the place of payment on the Wabash river near Logansport.

This journey through a timbered country with no roads more than Indian trails, required courage and perseverance. Gen. Cass found his teamster equal to the task, and was so much pleased with him that he engaged Mr. Savery to remove to Detroit and settle on his farm near, and now a part of the city of Detroit. Here Col. Savery remained for some years, until reports of the prairie and fine farm lands in the interior of the then territory of Michigan, induced him to seek a home in some part of this beautiful country. To the writer Col. Savery claimed to have driven the first team of horses and made the first settlement on White Pigeon prairie. Here on the banks of White Pigeon river, on the south side of the prairie of the same name, he made his home, which soon became the traveler's home, and the headquarters for a great stage line, running from Detroit to Chicago, and established by Col. Savery and Gen. Brown, of Tecumseh. The Pottawatomie Indians in large numbers were at this time sole possessors of the country, and difficulties would often spring up between whites and Indians. The courage required under the circumstances was fully exhibited by Col. Savery's acts during the earlier years of the settlement. The Black Hawk war of 1832 put a check on all travel toward Chicago and consequently interfered with the success of the stage route enterprise, which financially proved a failure. This was too much for a man who previously had never known what failure was. In 1834 he again journeyed westward and made his home in Texas, where he remained quietly on his ranch until the breaking out of the Mexican war, when General Scott at that time in command of the U. S. forces, made the wise selection of Col. Savery as his wagon or team master.

He continued with Gen. Scott during the entire war, with him entering Santa Cruz and the city of Mexico. Then with the thanks of the General he returned to his Texan home and remained until the gold discoveries of '48–9 in California. He then gave evidence of courage, enterprise, and good judgment in driving on the plains and mountains the first herds of cattle to supply the wants of the immense emigration to that State. For a time he was fortunate in his mining interests and returned to Texas with a competency. Here he built and improved his place until the outbreak of the Rebellion. His strong and outspoken Union sentiments brought him into disfavor with the secessionists, and rendered his further stay in Texas impracticable. His place

was confiscated and Col. Savery came north to his old friend, Gen. Cass, who was then U. S. Senator and remained for a time with him in Washington. The General kindly proposed to supply all his wants, but the offer was declined and Col. Savery came to his old home in Michigan, where his sister was still living, Mrs. Douglass, and her sons, and the sons of a deceased brother. With them he made his home for some years, meeting and enjoying the society of his old friends and neighbors. At the first gathering of the pioneers of St. Joseph county, in 1873, Col. Savery was present and was honored with the position of chairman or president.

He had again visited Texas, and again become possessed of a title to his land, and ultimately went from his nephew's (Hon. Luther Savery, of Kansas,) to the home of his daughter in Texas, where he was dutifully and affectionately cared for to the time of his death, and an out-of-door life brought him to years far beyond the ordinary age allotted to man. His death will be mourned by a goodly number of old friends and relatives who survive him.

The writer made the acquaintance of Col. Savery in Detroit in 1832; journeyed with him to White Pigeon in June of that year; was a boarder in his family for more than a year following and during his more recent stay in St. Joseph county, enjoyed the renewal of his early acquaintance and his hearty friendship, and thus learned much of his early history.

Lima, June 17, 1882.

S. P. WILLIAMS,
Major in Black Hawk War.

WASHTENAW COUNTY.

The following article was compiled chiefly from papers read before the Washtenaw County Pioneer Society at various dates:

The derivation and meaning of the word "Washtenaw" is given in the following note of Mr. R. V. Williams, of Owosso, to Mr. J. J. Parshall, Ann Arbor, and may be relied upon as correct, since the Messrs. Williams of Owosso are authority on the Chippewa or Ojibwa Indian language.

Owosso, July 24, 1874.

J. J. Parshall, Esq., Ann Arbor:

DEAR SIR.—Major John Todd handed me your favor to him yesterday, with a request that I should answer it, as his advanced age renders it very difficult for him to write, and also because I more properly understand and speak the Indian tongue, or rather the Chippewa language, I therefore give you the information sought.

The word Washtenaw is anglicised from the Indian word *Wuste-nong* or *Wushte-nong,* meaning literally the "further district," or "land beyond," "further country." *Wushte,* further, further on, and *nong,* country, district, place of. The word used in connection with the subject spoken of conveys somewhat different meanings.

How the name came to be applied to the territory comprising Washtenaw county I am unable to say, although I spoke the Indian language nearly as well as a native before the land was surveyed by the government. It was never so known or called by the Chippewas (or Ojibwas, as Schoolcraft has it). *Washtenong* was the country or district of territory watered by the Grand river

—what was known as *Washtenong, Sebee, or Sepea.* I do not now distinctly recollect by what name the Huron river was called, but my recollection is that it was called *Cos-scut-e-nong Sebee* or Burnt District river, meaning the plains or oak openings, lands or country. The Clinton river was called *Not-e-way Sebee.* The River Rasin was called *Nee-ma Sebee.*

Respectfully yours,

R. V. WILLIAMS.

The word *Washtenong,* as we see by the foregoing letter, belongs to the Chippewa or Ojibwa language, and was adopted by the Pottawattomie Indians, but when they adopted it they added the prefix *ou,* making it *Ouwashtenong,* and was so used and pronounced by them. Some years since, there was a little steamer, either a pleasure or ferry boat, on Grand river, named *Ouwashtenong.* Wisconsin was pronounced by the Pottawattomies *Ouisconsin,* and there are maps extant with the name spelled *Ouwisconsin.*

In all probability, Washtenaw county derived its name from the fact that before the government survey all the territory west of Wayne county was called by the Indians *Ouwashtenong Sebee,* or the Grand river district, and when the first county was surveyed out of this territory it was called Washtenaw.

Washtenaw county contains twenty townships, two cities, and three incorporated villages, viz.:

Ann Arbor, Augusta, Bridgewater, Dexter, Freedom, Lima, Lodi, Lyndon, Manchester, Northfield, Pittsfield, Saline, Salem, Scio, Sharon, Superior, Sylvan, York, Ypsilanti, Webster. Cities; Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti. Incorporated villages; Chelsea, Dexter, and Saline. The population of the county in 1880 was 41,848, of which there were 21,253 males, 20,595 females; 33,922 native born; 7,926 foreign born; 40,629 whites, 1,219 colored.

ANN ARBOR.

In the month of February, 1824, John Allen, of Virginia, and Elisha Walker and wife, of Rumsey, Genesee county, New York, met by accident in Detroit, and soon formed an acquaintance. Both were in search of a new home in the forests of Michigan. They started for the interior of the Territory together, and on arriving in this vicinity, located some lands belonging to the United States government, embracing a beautiful burr oak plain, on section 29, in township two, south, range 6 east, with the Huron river on the north and east and a small stream since known as Allen's creek on the west. At the foot of a hill on the east side of this creek, they pitched a tent and built an arbor, and Mrs. Ann Rumsey became the mistress of the new home. After the arrival of Mrs. Ann Allen, the wife of John Allen (during the latter part of the same year), this primitive home was called "Ann's Arbor," which finally assisted the early settlers to fix upon an appropriate name for their new and thrifty village. On the first published map of the village of Ann Arbor it was spelled "Ann Harbour," by mistake of the publishers in New York, they supposing it to be a *harbor* on some lake or river; and many strangers on their first arrival in the place would inquire for the *harbor.*

The Indian name for Ann Arbor is *Kaw-goosh-kaw-nick,* meaning saw-mill, derived from the sound which an old-fashioned sash-mill makes, and will be recognized readily by any old sawer or sawyer, or any one who ever heard one of the old sash-mills send forth its euphonious sounds. Ann Arbor being one

of the first to enjoy the luxuries of a saw-mill, and the first that most of the Indians ever saw, hence the Indian name.

The population of the city of Ann Arbor in 1880 was 8,061. It has increased very rapidly since. Some two hundred new houses have been erected, and over two hundred enlarged within the last two years, (at a cost of nearly a quarter million dollars) increasing the population to nearly 10,000. Its system of, and facilities for, education are not surpassed if equaled, by any place in the State. The University of Michigan is located here. It is the capital of the county. It has fine water power furnished by the Huron river, which runs through it.

DEXTER.

The village of Dexter, as well as the township, derived the name from the Hon. Samuel W. Dexter, who bought a large tract of land in this vicinity and originated the village.

The original township of Dexter, comprising what is now included in the towns of Webster, Scio, Dexter, Lima, Freedom, Bridgewater, Manchester, Sharon, Sylvan, and Lyndon, together with the settled portions of the then unorganized counties of Jackson and Livingston, was organized by the Legislative Council of the Territory of Michigan, on the 12th of April, 1827. The present township of Dexter was organized in 1836, with Thomas Lee as supervisor and Dr. Amos Gray as town clerk.

The first settlement in the town was made in 1825, on the northeast fractional quarter of section 36, by Sylvanus and Nathaniel Noble, who had settled in Ann Arbor the year before. Samuel W. Dexter, afterwards known as Judge Dexter, had located land in 1824 where the village is, on sections 6 in Scio and 31 in Webster. His oldest patents are dated October 12th and October 20th, 1824.

The village of Dexter is situated in the township of Scio, on the line of the Michigan Central Railroad, about forty-six miles west of Detroit. It has Mill creek on the west and the Huron river on the north, which affords ample water-power for milling and other manufacturing purposes. The population is about 1,000. Its school privileges and facilities are ample for all the demands of its people.

FREEDOM.

Township number 3 south, of range number 4 east, constitutes the township of Freedom.

In the summer of 1831, James W. Hill followed an Indian trail from Saline towards Manchester, and located land on section 32, the farm now owned by John Alber, where he built a house and plowed and sowed five acres to wheat the same season, having the honor of being the first settler and harvesting the first crop of wheat in the town. Mr. Hill also established the first school, as a private undertaking, in his own house, and carried forward the measures to build the first district school-house, and taught the first district school in the town. In the year 1832, Levi Rogers, Lyman Williams, Ebenezer Boyden, Roswell Preston, Sr., Roswell Preston, Jr., Reuben Wellman, Jr., and Anthony Rouse, bought land in the north part of the town. Levi Rogers built a house and sowed a piece of wheat. Elisha Adams, Lyman Williams, and Roswell Preston also built, each a house. A few settlers came into the south part of

the township this year. In the year 1833 there was a rush of settlers into the town, and the most desirable locations were all taken.

In the early part of the winter of 1833-4 a meeting was called at the house of H. M. Griffin to petition the legislative council to pass a law enabling town number 3 south, of range number 4 east to organize. A great interest was shown at this meeting in selecting a name for the town. During a debate on the subject, Alexander Peckens moved that it be called Freedom, and that a vote be taken on the name by ballot, which prevailed by a large majority for Freedom. On the 7th of April, 1834, in compliance with the enactment of a law by the legislative council, the first town meeting was held at the house of H. M. Griffin, and an organization was effected by electing H. M. Griffin supervisor, David C. Raymond, town clerk, and other town officers.

LODI.

The first purchase of land in Lodi was made September 29, 1824, by Hugh Christie, it being the southwest quarter of section 36. This gentleman never became a resident. Esq. Williams, who entered three lots on sections 13 and 14, May 9, 1825, has the honor of erecting the first log house, and of being the first settler in the township. During the spring and summer of the same year purchases were made on section 3 by Rufus Knight; on 23 and 24 by Orrin Howe and Adolphus Spoor, and on 35 and 36 by Aaron Austin and Russell Briggs. In the autumn locations were made by Mr. Arnold on section 2, Daniel Allmandinger on 19; Jesse Meehand, Smith Lapham, and Samuel Camp, on 23, 24, and 25.

Most of these parties prepared their houses this season and returned and moved their families in the following spring. A line of marked trees was at this time followed by the pioneer from Ann Arbor to the settlement. In the spring of 1826 a wagon track was cut through the woods from Ann Arbor near where the road now is. During the summer of 1826 the settlement increased rapidly. Timothy Hunt, who located on section 26 in the spring of 1828, where he spent nearly all the remainder of his life, was the last to purchase government land in the eastern part of the township. In the first three years it had nearly all been occupied. The western part was occupied between the years 1830 and 1835. The spring of 1827 found the settlement firmly established and prosperous. A postoffice was established and named Lodi, with Orrin Howe postmaster. This name adhered to the soil. It has ever since been known as Lodi Plains.

PITTSFIELD.

Town 3 south of range 6 east, now Pittsfield, was attached to the following towns under the Territorial government: Two and one-half miles on the north side was set to Ann Arbor, the remaining west half to Saline, and the east part to Ypsilanti.

The first township meeting was held at the house of John Gilbert, on Section 27, April 8th, 1831.

At a preliminary meeting composed of the settlers of the town, held at the McCracken school-house, for the purpose of selecting a name, each of the thirteen persons present chose the name of the town from which they came. Some of the names were too long to suit the majority. On motion of Ezra Carpenter, supported by Rodrick Bowley, the name of Pitt was voted as the corporate name of the town.

Previous to 1834 a diagonal road was laid from Ann Arbor to Saline. On this road where George Henion now resides, Sec. 7, N. E. ¼, lived a Mr. Beckwith at the time of the organization of said town; and immediately after the township meeting, a sign was placed over his door, to the astonishment of all east-siders, thus: "Pit Post Office." The postoffice was soon discontinued at this place, and then located on the south-east corner of Section 2, N. P. Parsons postmaster. This office too was short-lived. As soon as the railroad came west of Ypsilanti, the stage on the South Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti road stopped running, and the postoffice was moved to Section 23 on the Chicago road, Col. John Hoy, postmaster. He finally resigned, and there has been no postoffice in the town of Pittsfield, which was changed from the name of Pitt.

SALINE.

Mr. Orange Risdon stated that the name of Saline was selected for this township at a town meeting held at his house in 1830, when the first meeting was held. The name some years before had been applied to the point near the salt springs; also where the Chicago road crossed the Saline river, upon the northeast section of the township, now occupied by the growing village of Saline. The same name was given to the river by the French at some indefinite period of the past.

Springs are not common in this region. The salt springs have undoubtedly been of greater note in years long gone by than they are at the present time. It has been reported that the largest spring exists in the present bed of the river.

Fifty years ago the ruins of a well were seen by some of the earliest settlers. The report has been current for half a century that salt was made here; also that part of General Anthony Wayne's army wintered here for that purpose. There can be no doubt that the existence of salt at this point drew the deer and other animals, and that the hunters, first with their bows and arrows and afterward with their guns, followed.

Saline village is pleasantly situated on high ground in the northeast corner of the township, with the Saline river on the west, which affords a good water-power. Population about 1,000. The Detroit, Hillsdale & Indiana Railroad gives it railroad communication with the east and west.

SHARON.

The first land bought from the Government was in the fall of 1830, by Mr. Luce from Livingston county, N.Y., on section 32, and afterwards bought and improved by Amasa Gillet. The next was taken by Moses Pool, in the spring of 1831, for his adopted daughter, now Hannah P. Perry, and she occupies the same yet. The next was taken by David I. Sloat, on section 34, in the spring of 1831. About that time the excitement began to rise to fever heat that the north bend of the River Raisin was the place to get the best of farm lands, and people came in from all quarters; the woods were thronged with land lookers by day and night. Before that year passed away most of the land in the town was taken. The first house built in the town was erected by David I. Sloat and his three sons, John, Robison, and Cornelius; and the writer of this sketch (Col. Fellows) was also one of the number that helped on this pioneer house. Elm bark was used for the roofing and the chamber floor; the earth had to be used as the lower floor for the time being. This house was

finished in one week, and the family moved in and called it home. In 1833 a large number of families came into the town, and among the number were Amasa Gillet and Wait Peck.

In the spring of 1834 our town was organized by the act of the Legislative Council of the Territory of Michigan. The first township meeting was held at the house of Oliver Kellogg, on the first Monday of April. Lewis Allen was elected supervisor and Benjamin F. Burnett town clerk; and the other officers necessary for the business of the town were also elected. The village had been known by many by the name of Peppergrass, but about the time of the organization of the township under the name of Sharon, the village fathers applied to the Legislative body for a charter, calling it Sharon.

The name "Sharon" given to town 3 S., 3 E., was largely due to the efforts of Mr. Kellogg and the Row brothers, who were among the first settlers of that township, and were emigrants from a township of that name in the east, hence the name of Sharon.

SUPERIOR.

The first purchaser in the township of Superior was Robert Fleming, who bought the northwest part of northwest quarter of section 31, September 29th, 1823, there being 44.75 acres. The next was Abraham Avery, May 14th, 1824, who bought the W. ½ of S. W. ¼ of section 34. John Brown, Phillip Sines, Isaac Sines, John Dix, James Pullen, George Sarles, Eben Camp, Joseph Sackrider, Samuel W. Dexter, Isaac Thomas, Lawrence L. Arneigh, Joel Wellman, Hugh Christie, and John Phillips are all the persons who bought land in Superior in 1824. Robert Geddes, Henry Kimmel, and Eseck Pray bought in 1825. Others came until all the land in the township was taken. The last piece of United States land sold was the S. ½ of the W. ½ of the S. W. ¼ of sec. 14 to Curtis R. Whitney, Sept. 2d 1847. Eldridge Gee built the first house on the E. ½ of the N. E. ¼ of sec. 33 in February and March, 1823. He says there were no other white persons residing in Washtenaw county at that time. John Dix built next, in May and June 1824. He built the first frame barn in Superior, and probably the first in the county. It was raised in July, 1825. He built a saw-mill in 1826, and a grist-mill some time after, all on section 18. John Dix was from Boston; he was the proprietor of the village of Dixboro; he moved to Texas in the autumn of 1833, and died there a few years ago.

Salem and Superior were organized together under the name of Panama. When they set up for themselves separately, the name of Panama was dropped. Superior called a township meeting to settle on a name, and Superior was adopted. Henry Kimmel introduced the name.

WEBSTER.

When the leading men who first settled the township began to cast about for a name, their deliberations resulted in adopting the name of Webster, after Daniel Webster, who was at that time, in the zenith of his political fame, the leader of the Whig party, the model statesman, and the great expounder of the constitution. Munnis Kenny has the credit of suggesting the name, and Luther Boyden endorsed it. Both of these gentlemen were ardent admirers of Webster.

The territorial act organizing the township of Webster is as follows:

An act to organize the township of Webster, in the county of Washtenaw, approved March, 1833.

Be it enacted by the Legislative Council of the Territory of Michigan:

That the township No. 1 south, range 5 east, is hereby erected into a separate township to be called "Webster," and the same shall be organized and first town meeting held on the first Monday in April, 1833, at the house of John Williams.

Pursuant to the above act the electors of the township of Webster met at the house of John Williams on the first Monday (it being the first day) of April, 1833. Calvin Smith was moderator, Pierpont L. Smith and Theodore Foster inspectors of election, and Moses Kingsley clerk. John Williams was elected supervisor; Moses Kingsley, township clerk, unanimously, he receiving fifty-one votes, being the whole number cast. Pierpont L. Smith, Salmon H. Matthews, and Israel Arms were chosen assessors. Other township officers were elected.

The township of Webster is bounded on the north by Hamburg in Livingston county, east by Northfield, south by Scio, and west by the township of Dexter.

Samuel W. Dexter came to Detroit June 10th, 1824. August 22 he located a large tract of land in Dexter, Webster, and Scio, and built a log house in Webster. He left Michigan that fall in October, and went back east and spent the winter. He was back again the next summer. The house built by Judge Dexter became the residence of Charles B. Taylor the latter part of the summer and fall of the year 1824. Thus Mr. Taylor's family was the first living in the township of Webster.

YPSILANTI.

Mr. Jonathan Morton, in a paper prepared by him, and read before the Washtenaw County Pioneer Society, says: In the month of August, 1824, I came to Ypsilanti from Detroit. At that time there was no road between these places, and I traveled on foot by way of Flat Rock, following an Indian trail. The first settlement in the township of Ypsilanti was at a grove about a mile below the present city, and it was called Woodruff's grove.

When I arrived there were six log houses at the grove, occupied by the following persons: Benjamin J. Woodruff, Robert Stitt, Leonard Miller, Jason Cross, John Bryant, and John Barney. Where the city of Ypsilanti now stands there were two shanties constructed of poles and occupied by George Hall and John Stewart.

Benjamin J. Woodruff was the first settler at the grove, and the first in this county. The first white child born in the county was a son of John Bryant, and he, being the first, was named Alpha Washtenaw.

In 1825 a road was laid out and surveyed by the direction of the United States government, from Detroit to Chicago, passing through Ypsilanti and Saline. How and by whom Ypsilanti was selected as the name for the new settlement, has been the subject of some discussion, and as I remember distinctly the circumstances, I will give them.

In 1825, three persons owned nearly all the land now comprising the city. Their names were John Stewart, William W. Harwood, and Judge Augustus B. Woodward, of Detroit. The first two persons resided at Ypsilanti. They laid out the village, and it was surveyed by Mr. Brookfield, of Detroit. Mr. Stewart first called the village "Waterville." Mr. Harwood wished it to be

named "Palmyra," and Judge Woodward wished it to be named "Ypsilanti," after a noted Grecian general of that name. Mr. Stewart and Mr. Harwood opposed the adoption of this name, and agreed to unite upon "Springfield." They sent Surveyor Brookfield to Detroit to consult with Judge Woodward and have the plat recorded there. When Mr. Brookfield arrived at Detroit, Judge Woodward refused to accept this name, and insisted on calling it Ypsilanti, and the others finally consented, and it was so recorded. The controversy about the name was carried on mainly in my store, at various times, as the parties met there to talk it over.

The following correspondence between the Greek minister and the mayor of Ypsilanti refers to the origin of the name.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, *September 22, 1869.*

Mayor of Ypsilanti:

SIR,—You will confer a real favor on me by informing me how the name of Ypsilanti came to be chosen for your city, and whether it is known there where the name comes from.

As Ypsilanti is purely a modern Greek name, and belongs to one of my relatives, Prince Ypsilanti, I feel confident that you will understand my curiosity, and pardon my addressing you.

Anticipating my sincere thanks, I am, sir, with high consideration,

C. R. RANGABE,
Acting Greek Minister.

YPSILANTI, Mich., *September 27, 1869.*

SIR:—Your favor of the 22d instant came safely to hand, and I now hasten to give you the information which you desire.

You will remember about the year 1824, the Greeks were struggling to maintain their nationality against the invasion of the Turks. In that struggle the American people felt an intense sympathy. In the course of the war the following incident occurred. The Turkish commander, after marching in triumph through nearly the whole length of Morea, came down from Tripolitza with an army of nearly 8,000 men, thinking to lay waste the plain of Argos and to add the city of Napoli to the list of his conquests. In this crisis a noble Greek, named Demetrius Ypsilanti, had rallied about two hundred and twenty men, who, like himself, were ready to die, if need be, for their country, and went out to meet the enemy. The desperate leader and his few equally desperate followers seemed to bear each a hundred lives. The little band triumphed. The name of "Ypsilanti" went up in a shout of glory all over Greece. It crossed the ocean; it found a place in the songs of patriotism in our Atlantic States, and rolled along the shores of these western seas. Patriotic ears in this wilderness heard it, and to them it was so full of charm, so significant of true greatness, that they wished to retain it! Therefore, by unanimous consent, in 1825 the principal residents of this township said: "Let our town be called *Ypsilanti,*"—and so it was named.

I am not quite certain that I am exactly correct in reference to dates and facts, as your people know them, but we so much admire the true patriotism of the Greek leader that we named our town *Ypsilanti.*

PARMENIO DAVIS,
Mayor of Ypsilanti City.

Hon. C. R. Rangabe, Acting Greek Minister, Washington, D. C.

YPSILANTI TOWNSHIP—ITS SETTLEMENT, ETC.

BY JOHN GEDDES.

EDITOR COMMERCIAL:—I address this paper to those who wish to know the truth of the early settlement of Washtenaw county. The first land located in Washtenaw county, Michigan, was the four French claims, so called. They each were one-half mile on the river Huron on the east, and two miles back from the river. The most northern one, No. 691, containing 622.15 acres, was deeded to Romaine LeChambre. The next to Gabriel Godfroy, No. 690, 612 acres. The third claim to Gabriel Godfroy's children, No. 680, 566.90 acres. The fourth, or south claim, to Francis Peppin, No. 681, 561.18 acres. Total, 2,362.23 acres. These claims cost the parties nothing. They were gifts of the United States. John Stewart bought the north claim, No. 691. Probably the last of May, 1824, and about the first day of August the same year, moved on to it, and commenced the settlement of the place afterwards called Ypsilanti.

The first land sold in Washtenaw county was to Eli Kellogg, being the south part of section 9, T. 3 S., R. 7 E., 131.44 acres, July 1st, 1822. He never resided in the county. He sold the land to William W. Harwood, February 1824. The next purchase was by Augustus Brevoort Woodward, being the W. ½ of N. W. ¼, section 10, 80 acres, August 16, 1822. Judge Woodward sold the above 80 acres in 1825 to Lucius Lyon. These were all the lands sold in Washtenaw in 1822. The sale of land in 1823 was as follows: To Benj. J. Woodruff, April 22d, the W. ½ of the N. W. frac. ¼ of section 15, 59.32 acres, and April 28th fractions on 15 and 22, 113.30 acres. Titus Bronson bought April 28th a frac. on the W. part of the S. E. frac. ¼ of section 15, 44.73 acres. This is the Bronson that was the proprietor of Kalamazoo city. Tho. Sackrider bought, June 7th, W. ½ of S. W. ¼ of section 10, 80 acres. Orente Grant bought the east part of the S. E. frac. ¼ of section 15, 100.12 acres, June 30th. Titus Bronson bought, July 7th, a fraction on the N. E. frac. ¼ of section 22, 19.93 acres. John Bryan bought, July 29th, 6½ of S. W. ¼ section 10, 80 acres. Hiram Tuttle bought, August 13th, the N. part of the N. W. frac. ¼ of section 23, 72.10 acres. Hiram W. Johns bought N. part of section 9, 65.20 acres, and a fraction on the N. W. frac. ¼ of section 5, 5.70 acres, August 20th. David McCord bought, September 26th, W. ½ of S. E. ¼ of section 14, 80 acres. Robert Fleming bought the W. ½ of the S. E. frac. ¼ of section 24, 70.60 acres, and the E. ½ of N. W. frac. ¼ of section 24, 97.10 acres. September 29th Harvey S. Snow bought E. ½ of N. E. frac. ¼ of section 24, 85.15 acres. September 29th Erasmus Guilford bought the S. W. ¼ of section 14, 160 acres. October 11th Daniel Cross bought the E. ½ of N. W. ¼, section 15, 78.50 acres. October 20th, George W. Noyes bought the W. ½ of N. E. ¼, section 15, 79 acres. The above are all the lands sold in Ypsilanti in 1823.

In Ann Arbor township, James McCloskey made the first purchase, being all that part of section 26 S. of the Huron river, 18.71 acres, April 25th, 1823. Orin White bought the E. part of S. W. frac. ¼, 66.74 acres, the W. part of the S. W. frac. ¼, 58.43 acres, and the N. E. part of the S. E. frac. ¼ of section 27, 37.19 acres, July 24th, 1823. Robert Fleming bought the N. part of the N. E. frac. ¼ of section 36, 92.80 acres, September 29th. These

are all the lands sold in Ann Arbor township in 1823. Robert Fleming bought the N. W. part of N. W. frac. ¼ of section 31, T. 2 S., R. 7 E. (Superior Town), 44.75 acres, September 29th. That is the only sale in that town in 1823. The above are all the lands sold by the United States previous to 1824 in Washtenaw county, and the names and dates of the purchasers.

Benj. J. Woodruff was the first settler on land bought from United States. He built a house and moved into it with his family, consisting of a wife, six children and a hired woman, June 4th, 1823. Woodruff started the first village in Washtenaw county, named Woodruff's Grove. He was the first justice of the peace, first postmaster, first sheriff, and built the first grist-mill, in the fall of 1824. He came from the State of Ohio here. His house was the first place of general entertainment.

About the first day of June, 1825, the road from Detroit to Chicago was established and was not laid through the Grove, and the village perished. Woodruff moved to Ypsilanti in 1826, and he and his wife died there. Woodruff was a good landlord, being sociable and accommodating. He was not much of a manager, he died poor, and has no monument to mark his grave; I believe it cannot be pointed out.

The next purchaser was Titus Bronson. He sold out his land in the fall of 1826 in Washtenaw. In 1830 he went to Kalamazoo county, located a piece of land on which the stake for the county seat was set. He named the county seat Bronson. After some years the citizens voted it Kalamazoo. Shortly after Bronson left for further west, stopped in Illinois, afterwards located in Iowa, lost his wife and property in Iowa. In the fall of 1852 he went back to Connecticut, and in January, 1853, died there. He had better luck than Benj. J. Woodruff, for his brother placed a monument at his grave saying: "A Western pioneer has returned to sleep with his fathers." Bronson was born Nov. 27th, 1788. He was a single man when he resided in Washtenaw, and was married shortly after to a widow in Ohio. Thos. Sackrider built a house on his 80, probably in 1823. He sowed some wheat in the fall of 1824. He was a carpenter, and sold out long ago, and went to Lenawee county and died there.

Orente Grant came with his family early in the spring of 1824, and resided one-half mile east of the Grove about eight years, and sold out and went to Indiana and shortly after he and his wife died there.

John Bryan and family came to the Grove Oct. 23d, 1823, and built a house and moved into it Dec. 31st, 1823.

Bryan was a carpenter; he built the first bridge over the Huron in Washtenaw county, in the fall of 1827, and the U. S. paid for it. He was one of the contractors for building the old court-house at Ann Arbor in 1834, and Joseph Burt was the other. Shortly after he moved to Constantine, St. Joseph county, and died there years ago.

Hiram Tuttle came in with Woodruff, and settled on the Huron below the Grove, and died there. Hiram W. Johns purchased on the left bank of the Huron adjoining the Eli Kellogg land on the north, and I know nothing of him, he was a transient person. David McCord I never knew. Robt. Fleming built the first saw-mill in Washtenaw county, on section 25, Ann Arbor township, in the summer of 1824. He did not reside in Washtenaw, but in Lewiston, Niagara county, New York. Harvey S. Snow was the owner of Snow's landing, now Rawsonville. He sold to Abel Millington in 1825, and left the county. Erasmus Guilford I know nothing of. Daniel Cross and

family came in the spring of 1824, and sold and bought again, probably in 1826 moved to Saline and from there to Manchester. Finally he came back to Ypsilanti and died there Feb. 15th, 1875. George W. Noyes sold out to Jason Cross in the spring of 1824, and went to Ann Arbor to reside, and in 1826 was the principal partner in building the first gristmill in Ann Arbor, and before the mill was finished he was killed at the raising of Andrew Nowland's house, Nov. 23, 1826.

In 1824 there were fourteen purchases in Ypsilanti township, to wit, John Cahoun, William W. Harwood, Abraham Avery, Walter Oakman, Taylor Stewart, Joseph Brown, Benj. J. Woodruff, John Trotter, John Forbes, John Shaw, Benj. Sutton, David McCord, Michael Haminski, Daniel Cross, probably all dead now. Four of them died in Ypsilanti. Twenty-nine persons purchased in 1825; I know none of them alive to day.

Ypsilanti city was begun by John Stewart in the summer and fall of 1824, on the North French claim. About the first day of June, 1825, the Detroit and Chicago road was laid by U. S. Commissioners, and the line of said road was made the base of Ypsilanti. The line of the road when it struck section line between sections 9 and 10, took a due west course until about three-eighths of a mile west of Huron river, when it took a southwestern direction toward Saline. Shortly after the said Chicago road was laid, John Stewart, Augustus Brevoort, Woodward, and Wm. W. Harwood laid a village plat, Stewart and Woodward on the right bank of the Huron river and Wm. W. Harwood on the left, Mr. Harwood having bought the land that Eli Kellogg bought in 1822. And though each one of the proprietors had a name for the village, Judge Woodward's name prevailed and the place was called Ypsilanti, after a Greek General. Judge Woodward owned the Gabriel Godfroy French claim. The line of said Chicago road when it crossed the river struck the Northeast corner of Woodward's land, and went but a short distance when it came on to Stewart's land. The Chicago road, so called, was made the base of the village. Judge Woodward's residence was in Detroit. Stewart and Harwood's residence was on their own land, when the village was laid out. John Stewart was from Romulus, Seneca county, New York. He sold out to Jason Cross in 1831 and went west near Battle Creek, and died there not a great while ago. And though he had a large family, none of them or any of his descendants are in Ypsilanti now nor have been for many years. Judge Woodward sold out to Larzelere shortly after the village was laid out, and went to Florida, where he died long ago. Mr. Harwood held on for some time, and traded with John Gilbert for land in Pittsfield, where he went to reside and died there. Some of his family are living there now.

John Stewart built the first saw-mill and the first mill-dam across the Huron in Ypsilanti, in the fall of 1826.

Walter Oakman was the first white person that died in Washtenaw county. He was from Glenavey, Antrim county, Ireland. He died September 10, 1824, in the house of Robert M. Stitt, in Woodruff's Grove, aged 20 years.

The first saw-mill, and first mill-dam across the Huron, at what is now Rawsonville, was built in the fall of 1826 by Abel Millington. As to the house on the French trading ground, there are different assertions; the persons that ought to know are dead. The only certainty is that on the 15th of July, 1824, there was a small house of one story there, and George Hall was living in it with his family. I was there myself and saw it.

The provisions, farming implements, household goods, etc., were brought up

the Huron in boats by the first settlers—a slow way of bringing things into Washtenaw. John Bryan is said to be the first person that brought a wagon through from Detroit to Woodruff's Grove on the Chicago trail. It took four days. He brought up to the Grove October 23, 1823. My brother Robert's things were brought up the Huron to Snow's landing, four miles below the Grove. Jonathan G. Morton and Aretus Belden set up the first store in Ypsilanti, in a small way in June, 1825. The same fall David DeForest Ely and Jonathan T. Ely brought a larger stock of goods into Woodruff's Grove. I believe the goods were brought in wagons.

The first grist miller was William F. Stevens. He and his family came in the fall of 1824. He attended Woodruff's grist-mill. The first blacksmith shop was set up by Morton & Belden in June, 1825. Mr. Elmer was the blacksmith. Eldridge Gee says he came into Washtenaw county February 14, 1823, and was the first settler. He built a house on the E ½ of the N E ¼ of section 33, T. 2 S., Range 7 East, Superior. He was a squatter. May 19, 1824, Philip Sines bought the lot from the United States, and ordered Mr. Gee off it.

In page 580 in the third volume of the Michigan State Pioneer Society, Harvey Parke makes a statement that confirms me in the opinion that the house on the French trading grounds was in existence before Benj. J. Woodruff came to Washtenaw. And those who state different are ignorant of the matter.

I thought it was my duty to write the above history and send it to the State Pioneer Society for publication. I thought it a necessity due to the truth.

JOHN GEDDES.

Ann Arbor, Nov. 11, 1882.

CITY OF YPSILANTI.

The city of Ypsilanti is situated on the line of the Michigan Central Railroad, about thirty miles west of Detroit and on both sides of the Huron river, which furnishes it with a good water power, well utilized. Its population in 1880 was 4,984. The State Normal school is located here. It has a good and well maintained school system.

VILLAGE OF MANCHESTER.

This village is agreeably situated in the northeast corner of the township of the same name, on both sides of the river Raisin, upon which is erected a fine flouring mill. The Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, and the Detroit, Hillsdale & Indiana railroads furnish communication with the four points of the compass. Population about 1,200.

VILLAGE OF CHELSEA.

This village is situated on the line of the Michigan Central railroad, about fifty-four miles west of Detroit. It has no water-power, but has a steam flouring mill. It is one of the liveliest business villages in the county. Population about 1,200.

Prof. JOHN C. HOLMES.

WAYNE COUNTY.

JOHN C. HOLMES, EIGHTH PRESIDENT OF THE MICHIGAN STATE PIONEER SOCIETY.

John C. Holmes, the eighth president of the Pioneer Society of the State of Michgan, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on the twenty-fifth day of September, A. D. 1809. He attended public and private schools in Salem, including the Salem Latin Grammar school.

Having decided to find a home in the west, on Wednesday the 18th day of February, A. D. 1835, at one o'clock A. M. he took passage in a stage coach at Boston as the beginning of a long and weary journey westward. Stopping over the Sabbath at Buffalo, N. Y., and getting stuck in the mud about midway of the Black Swamp in Ohio, he arrived at Detroit, Michigan, at 5 o'clock P. M., on the 5th day of March, A. D. 1835, and stopped at the Steamboat Hotel, Benjamin Woodworth, proprietor. A few days after his arrival he entered the store of John and Mason Palmer as a clerk, where he remained till the summer of 1840, with the exception of a few months in 1837–38, which time he spent in the warehouse of Oliver Newberry & Co. In 1835 he joined the "Detroit Young Men's Society," and continued his membership for several years.

In 1837 Mr. John Palmer retired from the firm of John and Mason Palmer, and in the autumn of 1840 Mr. John Palmer and John C. Holmes entered into co-partnership in the dry goods business under the firm name of John Palmer & Co. Both partners being interested in other occupations they discontinued the dry goods business in the spring of 1853.

Having a taste for horticultural, botanical, and entomological pursuits especially, and the study of natural history in general, and having had some practical experience in the line of horticulture before leaving New England, Mr. Holmes, while still in the dry goods business, established a nursery on a limited scale in Detroit, in the spring of 1845, which he continued till the autumn of 1853, when, the city having encroached upon his twenty-acre nursery, flower garden, and orchard, he sold the premises and retired from the business.

In 1847 he was elected president of the Detroit Horticultural Society that was organized in 1846. In 1847 he took charge of the horticultural department of the Michigan Farmer, and subsequently he became horticultural editor of the Farmer's Companion.

In 1848 he was elected a member of the Detroit Board of Education, and resigned in 1850.

At his suggestion the Michigan State Agricultural Society was organized March 17th, 1849, and he was elected its secretary, which office he held until the autumn of 1857, when, in consequence of other engagements, he declined a re-election.

While holding the office of secretary of the State Agricultural Society, he conceived the idea of starting a State Agricultural College; and with this view he requested the executive committee of the State Agricultural society to petition the Legislature to establish a State Agricultural College independent of all other institutions of learning, and to appropriate for its benefit the twenty-two sections of salt spring lands then unappropriated, and which the

constitution of the State says the Legislature may appropriate for the support and maintenance of an Agricultural school.

A petition was sent to the Legislature and the result was the passage of a bill for the establishment of an Agricultural College, which was approved by the Governor on the 12th day of February, 1855.

The College being established, it was dedicated and opened for the reception of students on the 13th day of May, 1857. Mr. Holmes was appointed treasurer of the College, and Professor of Horticulture; which offices he accepted and after a time resigned to return to his home in Detroit.

In 1854 he was elected president of what was then the State Horticultural society and held the office two or three years. In 1873 he became a member of the Wayne County Pioneer Society, and in 1882 he was elected its president.

On the evening of the 11th day of March, 1874, he was present at a meeting in Lansing, called for the purpose of organizing a State Pioneer Society, and was elected secretary of the meeting. At an adjourned meeting held April 22, 1874, the Pioneer Society of the State of Michigan was fully organized and he declined an election as secretary.

At the annual meeting of the Pioneer Society held February 2, 1876, he was elected chairman of the committee of historians and continued in that office until February, 1881, when he was elected president of the society for one year. At the annual meeting held in June, 1882, he was again elected chairman of the committee of historians.

The Detroit Scientific Association was organized on the 16th of April, 1874. Mr. Holmes was then elected its librarian and curator of entomology, and at the annual meeting of the association held in May, 1878, he was elected its president, and now, in May, 1883, he continues to hold these offices in the Scientific association.

CHARLES I. WALKER, NINTH PRESIDENT OF THE MICHIGAN STATE PIONEER SOCIETY.

Charles I. Walker was born in Butternuts, Otsego county, New York, on the 25th day of April, 1814, of New England parentage, his father being a native of Providence, R. I., and his mother a Quakeress from Nantucket. His school education closed at sixteen, and was in the district school of his native village, with the exception of one term in a select school at Utica. He then taught school for a few months, when he became a clerk in a store. When of age he engaged in mercantile business on his own account in Cooperstown, N. Y.; but in the spring of 1836 sold out and came to Grand Rapids, in this State, as agent for an eastern capitalist engaged in buying land in Michigan. He had the charge of these lands and purchased others, but the suspension of specie payments in 1837 put an end for many years to all land speculation. He then purchased an interest in the Grand River Times, and became its editor. Not finding this profitable he commenced the study of law. In 1840 he was elected to the Legislature. In the fall of 1841 he left Michigan to complete his law studies, and was admitted to practice in 1842, at Brattleboro, Vt., and continued to practice in that State until 1851, when he came to Detroit, where he has since resided and been engaged in the practice of his profession, except for about a year, when he was judge of the Wayne circuit court, which position he resigned because of inadequate salary.

In 1859 he was appointed one of the professors of the law school at Ann

Engd by E.G. Williams & Bro. N.Y.

Yours truly
D. Shearer

Arbor, then just established, which position he occupied until 1874, when he resigned.

He was for some years a member and the president of the Board of State Charities.

Soon after taking up his residence in Detroit he became deeply interested in the early history of that city and of the northwest. In 1854, as president of the Young Men's Society, he read a paper on "The Early History of Detroit." Soon after, he with others, engaged in reviving the old Historical Society of Michigan, and for some years it had frequent meetings. Mr. Walker prepared several papers, which were read before the society; among them were the following: "De La Motte Cadillac and the First Ten Years of Detroit;" "The Early Jesuits in Michigan;" "Michigan from 1796 to 1805;" "The Civil Administration of General Hull."

In 1871 he read before the Historical Society of Wisconsin a paper, now published in the third volume of the Pioneer Collections, "The Northwest During the Revolution."

JONATHAN SHEARER, THIRD PRESIDENT OF THE MICHIGAN STATE PIONEER SOCIETY.

Jonathan Shearer, pioneer and farmer of Plymouth, Michigan, was born in Franklin county, State of Massachusetts, August 23d, 1796. His father, William Shearer, at that time a farmer, was an honored soldier and officer in the war of the revolution. His mother, Elizabeth Morton, was the daughter of a prominent merchant and ship owner of Boston, in his day.

Jonathan was the seventh son of his parents, with whom he resided most of the time until he became of age. At the call of his country at the early age of seventeen years, he served as a volunteer under General Macomb in the campaign of 1814. He received his education in the academy of Professor Hitchcock of Deerfield, Massachusetts, and of Professor Chase of Renssalaer county, New York.

After leaving school he studied medicine two years and law one year, and then abandoned the idea of a professional life and adopted that of a farmer. In the year 1822 he removed to the town of Phelps, Ontario county, State of New York, where he bought a farm and was married the same year to Christina Duvall, a native of Newport, Rhode Island. They had six children, only two of whom, George W. M. Shearer, who now resides in Jackson, and Joseph J. Shearer, in Greenville, Michigan, survive him. At the time of his settlement in Phelps, the country was comparatively new and unimproved, but soon after that, the Erie canal was opened through to Buffalo, lands rapidly raised in value, he having in the meantime improved his farm, built good buildings, and was very successful in his farming and business operations. After a residence in Phelps of fourteen years, he sold his farm there in the early spring of 1836, and turned his course westward, and fell in with the great mass then swarming to Michigan and other western States. He made an extensive prospecting tour through a great portion of the lower peninsula of this State, mostly on foot, at which time he selected and purchased about 1,300 acres of new, unimproved lands—a section of 640 acres in the county of Ingham, and the remainder in Genesee and Lapeer counties—besides a farm of 120 acres in the town of Plymouth, Wayne county, for a homestead, on which improvements were just commenced. He removed his family there in

June, 1836, where he resided until his death, which occurred September 26th, 1881. He was in independent circumstances pecuniarily, and died at the ripe old age of 85, in the possession of all his faculties, full of honors as of years.

He was elected and served five years as supervisor of his adopted town of Plymouth, two years as superintendent of the county poor, three years as a county commissioner, during which time he was largely instrumental in purchasing and establishing the present Wayne county poorhouse and farm.

In 1841, he was elected State senator for the district then comprising the counties of Wayne, Macomb, St. Clair, Sanilac, and Huron, to serve an unexpired term of one year. The next year he was re-elected for two years, the full term, in the same district, thus serving in the Senate for the sessions of 1842, '43, and '44. In 1851, he was elected a member of the House of Representatives, where he served for two years, and in 1867 he was elected and served as a member of the State Constitutional Convention.

While in the Senate he was very active in securing the passage of a law to establish county agricultural societies, and under which law, as amended in 1847, the present State Agricultural Society was organized, and of which he was an officer for a number of years.

He was one of the early and efficient members of this Pioneer Society, was elected and served as its third President for the years 1876–7, and did much to help establish it in the hearts of the people of Michigan, as an instrumentality for obtaining a correct knowledge of the early settlers, pioneers, and history of the State.

Mr. Shearer was an indefatigable and intelligent worker in all the offices so honorably filled by him.

He was a good and successful farmer, was always an enthusiastic promoter of every project favoring agriculture and its improvement, a liberal and successful exhibitor, and supporter of our early county and State fairs.

He was a man of great energy and perseverance, earnest in his purposes, a warm but conservative democrat all his life, but ever holding the public interest as his first and sacred duty. He was a citizen and pioneer of which any State might well be proud; for it is to the labors, trials, and indomitable energies and services for the *right*, of such men that Michigan can ascribe her present enviable position among the great States of this prosperous and free government.

THE OLD THOMPSON TAVERN AT DEARBORNVILLE.

Mr. Thompson, the original proprietor of the old log tavern at Dearbornville, left it in the autumn of 1836, and was succeeded by his son-in-law, John Cochran. In the spring of 1837 Capt. Webb, who was stationed at the arsenal, claimed that the building stood on Government ground, and ordered it moved off. His order not being complied with, he took about fifty ordnance men and men in the Government employ at the arsenal, with tackles and falls, and tore it down. Col. Joshua Howard was United States marshal, and resided at Dearborn; he laid out the village, and was overseer of the Government buildings. In order to prevent trouble, on the evening previous to the date decided upon for the destruction of the tavern, he went there and remained over night; the next morning the seige commenced. Col. Howard ordered the soldiers away, and tried to prevent the destruction of the building, but they paid no heed to him.

The citizens collected and objected to the tearing down process. This caused some altercation, in which a Mr. Potter, one of the citizens, was struck on the head with a club that was probably the cause of his death a short time afterward. The house was destroyed and the ground fenced in as Government premises, and remains so to this day.

April 16th, 1881. WILLIAM NOWLIN.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

THE TAX-ROLL FOR HIGHWAYS FOR DISTRICT No. 5, 1812.

	No. of Days.
Gov. William Hull, cart 4 days @ 4s., balance paid by S. Mack	15
Hon. James Witherell	15
Hon. A. B. Woodard	15
Reuben Atwater, Esq	
Col. Henry I. Hunt	15
William Forsyth	10
Joseph Campau	15
Elijah Brush, Esq	15
James May, Esq	15
Stephen Mack	15
Capt. John R. Williams	15
Solomon Sibley, Esq	15
John McDonald	15
Joseph Thibo	15
Major Joseph Farwell	15
David Beard (paid by S. Mack)	15
William Jones	15
Richard H. Jones	15
John Hawey	10
Conrad Ten Eyck	10
Josiah Wendell	10
Joseph Watson	10
Geo. McDougall, Esq	10
Dennis Campau	10
Benj. Woodworth	10
Col. John Whipple	10
*Labbie Campau	10
Dr. Wm. McCroskry	10
Dr. Wm. Brown	10
Abraham Cook	10
Peter Desnoyers	10
Robert Smart	10
Presque Coaty (Coti)	10
Peter Adrian, Esq	10
Benjamin Chittenden	10
Abraham C. Truax	10
John S. Robie (Roby)	10
Elijah Warner	3
Joel Thomas	5
James McCloskey	3
Capt. Levi Collier	5
Captain Phillip Lawyer?	5
Conrad Seek	5
Henry Berthelette	5
John Baptiste Peltier	5
Louis C. Boyt	3
Abraham Wendell	3
Thos. Cole	3
Silas Clapp	3
Geo. E. Wilson	3
Allen Rice	3
J. C. C. Witherell (pd. by S. Mack)	3
—— Lamberton	3
Jacob C. Cook	3
Joseph La Clerc	3
William Tourner	3
Andrew Brown	3
Igasuh Degerdin	5
Francis Gobbie, Sen	3
Charles Gobbie	2
—— Pharoh	2
—— Mormeth	2
—— Ellair	2
Augustin Ray	2
Thomas Ashbrooks	2
John Bentley	4
John Collier	2
Samuel Pogen	2
Wm. Pogen	2
David McLane	2
Rene Lanzevin	2
Jean B. Durette	2
Jean Baptiste Tremble	2
Prince Dote	2
Abraham Post	1
James Baker	1
Scipio at Forsyth's	1
Thomas at Audrian's	1
Thomas Hanton	1
Nicholas Fortune	1
Louis St. George	1
Pompey Lester	1
Joseph Quin	1
——Hester	1
Jonathan Burgess	1
——Charlo	1
Mary Ann Man	1
Wm. Devenport	1
Thomas A. May	1
Negro at Judge Woodard's	1

*This was Barnabas Campau. He was known by the soubriquet of "L'Abbe."

The above is copied from an original tax-roll found among the papers of the late David Cooper. The original sent to J. C. Holmes by David M. Cooper to copy from.

August 22d, 1881.

THE FIRST SAW-MILL IN DETROIT.

BY HON. C. C. TROWBRIDGE.

Thomas W. Palmer, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your note requesting me to give you some facts with regard to the introduction of steam for manufacturing lumber in Detroit, and I cheerfully comply.

In the year 1832 a lawyer, Hon. E. A. Brush, a warehouseman, Josiah R. Dorr, and a banker—that is the writer—put their heads together to study out something which might be done in our then growing city, whose population was between 2,000 and 3,000, to promote its progress in arts and manufactures. The three gentlemen, who knew as much about saw-mills and steam engines as they did about eating rice with chop-sticks, gravely decided that they had a call to build a steam saw-mill. They had never seen one, had never seen a man who had seen one, "but had heard tell on 'em down in York State," as a great invention, so they proceeded to negotiate with Mr. Antoine Beaubien for a piece of water front at the foot of Hastings street, and they purchased 120 feet front to the channel for $450. They could have had half a mile west at the same rate, and a mile more east of Hastings street, for half that price. Dexter Merrill was the leading man for heavy frame work, and he was employed to build the mill-frame. When the engine was added, this "Detroit Steam Mill Company," as it was called, needed a foreman, and as Merrill was honest and patient, he attained that honor. At that day belt gearing and Mulay saws were keeping company with the electric telegraph, and saw-dust was disposed of by boating it out into the channel and setting adrift enroute to Niagara, the fuel being cord wood of the best quality. Imagine a heavy saw-gate attached by square gearing to a small, weak engine. Imagine the inexperienced engineer putting on a little too much steam, and just as everything seemed to promise great success to those enterprising citizens, finding himself stunned by a crash of machinery. Fancy the consternation of the foreman, who not "bein' brought up to the bizness," did not know how to prevent the catastrophe or provide a remedy. This was the way we did it for about two years, when Dr. Justin Rice, a druggist, and Dr. Thomas B. Clarke, a physician, both very estimable men, but not *particularly* skilled in running steam engines, thought they could improve upon the practice of the original proprietors, and so they purchased the property. They did improve very much upon the former state of things, but it was not until Mr. B. Wight took it and enlarged it that full development was given to the business.

HISTORY OF THE OLD FIRE DEPARTMENT IN DETROIT.

From the Detroit Post, March 20th, 1870.

The early history of the city of Detroit shows that one of the most persistent enemies that ever retarded its growth and prosperity is fire. Its myriad tongues have often lapped at the very life of the city. The buildings that had one by

one been reared by the unwearied perseverance of sturdy pioneers, until the whole formed a pretentious village, have in a few brief hours, been reduced to ashes by the brand applied by the treacherous savage. The gory forms of scalped heroes have been half buried by the smouldering ruins of their log cabins, and lain there powerless to respond to the piteous cries of women and children; a summons that in life would nerve every fibre of the body for instant and deadly struggle. Not once, but many times, did the bright glare of devouring flame light up the forests that surrounded the infant city, revealing desperate men battling with the frightful foe for their homes and little store of worldly wealth.

ATTEMPTS TO BURN THE FIRST FORT.

Although the banks of the Detroit river had been pressed by civilized feet as early as the year 1610, Detroit was not founded until 1701, when LaMotte Cadillac erected a fort near the present site of the Michigan Exchange, and gathered about him a few adventurous spirits. Three years later a hostile horde of Indians, instigated by the English, attempted to burn this fort, and met with partial success. It was immediately repaired, and when the Fox Indians afterwards attempted to destroy it with the brand, they were repulsed with considerable loss. During the year 1763 the Indian chief Pontiac resolved upon its destruction, but after nearly 12 months of constant siege, during which he adopted every device known to savage warfare, he was obliged to withdraw from the field. The residents of the fort and surrounding buildings suffered greatly, but the former structure, though often fired, was not destroyed.

In 1805, when Detroit had become quite a village, occupying the space now bounded by Griswold and Wayne streets on the east and west, and extending from the river to Larned street, and when a large fort stood a sentinel of fancied security at the corner of Shelby and Fort streets, the fire fiend again made its appearance, and did not depart until but a single house remained to mark the spot where happy homes had been erected amidst bright anticipations of the future.

FIRE DEPARTMENT OF 1805.

The means of protection from fire at this date were extremely limited, and of the most primitive description. The fire department was large in proportion to the population of the village, for every able-bodied citizen was required to respond to all alarms of fire, and bring with him a bucket, the only means that they had at command to extinguish fires. It is true that in the garrison a small engine had been constructed that was worked by two levers, after the style of the pump in general use upon the decks of lake vessels of the present day. It was about as efficient in times of a conflagration as garden hose would prove at present. This fact was ascertained at the time of the fire mentioned above, and after the new cabins commenced rising above the ashes of those that had been destroyed, more efficient preparations were made to combat the devouring enemy in the future. Bucket, bag, axe, and battering-ram companies were formed. Each male citizen was required to provide himself with a pair of buckets and a yoke for carrying water. Each citizen was also required to keep a ladder in an accessible position at his residence, and to keep a large tank constantly filled with water. These tanks were fitted with handles, and a long pole so that they could be borne to a fire upon the shoulders of men. In case of a fire, lines of men, women, and children were formed from the river

to the burning building, and the buckets passed rapidly from hand to hand until they reached the end of the line, when the last man dashed their contents upon or at the fire. Unless the fire was discovered before it had gained much headway, the building must burn, for the heat would be so intense that the water could not be thrown upon the fire. In such cases the attention of the fire department was turned to the protection of adjoining buildings. The roof and walls were continually drenched with water by some fearless spirit who mounted to the ridge-pole, and had the buckets passed up to him. A person who was unsophisticated in such matters might naturally suppose that a large quantity of water could be passed by a line of men in a short space of time, but the facts do not warrant any such conclusion. Everybody seems to think that he should collect toll of every bucket passing through his hands, and managed in some manner to waste a portion of the contents. One man snatches the bucket in such haste that a portion of the water is spilled, the next bumps it against his knees as he swings it past his person (in such cases the water invariably falls into one's boots,) and another, in his feverish haste, drops it from his hands. He catches it up, drained to the last drop, and passes it right along without being cognizant of the error. In general, buckets holding two gallons will reach the fire with about two quarts of water, provided they are not inverted during transportation.

THE FIRST FIRE ENGINE.

During the war of 1812, Commodore O. H. Perry caused his flag-ship to be provided with a fire engine, and in 1815, at the close of the war, the city of Detroit, by municipal action, purchased this machine and organized a fire company. This was considered a full and efficient safeguard against fire, and was the reliance of the city until 1825, when the first mayor of the city, the Hon. John R. Williams, advised the purchase of a large engine that was given the name of "Protection."

This engine was kept on Larned street, near the corner of Bates street, in the building now known as the old Firemen's Hall, and proved a very serviceable machine, remaining in active service for upwards of 30 years. The location was, however, often changed, both in the case of this engine and others, it being the custom of the common council, when the growth of the city called for an addition to the fire department, to give the newly purchased and consequently more efficient engine to some of the centrally located companies, while the old machine found its way to the outer wards. Here it was somewhat repaired, dressed with a new coat of paint, changed its name without legislative enactment, and became the pride of a new fire company.

This first company remained as an active organization until steam fire-engines were introduced to the city, when it found its occupation gone, and disbanded.

RIVAL COMPANIES.

In 1827 "Protection Engine Company, No. 1" had a rival. "Eagle Company, No. 2," was formed, an engine procured, and the headquarters established on the west side of the Campus Martius, the present site of the new City Hall. Six years later the department was still farther increased by the formation of "Wolverine Company, No. 3." This engine was located near the foot of Randolph street, at the old "Washington Market," but was subse-

quently removed to the south side of Larned street, between Brush and Beaubien streets.

Previous to the year 1840 "Lafayette, No. 4" was added to the department, an engine of the "Goose Neck" pattern having been purchased for the use of that company. This engine was located near the corner of Larned and Wayne streets, where the steamer of the same name now stands. It seems that in those days being a fireman was esteemed either a pleasure or a duty, for the names of most of our prominent elderly citizens appear upon the rolls of membership of one company and another. Amidst a score of others who afterwards arrived at distinction and opulence, the late Anson Burlingame was at one time and for several years an active member of this company, Zachariah Chandler, Eben N. Wilcox, W. R. Noyes, and William B. Wesson being his fellow firemen.

THE FIRE OF 1837.

In May, 1837, at the time of the second destructive conflagration that for a time paralyzed the energies of the citizens of Detroit, this last mentioned engine had not been purchased, the entire department then consisting of but three engines and about 100 men. This fire broke out about 1 o'clock A. M., on the morning of May 1st, but its origin was never definitely settled. The prevailing opinion at the time was that it originated in a bakery on the east side of Woodward avenue, near the dock, but there were many who asserted that the flames had their origin in a ball alley in the same building.

The press of the day states that the Fire Department were promptly on hand, but, despite their utmost endeavors, the flames spread to adjoining buildings, and before the fire could be suppressed 56 buildings were in ashes. The burnt district was from the river to Woodbridge street, and from Woodward avenue to Bates street. The number of individual sufferers by this fire was 37, and the entire loss was estimated at $130,000, but a small proportion of which was covered by insurance.

This fire caused a great deal of excitement, and much newspaper discussion. Not a few claimed that the fire could have been extinguished in a single hour had the firemen endeavored to accomplish such a desirable end. The firemen, in a communication inserted in a daily paper and addressed to the citizens, declared that they were powerless to extinguish the fire sooner. They had but three engines, and one of these was comparatively useless for want of hose.

This discussion resulted beneficially, for a fourth engine was added to the department, and the "Hurlbut Hose Company" and "Rescue Hook, Ladder and Axe Company" were formed and equipped.

THE DEPARTMENT CHARTERED.

On the 11th of January, 1840, the Fire Department, having received a charter from the Legislature, met at the old Firemen's Hall, on Larned street, for the purpose of permanent organization, George L. Whitney and James A. Van Dyke appeared as delegates from engine company No. 1, Merrit Fisher and Henry M. Roby from No. 2, Peter E. Demill and A. R. Booth from No. 3, Eben N. Wilcox and William B. Wesson from No. 4, M. L. Gage and W. C. Voorhies from the Hose Company, and George Byrd and Samuel Clements from the Hook and Ladder Company. This committee reported a constitution and by-laws setting forth that they were designed for the more perfect organization of the Department, and to provide for the relief and maintenance of

disabled and indigent firemen and their families. The officers of the Association were to consist of a president, vice president, secretary, treasurer, and collector, to be chosen at the annual meeting on the third Monday of January of each year.

This report was unanimously adopted, and at a subsequent meeting Robert E. Roberts was chosen President, Frederick Buhl, Vice President, Edmund R. Kearsley, Secretary, Darius Lamson, Treasurer, and Elijah Goodell, Collector. The Presidents succeeding Mr. Roberts from then to the present time were John Owen, Chauncy Hurlbut, David Smart, James A. Van Dyke, Eben N. Wilcox, John Patton, R. T. Elliott, John D. Fairbanks, Benjamin Vernor, H. H. Wells, Henry W. Newberry, Stanley G. Wight, Lucretius H. Cobb, Theodore H. Hinchman and Robert McMillan, some of them serving several terms. The organization over which these gentlemen presided resulted in much good, but did not afford absolute protection, for on the first day of January, 1842, a fire broke out in the Coyle House, an old wooden hotel then occupying the site of the present postoffice, and before it could be extinguished, property to the amount of nearly $200,000 was consumed.

THE CONFLAGRATION OF 1848.

Soon after the fire of 1842, "Phœnix" Company No. 5. was formed, and located their engine at the house now occupied by Steamer No. 3, on Clifford street, but in 1855 the name of this company was temporarily changed to "Washington." Its former appellation was soon resumed, however, and the name has descended to the steamer of the present day. Still later, the "Rough and Ready," afterwards and at present, the "Neptune" Company, was formed, and had its headquarters at the corner of Larned and Antoine streets. The "Union" No. 7 was located at the corner of Larned and Riopelle, and with this force the citizens felt secure against any extensive conflagration. This fancied security was destined to be dispelled, however, and by one of the most disastrous fires ever known in the city.

The propeller *St. Joseph* was lying at the dock in front of De Wolf's warehouse, better known as the "Old Yellow Warehouse," between Bates and Randolph streets, and at half past 10 o'clock on the morning of May 10th, 1848, the building was ignited by sparks from the smoke-stack of the vessel. This building was old and burned like tinder. The flames spread with frightful rapidity, and in a single hour the entire block, with the exception of Brewster and Dugeon's warehouse and Thompson's hotel, was filled with flame. The fire department was powerless to arrest its progress, and with great rapidity the flames devoured the buildings south of Atwater street, crossed that street, consumed all the buildings east of the alley between Bates and Randolph streets, eastward to Brush street, excepting a building on the southeast corner of Atwater and Brush streets. Crossing Woodbridge street it kept on its relentless course to Jefferson avenue, then turning to the eastward it extended nearly to Beaubien street, where its course was stayed at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, after almost superhuman efforts by the inhabitants who had left their avocations to battle with the flames. Indeed it seemed that to extinguish this fire was made a common cause. At the hours passed and saw the flames spreading from store to store, and from dwelling to dwelling, all work was suspended excepting that of struggling to arrest the progress of the conflagration. As the hours dragged along amidst the most agonizing suspense, and brave, strong men began to feel their energies flag, they were

supplied with food and coffee by their wives, mothers, and daughters, pausing momentarily to swallow the so-much-desired food, and then manning the brakes with renewed energy. Instances of individual daring were common, and pipemen fainted at their post from excessive heat and exhaustion. At one time it was feared that not even the width of Jefferson avenue would stop the progress of the flames. Buildings on the opposite side smoked from the intense heat. Clouds of cinders filled the air, and, falling upon the roofs of buildings already heated nearly to combustion, a tiny tongue of flame would immediately spring up, and the building could only be saved from the conflagration by persons who mounted to the roof provided with buckets of water. At points as far remote from the fire as the corner of Crogan and Randolph streets, such precautions were found necessary.

Nearly 250 buildings were consumed, 107 of which were dwellings, rendering 300 families homeless. Amongst other dwellings of note that were destroyed, was the old Wales' Hotel, the first brick building constructed in Michigan, and during the war of 1812 the headquarters of Gen. Hull. The entire loss by this fire was upward of $250,000, and the terrible disaster was felt for several years. At least 10 acres of territory were burned over, but a few years saw it covered with warehouses and stores, those who had formerly dwelt there finding residences in the outer wards.

FIREMEN'S HALL.

During the year 1847 it was found that the Firemen's hall on Larned street was not adequate to the wants of the department, and at a meeting of the trustees, on the 12th of December of that year, the matter of erecting a suitable building was referred to a special committee. Soon afterward the committee reported in favor of such action, but they disagreed upon the location. Some of the trustees were in favor of locating the hall on a back street where a site could be purchased cheaply, but happily these were in a minority, and in September of the following year the committee were instructed to purchase the lot on the corner of Jefferson avenue and Randolph street, where the hall now stands. For this lot they paid the entire amount in the treasury—$6,000—but securing a loan of $8,000, on the 17th of June, 1850, the work of construction was commenced. For want of sufficient funds the building progressed but slowly, and it was not until January 7, 1853, that the hall was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, although it had previously been open to the public. The building completed cost nearly $20,000, and the organization at once set about paying this debt. Several of the engine companies contributed; donations were received from private citizens, and the lady friends of the brave firemen gave an art exhibition and fair that netted the sum of $1,000. The lower portion of the building was rented for stores, and a few years' time saw the fire department free from debt. In 1858 the front and roof of the building were reconstructed at an expense of $6,000, and at the present time the property is valued at $50,000.

OTHER FIRE ENGINES.

After the conflagration of 1848 the fire department rapidly increased, the number of companies before mentioned being increased by the formation of "Mechanics" No. 8, afterwards changed to "Continental." This company was located on Third street, between Lafayette and Howard streets. The house of "Detroit" No. 9, was on Gratiot, between Beaubien and Antoine

streets, at present being known as Lafayette hall. The "Operative" company No. 10 was on Orchard street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, in the house now occupied by steamer No. 4. The "Spouters" No. 11, were at the corner of St. Aubin and Jefferson avenues, and "Woodbridge" No. 12 at the corner of Fort and Thompson (now Twelfth) streets. Besides these engines there was the "May Flower" No. 76, belonging to the Michigan Central Railroad, and "No. 55," at Jackson & Wiley's foundry. Besides the "Rescue" Hook and Ladder company there was the "Relief" Hook and Ladder, the Hurlbut Hose company, nicknamed the "Forty Thieves," and the "Le Roy" Hose; but this last organization was short-lived.

JOINED ANOTHER COMPANY.

Numerous anecdotes are related of these various companies, and amongst others it is narrated that soon after the organization of the "Spouters" it was found that the treasury was depleted. A committee was appointed to investigate the matter, and at a subsequent meeting reported that they had been defrauded by the treasurer. That functionary was not present, and by a vote of the company he was expelled, and a successor chosen. After the meeting adjourned a deputation of members came down town to find the defaulter and make him disgorge. He was not to be found at any of his usual haunts, and with some difficulty they traced him to a church where several members were to be admitted to membership that evening. As the committee entered the portals of the sanctuary they were not a little surprised to see the erring fireman standing at the baptismal font, and a moment later they saw him partake of the sacrament. Under the circumstances they concluded to defer their business with him until some more favorable occasion. A day or two later they called upon him, and in reply to the inquiry what he meant by such conduct, he replied, "Well, boys! I got tired of your organization, and concluded to join another."

FIRST AT THE FIRE.

The company mentioned above had the reputation of being the first at a fire, there being considerable rivalry between them and No. 7's boys. Upon the occasion when they put an end to all further controversy upon their relative merits, it is alleged that one of the officers of the department was coming down Jefferson avenue about midnight, and was considerably surprised to see the "Spouters," with their engine, slowly and as noiselessly as possible, coming down the sidewalk below the railroad bridge. When they reached the corner of Riopelle street they stopped, and so did the officer, to watch them. A moment later and a bright light was seen emanating from an old shed in the rear of No. 7's house, a cry of "fire!" was heard, and away round the corner went No. 11's boys with their engine. Long before the "Union" company could reach the scene the "Spouters" had a stream of water upon the fire, and laughed heartily as their rivals came up with their engine. It is needless to add that it is impossible to make any of No. 7's boys believe that that fire was not a "put-up job."

A FIGHT AND A DEATH.

The Detroit fire department seems to have been less inclined to rivalry and jealousy than is frequently the case with the departments of other cities; at least the members were less addicted to the fights and disturbances that are

generally attributed to firemen. Personal malice was never known to interfere with duty, and beyond a commendable spirit of rivalry in reaching a fire there is little to note. One or two disturbances are noted.

At the time that the telegraph announced the successful laying of the submarine cable, the members of "Lafayette" company built a huge bonfire in front of their engine-house, on Wayne street, in honor of the event. The "Continental" boys saw the light, and came down with their engine to put out the fire, but this the "Lafayette" company would not allow them to do, and quite a disturbance occurred. Nothing serious transpired however, and the matter might have been forgotten had not these two companies happened to meet at the corner of Michigan and Washington avenues one morning, while returning from a fire, wet and cross. Under such circumstances a few words only were found necessary to set paving-stones, clubs, engine-wrenches, and every available missile in motion. The result was that the muster roll of these companies was not full for many a day.

An affair of a much more serious nature occurred at the time of the burning of Brady's warehouse in 1861. A young man named William Brown, a member of the "Woodbridge" engine company, became somewhat intoxicated at the fire, and after it was extinguished, and they had returned to their quarters, laid down on the floor and went to sleep. Not long afterward a man named Thomas Canane, who had been running with a rival company, came in, and seeing Brown lying on the floor, gave him a heavy kick in the head that resulted fatally. Canane was afterwards tried for murder, but as there was no evidence of any intent to kill Brown, he was only convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to the State prison for 15 years. After remaining there about two years he was pardoned out upon condition of enlisting in the army, and is stated to have made a faithful, efficient soldier.

THE DEPARTMENT DISBANDED.

During the year 1855 some disaffection arose between the fire companies and the municipal government. The Fire Department received no compensation for their services, the city merely providing the companies with engines, houses, and supplies. For some time previous to the above-mentioned date private citizens had complained about the practice of the engine companies going to fires upon the sidewalks, a practice that resulted diastrously to gates, shade trees, and the palings of yard fences. An ordinance was passed prohibiting such use of sidewalks, and during the year mentioned above, many of the companies drew their machines to Firemen's hall and disbanded. Still others sent delegates to announce the same state of affairs, and for a time the city had few if any, active firemen. In this dilemma large numbers of business men tendered their services, were organized, and were known as the "Silk Stocking" firemen. One by one the experienced firemen of the city returned to duty, and no further changes of note took place until the introduction of

THE STEAM FIRE DEPARTMENT.

In 1860 the common council took action in regard to procuring steam fire-engines for the city of Detroit. The first one procured was the "Lafayette" steamer No. 1, a first-class Amoskeag machine, and it went into service on the 4th of October of the same year, being placed in the engine-house on Wayne street, between Larned and Congress streets.

On the 7th of January of the following year "Neptune" No. 2 was housed at the corner of Larned and Antoine streets, and in July following "Phœnix" No. 3 was placed at the house on Clifford street. These three machines are all of the same description, and have a capacity of 600 gallons of water per minute. They have now been in service about nine years, and are known as efficient machines, well conducted, and always reliable. They soon grew into such general favor that in the fall of 1864 it was decided to procure enough steamers to protect the entire city from serious conflagration, and do away with the few remaining hand-engines, a movement that met with universal approbation. During the year 1865 two second-class Amoskeag engines were procured, the "K. C. Barker" going into service at the engine-house on Orchard, between Fifth and Sixth streets, on the 11th of February, and the "James A. Van Dyke," No. 5, at the corner of Larned and Riopelle streets, on the 27th of June following. These steamers have a capacity of 400 gallons per minute.

On the 1st of April, 1868, the number of steam fire-engines was still further increased by the purchase of "Detroit" No. 6, a second-class engine, with a capacity of 500 gallons per minute. The house for this engine is located at the corner of Russell and High streets, and the engine compares favorably with the other steamers now in use in the city.

Before the advance of these modern fire annihilators, the hand engines have slowly receded. With the advent of the steamers the old machines have disappeared. The first sound of the bell in the towers of the steam engine houses was the death knell of their predecessors. Compared with these mighty fire extinguishers, capable of throwing four one and one-fourth inch streams with overwhelming force, the best efforts of the most formidable of the hand engines were weak and puerile. When the "Lafayette" steamer went into service, companies 1, 2, 4, and 8 of the old department were disbanded, or soon afterward, and as other steamers were procured, other companies were disbanded, and the machines were purchased by companies from interior cities and towns, until, with the exception of individual enterprises, there are none remaining in the city. It their day they were considered almost invincible, but they were powerless to rival the mighty agent—steam. They, and the strong hands and willing hearts that made them powerful, will ever be remembered with gratitude, but no one will regret the substitution of steam for human muscle as a motive power.

These steamers, with the exception of No. 4, are located in houses admirably suited to their wants and requirements. Above the engine room is a large and well furnished sitting room, provided with writing materials, newspapers, and, in some instances with quite extensive libraries that have been presented by private citizens. Sleeping apartments are contiguous, and the rooms have a general home-like appearance. The towers are built from the ground, and within them a faithful fireman keeps constant watch for fires. In the case of the exception mentioned above, a suitable lot has been purchased on the corner of Sixth and Baker streets, and the building will probably be constructed during the present year.

THE HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY.

Besides the six steamers mentioned above, the present fire department includes the "Rescue" Hook and Ladder Company, one of its most important features. This company is located at the corner of Wayne and Larned

streets, and attends all fires in the city. The company consists of eight experienced firemen, capable and efficient. The truck now in use went into service on the 8th of June, 1852, and has lately been entirely remodeled after a continual service of 18 years. It carries nine ladders ranging in length from 12 to 40 feet, beside a quantity of axes, hooks, crowbars, and other necessary appliances. It is also contemplated to remodel, and, in part, rebuild the house of this company during the present year. A second truck has been purchased, and will soon be located on Larned street between Antoine and Hastings streets, to be used in cases of necessity.

EFFICIENCY OF THE PRESENT SYSTEM.

The fire department of Detroit is one of the most perfect in its workings in the country. The property in the hands of the department is valued at upwards of $152,000. It is an institution that the city is proud of, and with just cause. The engines are all provided with patent heaters, invented and patented in this city. By their use water is kept nearly at a boiling point in the boilers at all times, so that sufficient steam can be generated in two minutes to work the engine. From watch-towers in all portions of the city a constant lookout is kept for fires. A telegraphic network of safety covers the entire city, and in case of an alarm of fire, gives instantaneous information of the fact at every engine house in the city. The keys to the telegraphic boxes are in the hands of seventy policemen, a large number of private citizens, and as is demonstrated by the numerous false alarms, not a few knaves. During the past winter long ladders have been placed upon the walls of buildings in all central points, to be used in case of fire. Visitors from abroad have universally complimented the superior organization and appointments of this department. No greater proof of its efficiency can be given than the short duration of the fires that are of such frequent occurrence. In the silent night an alarm is rung from a neighboring tower, and citizens jump from their beds to see the heavens illumined with flame from some remote dwelling. Some poor family has been awakened from sleep by crackling flame or dense smoke beneath their roof-tree, and as they leap from their beds a giant column of flame leaps among the household goods, covering them with its consuming mantle. That happy fireside has become the pit of the inferno, and shrieking mothers barely escape with their helpless babes. But as we moralize, the steamers have reached the scene, brave men throw out long lines of hose, and a resistless flood is hurled upon the building, beneath which the lurid flame goes out in hissing darkness, and even while we gaze upon the startling scene, the red light, that seemed so terrible at first, has paled and disappeared from the heavens.

THE SETTLEMENT OF FARMINGTON.

BY ONE ITS EARLY SETTLERS.

From the Detroit Post and Tribune, June 15th, 1873.

Mr. Nathan Power, of Farmington, having read with much interest the sketch of the early settlement of Plymouth prepared for the Detroit Pioneer society, and subsequently published in the Post, has furnished us some facts which are worthy of preservation respecting the early settlement of his town. At an early day Plymouth and Farmington, though some ten or fifteen miles

apart, were adjoining communities. The settlers in one town considered themselves the neighbors of the settlers in the other, and were always prompt and friendly in every neighborly office. They visited each other as often as convenient, and those of them who yet live cherish still the friendship for each other then formed. There was a great similarity in life in the two settlements, and therefore what has been said generally respecting pioneer life in Plymouth will apply to a great extent to Farmington, and need not be repeated.

Mr. Power states that his father, Arthur Power, arrived in Farmington about the 1st of March, 1824, and settled on section 22, where he spent the balance of his days, and where some of his descendants still live. He was the first white settler in the town, and felled the first tree. The night of his arrival there he built a fire and camped under his wagon, and the next day he built a shanty, which served as a shelter until he could make further improvements. He came from Farmington, Ontario county, N. Y., and brought the name of his old town along with him, conferring it upon the new settlement. He was accompanied by his son John, and by David Smith, of Marion, N. Y. The same year came George W. Collins and his wife Cynthia Maria Collins, who was the first white woman in the town, and the mother of the first white child born there. She still lives, hale and hearty, at the advanced age of 78 years. The same year came Hiram Wilmarth, Robert Wixom, father of Dr. Wixom of Argentine, and others. The next year came Amos Mead, Erastus Ingersoll, and Leland Green. The last-named gentleman, now 72 years of age, comes to Detroit every week with a drove of cattle, as he has done for the last thirty years. He is as vigorous and active as when he first commenced the drover business, and promises to continue so for years to come. He now lives on the same farm on which he settled in 1825—almost fifty years ago.

Nathan Power, to whom we are indebted for these facts, came into the town in 1826 and has lived there ever since. Among the other early settlers were Rufus Thayer, whose son John still lives in the town, and others. The town rapidly filled up.

The first saw-mill was built by Arthur Power in 1825. The work upon this mill was done by Wm. A. Burt, since an extensive lumberman at Saginaw. The first flouring-mill was built by Edward Steele in 1827. The people were much gratified to have a mill, as before this they were compelled to take their grists to Pontiac, a distance of sixteen miles. Mr. Steele was not able to procure a bolt for his mill, and had to resort to the expedient of sifting the flour through a seive by hand.

The township organization was perfected in 1827. Amos Mead was elected the first supervisor, and Robert Wixom township clerk. Unfortunately the old records of the town, running back to the date of organization, were burned at the destruction of the village by fire a year ago. It is a noteworthy coincidence that the first birth and first death in the town occurred on the same day—in 1824. On that day John W. Collins, son of Mrs. Cynthia M. Collins, was born, and Mrs. Peleg S. Utley departed this life. Mr. Collins is now a prosperous and successful merchant in the village. The first church was a Presbyterian church, organized in 1825 by Rev. David Ruggles, of Pontiac. His pulpit on this occasion consisted of a board placed between two basswood trees. This temple of worship was not the less imposing from its simplicity, and the Gospel truths there proclaimed sank as deeply into the hearts of those who heard them as did that Gospel which was proclaimed

eighteen centuries before under similar circumstances on the shore of Galilee. A Methodist church was organized soon thereafter, and the only surviving members are John Thayer and Mrs. Wm. S. Beach, formerly Mead. The first school was taught in 1825 by Miss Parley Ann Mead, afterward Mrs. Ladd. The next school in 1827 was taught by Nathan Power.

Of early life in this pioneer community there were some incidents worthy of being recorded. The Indians were at times very numerous, though they were seldom troublesome. They annually visited Detroit to receive their presents from the Government. On their return they were apt to be full of whisky and sometimes quarrelsome, but they never committed any depredations of consequence. Mrs. Collins, above spoken of as the first white woman to settle in the town, was a woman of great courage and determination. She once excited the applause and admiration of a large party of Indians by tying up one of their rascally, vicious-looking dogs with her garter and leading it off. They applauded the act as a very courageous one. The wolves were very troublesome, and for the first ten years committed great ravages among the farmers' flocks. At night the sheep had to be placed in a yard surrounded by a high board fence, and even this plan did not always protect them. Mr. Power well recollects his diligent efforts to capture the marauders in traps. He succeeded in catching seven of them; the first black as a raven's wing and the balance gray. For these the government paid him $5 each, bounty. In this trapping he caught many gray and red foxes, fish herons, ravens, etc. The trapping involved considerable labor, but served to relieve the community of a terrible pest. He keeps his old wolf traps yet as a memento of the past. An incident which occasioned a feeling of horror in this pioneer settlement occurred in 1827: The wife of one of the early settlers became temporarily deranged and wandered away from home. She was found after much search in a sugar boiler's camp, dead—having perished from cold and exposure.

Of the first settlers there still survive, beside Mr. Power, David Smith, aged 74; Leland Green, aged 72; Cynthia M. Collins, aged 78; Mrs. Hiram Wilmarth, aged 60. Joseph Horton, who came to the town in 1830, and was for many years a pillar of the Methodist church, died last year. Ethan Lapham, an early settler and a very estimable man, died but a few years ago. Farmington is the strongest Republican township in Oakland county, and the Republican candidates upon the county ticket always look to it to roll up a good majority. It never disappoints them. A strong anti-slavery sentiment always prevailed here. These old settlers were in active sympathy with every effort to ameliorate the condition of the colored people of the South. Farmington was one of the prominent stations on the Underground railroad. It was loyal to the core, and during the late rebellion sent freely its best young men to fill up the ranks of the Union armies. Their bones lie on many of the battle-fields of the South, but their memory is still fragrant in the hearts of those they left behind.

The present population of Farmington is about 2,500. It is the third town in Oakland county, being only exceeded by Pontiac and Troy. It is also one of the richest, and contains some of the finest farms in the county, and Oakland county farms are not excelled by any in the State. Its people are as intelligent and industrious as any. Its rural homes are attractive in all their surroundings and are supplied with every comfort and elegance of a prosperous people. The generation which now inhabit those homes have everything that heart can wish, and we believe they do not forget how greatly they are

indebted to the brave and hardy pioneers, a few of whom still linger among them, who sacrificed comfortable homes elsewhere, who endured the hardships and privations of frontier life, who with their own strong arms hewed down the forests, and who neglected not the greater interests of religion and education in founding a large and prosperous community.

OBITUARY REPORT PREPARED BY EDWIN JEROME FOR THE YEAR ENDING FEBRUARY 4, 1880.

JUDGE LYMAN COCHRANE died February 5th, 1879, at his home on Windsor street, city of Detroit, at 9:45 o'clock A. M. He was born in New Hampshire August 6th, 1825. The deceased was educated at the University of Michigan where he graduated with the class of 1849. Among his college and classmates were T. R. Chase, J. Logan Chipman, of Detroit; Dwight May, of Kalamazoo; Dr. Edward Andrews, of Chicago; Orlando M. Barnes, of Lansing; Wm. A. Moore, of Detroit.

Soon after graduating he decided to enter the profession of the law, and coming to this city he became a student in the office of H. H. Wells and Wm. A. Cook, then a prominent law firm. He subsequently attended the Ballston, N. Y., Law School, from which he graduated in 1852. He then returned to this city and entered the office of Howard & Toms. This firm was dissolved in 1855, and Judge Cochrane remained with Robert P. Toms until 1862, when he associated himself with the late Wm. Gray. This arrangement was short lived, however, and Judge Cochrane then opened an office by himself and continued in practice for several years. But his modest bearing served too much to screen his merits from an undiscriminating public, and while his door was passed by those in search of legal advice, men far inferior to him in their knowledge of the law had clients in abundance, while the success of their cases very often depended on his skill as a special pleader; for at that time it became well known among the members of the bar that he was a safe guide in any intricate matter of pleading. The result was that not only beginners, but some of the staunchest lawyers often intrusted him with the preparation of bills in chancery and declarations where they had not sufficient confidence in themselves. Yet Lyman Cochrane's native modesty remained with him to the very end. The result of it was a scanty income, yet an honest purpose and a good heart.

In the fall of 1870 Mr. Cochrane was elected Representative in the Legislature from the city of Detroit, and in that body was placed on the Judiciary Committee, and acquired great influence. In 1873 he was elected Judge of the Superior Court of Detroit.

He possessed rare qualifications for his judicial position, and his brethren of the bar always accorded to him an earnest disposition to perform the duties of his office with fidelity and care. His integrity of character in private life and in official position, was known to all.

GEORGE DAVIS died at his residence, No. 331 Jefferson avenue, February 28, 1879, in the 63d year of his age. Mr. Davis was born in Sunderland, England, and came to Detroit A. D. 1833. For more than twelve years he served as Deputy United States Marshal and Crier of the United States Circuit and District Courts, in the city of Detroit, and was well known to the Judiciary and to the Bar as faithful, industrious, and trustworthy in all his official positions.

COL. WILLIAM PHELPS died at his residence, 71 Washington avenue, Detroit, at 4 o'clock A. M., 24th July, A. D. 1879.

The deceased was born in Scipio, Cayuga county, N. Y., November 19, 1816. His father was a farmer in comfortable circumstances, and his early life was spent upon a farm. At the age of 14 he engaged as clerk in a country store at Scipio. His education consisted of schooling in a common district school and one term in the academy at Aurora, N. Y. He was employed as clerk at Scipio and at Lavanna until the fall of 1834, when he came to Detroit on a visit to an uncle who resided here. He returned to his former home in the winter and the next spring came to Detroit accompanied by his brother Ralph. He first engaged in the dry goods trade, the firm being Lyon & Phelps. After a short time he retired from the business and taught a district school then located on Woodbridge street, near the sight of the old board of trade building. Subsequently, the public school funds being exhausted, he started a private school on the east side of Shelby street, between Jefferson avenue and Larned streets. In June, 1836, in company with his brother Ralph, he opened a small grocery store on Woodward avenue, near the corner of Jefferson avenue. The first stock of goods invoiced about $80, besides a soda fountain and apparatus, the first in the city. They continued to carry on the grocery business, giving attention more especially to confectionery, in the manufacture of which they engaged. Ralph Phelps retired in 1840, and William Phelps continued the business, which by energy and careful management has developed into the house of Phelps & Brace, one of the largest and strongest grocery jobbing houses in the city. He was successful in business, amassing a comfortable fortune.

Col. Phelps was an earnest and active Republican, and was in attendance upon the convention at which the party was organized at Jackson in 1854. In 1860 he was elected a member of the State legislature and served in the important regular and special sessions during his term, when matters relative to raising troops to send to the war were under consideration. He was chairman of the committee on supplies and expenditures and a leading member of the military committee. He was active in raising, equipping, and sending forward soldiers at the breaking out of the war in 1861. He visited the camps at the front, taking supplies and looking after the wants of the sick and wounded. In the spring of 1863 he was appointed by President Lincoln allotment commissioner and was continually at the front, rendering in this capacity very great service to the soldiers of the State and their families. In March, 1863, he was appointed by President Lincoln paymaster in the army, with the rank of Major. He served in that capacity throughout the remainder of the war, and in March, 1865, was promoted by President Johnson to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel "for gallant and meritorious service during the war." The war being ended, on his own application, he was honorably mustered out of service in July, 1865. He had disbursed many million dollars to soldiers in the field and received testimonials of their kind regard.

BUCKMINSTER WIGHT died November 28th, A. D. 1879, at his residence, No. 415 Jefferson avenue, Detroit, in the eighty-third year of his age.

For more than 47 years he had been intimately connected with large business enterprises in this city, which has grown under his eye from a small frontier town of less than 3,000 population to a metropolitan city having a population of about 130,000. As a pioneer in the vast lumber interests of Michigan, he was known throughout the northern peninsula, in which portion

of the State his loss will be felt no less sadly than at home. It is easy to see that his identification with the development of Michigan's resources during nearly half a century, makes him really an integral part of the history of the commonwealth; hence his death will be to thousands a reminder that the links which bind the Michigan of to-day with the Michigan of the olden time are fast being severed. Indeed, but few of them are left, and the years are soon counted that shall see the last of the men who laid the corner-stone of Michigan's greatness and prosperity laid away in eternal rest.

Buckminster Wight was born at Sturbridge, Mass., February 5, 1797, and was therefore nearly 83 years old. In 1820 he was married to Sarah Marsh, who for nearly sixty years has traveled by his side, a faithful and noble wife, an exemplary mother and an ornament to that most sacred of human institutions, a virtuous home. In 1830 Mr. Wight's health became impaired and he went to Warm Springs, Va., where he remained two years, and where he regained his naturally vigorous health. He was animated by a spirit of enterprise, not to say adventure, and in March, 1832, removed to Detroit with his family, which then consisted of his wife and two sons, Henry A. and Stanley G. (Edwin B. was born in Detroit). His initial experiences here were calculated to appall a man less stout of heart than he, for he was soon plunged in the horrors of that fatal year of cholera, which scourge was perhaps more deadly in Detroit than in any other city in the Union. Soon after his settlement here, Mr. Wight, in conjunction with Willard Stearns, leased the Cass farm for two years, for grazing purposes, and was personally active in purchasing cattle, his operations being conducted mostly in Ohio. At the expiration of that lease, Mr. Wight took the Thompson farm, also for two years, which he managed successfully, and accumulated some money. In 1837 he and Joseph Coffin purchased the steam saw-mill owned by Rice, Clark & Co., and situated on the river, at the foot of Antoine street. Mr. Coffin retired from the firm in 1843, and Mr. Wight continued the business alone until 1850, when his sons, Henry A. and Stanley G., were admitted to shares in the business, and the new firm was known as B. Wight & Sons. In 1853 the father retired from the firm, leaving the business to be carried on by the sons.

He always took a very active part in public affairs, and being an ardent Whig, he was one of the mainstays and trusted counselors of that organization through a long course of years. When it disintegrated he attached himself to the Republican party, with which he was identified from its inception "under the oaks" until his death, though of late his infirmities of body prevented him from anything like personal participation in the strifes of the political arena. He was elected alderman for the Third ward by the Whigs in 1845, and for the Fourth ward (into which he had in the meantime moved) in 1848. In 1849 he was the candidate of his party for mayor, but he was defeated by Charles Howard, who is still living in Detroit a hale, happy, and exceedingly comfortable gentleman. In 1855 he was elected State senator for the First district. In 1851 he served as a member of the jury that tried the famous railroad conspiracy cases, the trial lasting more than three months. This severe strain during an extremely heated period told noticeably on his health, and he was ordered by his physicians to try the virtue of a residence by the sea. That had a most happy effect, and he returned to Detroit nearly as vigorous as when in his prime.

His long connection with Harper hospital as a member of the board o trustees, and since the death of Dr. Duffield, as president of that board, will

not be forgotten by those who have been associated with him, nor by hundreds of unfortunates who have reason to recall with gratitude his sympathetic and Christian care for them personally and officially.

E. C. HOWARD, of Dearborn, Wayne county, Michigan, died January 9th, 1880, aged 84 years. Mr. Howard was formerly sheriff of Wayne county, and served very efficiently and very satisfactorily to the people who elected him. Mr. Howard was a brother of the late Col. Joshua Howard, of Detroit, and came of good old Puritan stock, one of his immediate ancestors, Capt. John Howard, having been the first military officer of the Plymouth colony. Deceased served as a "powder-monkey" on board the Chesapeake in her historic combat with the Shannon, having volunteered for the occasion. He was taken prisoner and sent to the Bermudas, but was subsequently released, and afterwards served his country under Gen. Dearborn. He was a remarkably fine appearing old gentleman, passing for not more than 50 or 55 years of age.

JAMES LAUGHTON died at Sandwich, Canada, near Detroit, on the 10th of January, A. D. 1880, aged 90 years. He was born in what is now the city of Detroit, then a British fort, in 1790. He removed with his father to an island in lake St. Clair, which had been named "Stromness" by his grandfather, who was given the right thereto by the Indians. Laughton remained there until about 12 years of age, and then located in Amherstburg, where he remained until 1810, when he returned to the island. He took considerable stock with him. When the war of 1812 broke out, the Americans took him prisoner and confiscated his property. He was subsequently released upon his agreeing to leave the island, which he would have inherited by his grandfather's will. The island subsequently, by the treaty of Ghent, became American property. Laughton returned to Canada and joined the British troops, and participated in the battles of Long Woods, Street's Grove, and Lundy's Lane. He was taken prisoner at the last named engagement, and was sent to New York State, where he was detained four months, but subsequently escaped, and made his way back to Canada, and settled in Sandwich, where he has resided since. He never received any remuneration or pay for his property, or for the time he served in the British army.

HENRY A. WIGHT died at his residence on Jefferson avenue, Detroit, February 2d, 1880, aged 58 years. Mr. Wight was born at Sturbridge, Mass., October 28, 1821. He came to Detroit in company with his father, the late Buckminster Wight, March 22, 1832. Later in life he was associated with his father and brother Stanley in the lumber business, the style of the firm being B. Wight & Sons. The mill, which was one of the pioneer lumber-mills of the State, was located near the foot of Hastings street, and the property upon which it stood was subsequently sold to the Detroit & Milwaukee Railroad company. Mr. Wight then formed a partnership with his brother Stanley, and erected an extensive mill at the foot of McDougall avenue, where a large and profitable business was transacted until the dissolution of the firm, about two years ago. For the past year and a half Mr. Wight has efficiently and satisfactorily filled the position of manager and secretary of the Detroit Steam Supply company.

The deceased was a man of probity and integrity, and was highly esteemed for his excellent business qualifications. He was a good husband and a kind father, and he possessed an affable and even tempered disposition, which warmly endeared him to a large circle of friends.

TITUS DORT died at his residence in Dearborn, Wayne Co., Michigan, October 7th, A. D., 1879, aged 73 years: He was one of the earliest settlers in Dearborn, has served in the State Legislature and in other official capacities, always with fidelity and ability. He was an upright and estimable citizen, an active member of the Methodist church and a kind hearted neighbor who will be much missed in Dearborn.

JAMES DUBOIS died at his residence in Detroit, July 26th, A. D. 1879. Mr. Dubois was 70 years of age, and spent nearly his whole life in this city. He followed the business of a tailor for many years. He married the only daughter of the late Jacques Campau, and in this way came into possession of what is now known as the Dubois farm, a very valuable tract of land in the Tenth ward. He was a plain, simple hearted man, of a generous and kindly disposition. He never took part in public affairs, but contented himself with managing his large estate and with the duties of his church, being a devout Catholic. He leaves a widow and three children.

MRS. SARAH DAVENPORT, died at her residence on Woodward avenue in the city of Detroit, October 22d, 1879, aged 69 years. Mrs. Davenport and her mother were born in the same house where she died. They were members of the first Presbyterian church organized in the city. Her whole life was an example of great excellence of character. She was beloved by all, rich and poor.

DR. LOUIS DAVENPORT died at his office on Brush street in the City of Detroit on the 22d of October, A. D. 1879, aged 50 years. Dr. Davenport, his mother and grandmother were all born in the city of Detroit. He pursued his medical studies for a time at the University at Ann Arbor, and subsequently graduated at the Western Reserve College, Hudson, Ohio. He commenced practice as a physician at Houghton in the Upper Peninsula of of Michigan. After remaining there two years he returned to Detroit and was associated with Drs. Russell and Terry. After a brief connection with this firm he established himself in his profession, and for many years had a very extensive practice. In 1861 he was appointed surgeon for the Marine Hospital at Detroit, which position he held for six years. He was reäppointed in 1868, and after a short time resigned. He was in feeble health for some months before his demise, and his death was supposed to have been hastened by the death of his mother, which occurred in the early part of the same day. He was a skillful physician, a kind hearted gentleman, an affectionate son, and had many warm friends.

EDWIN JEROME, SR., died at his residence in Detroit June 21st, 1880, aged 74 years and 6 months. He was a resident of this city for over half a century. Seven years ago Mr. Jerome was run over by a horse and carriage and severely injured, and since that time he had been much of an invalid from a spinal affection induced by the injuries he then received. Nothing but an indomitable will, united with wonderful vitality, could have sustained so long the encroachments of the insidious and frequently agonizing disease with which he suffered. Although gradually and hopelessly failing for some little time, the deceased did not submit without a struggle which enabled him to appear in his invalid chair on the streets, and to even be dressed as usual the day before his death.

Mr. Jerome was born near Batavia, N. Y., December 24, 1805, and was therefore nearly 74 years and 6 months of age. In October 1828, then a

young man of 23, and educated as a surveyor, he removed to Detroit, where he has ever since made his home. Here his four children, one daughter and three sons, were born; here the daughter and his son James died, and here, 14 years ago, he also laid to rest the wife of his young manhood and mature age. Ten years ago Mr. Jerome again married, and his death now reduces the immediate family circle to his son Edwin, Jr., present police court clerk; Frank H., of the firm of Jerome & Daly, and Mrs. Eliza Jerome, the widowed wife. The deceased was a brother of Geo. Jerome of this city, the Hon. David H. Jerome and the Hon. I. Jerome of East Saginaw. The name is one well known to the people of Michigan, and also one which has been closely identified with the material prosperity and political history of the State.

Edwin Jerome, Sr., was connected with the territorial land office during the first years of his residence in Detroit, and as surveyor at that period and subsequently, was perfectly familiar with the then undeveloped resources of the territory. In October, 1831, he visited that portion of the territory lying west of Lake Michigan, now the State of Wisconsin, with a United States surveying party. The headquarters of that party were fixed at Galena, Ill., and from that vantage point many of the incidents of the famous Black Hawk war came within the personal knowledge of Mr. Jerome.

In the summer of 1833, the deceased became an enlisted surveyor in the war department, commanded by Col. Anderson, and under the direction of three West Point cadets, of whom Gen. Heintzelman, at that time lieutenant, was one, was detailed to assist in a coast survey of Lake Huron.

It was in work of this character that his earlier years were passed, and although his duties called him frequently from Detroit this city was his home. He had a strong attachment to place, as is evinced by the fact that on July 10, 1841, he moved into the home on Washington avenue where he has since lived uninterruptedly and where he died. He took a lively interest in politics, but not as a seeker for office. He failed of election as county surveyor once or twice, having the misfortune to belong to a party in the minority in the county in those campaigns, as he was a life-long Whig and Republican.

MEMORIAL OF MASON PALMER.

From the Detroit Advertiser and Tribune, January 15, 1870.

On Thursday died one of the oldest of our citizens, one of the few who still remained of those who lived here when Detroit was hardly more than a hamlet, and who had witnessed all its development and prosperity. He was born in Connecticut in 1788, and was therefore 81 years of age at the time of his death. During his youth and early manhood he resided in the State of his birth, and made Hartford his home for a great part of the time. In 1830, or about that time, he removed to Detroit, where his surviving brother, Mr. John Palmer, had resided since 1818, and joined him in a general mercantile business which was first conducted on Jefferson avenue, near where the hat and fur store of Mr. F. Buhl now stands. They continued in trade together for some six years, when John sold out to his brother Mason, and the latter then carried on the business singly for some eight years longer. Afterwards he became the agent of the old Protection Insurance Company of Hartford, and

the Connecticut Fire, and remained in this branch of business until his retirement from active life some ten years ago.

Mr. Palmer was reasonably successful in business and probably leaves an estate worth $25,000. He built the house on the northwest corner of Fort street and Wayne, where Prof. Sill now lives, and resided there some years; afterwards purchased the property on Griswold street opposite the city hall, and has since made it his home. He was twice married, once before he removed to Detroit, and subsequently to a Miss Gilman, of Hartford, who long lived here with him and died a few years ago. He has living one brother, John, and two sisters, one living in Hartford, the other in Missouri. He left no children, and the persons mentioned are his only near surviving relatives.

He was, at one time, a vestryman of St. Paul's Church in this city, and was one of the executors of the will of Mrs. Anderson, who founded the Mariner's Church, as well as always one of the Trustees and Senior Warden of that corporation. He was originally a Whig, lately a Republican, but never took a very active part in political matters, and we do not know of his having ever held any political office. He was a man of quiet disposition, at least of late years, of home affections, and left many warm friends among our older citizens. For the past two or three years he has been ill during most of the time, and his life has been one of comparative inactivity, though cheered to the last by the constant care of relatives and friends.

DEATH OF JOHN PALMER.

From the Detroit Free Press, June 30th, 1871.

John Palmer, one of the oldest and most widely known residents of Detroit, died in this city, Wednesday night, aged 75 years. The death of this excellent gentleman will be keenly regretted by many who knew him here and elsewhere. He was a benevolent, liberal citizen, a business man whose uncompromising integrity has for many years been proverbial, and one of the kindliest and most genial men socially, that ever lived a life of such long continued honor and usefulness. Mr. Palmer was born in Stafford, Conn., December 19, 1796. When quite a young man he removed to Canandaigua, Ontario county, N. Y., and in 1818 he came to Detroit. For some time thereafter he was a member of the firm of F. T. & J. Palmer, but he subsequently withdrew and commenced business on his own account. In 1833 his brother, Mason Palmer, joined him in business, the firm name then being J. & M. Palmer. Their place of business was on the present site of F. Buhl & Co.'s establishment. This firm continued in operation about five years, and in the fall of 1840 John Palmer and J. C. Holmes commenced business in the dry-goods trade under the firm name of John Palmer & Co. They discontinued March 1st, 1853. Mr. Palmer, who had also been agent of the Ætna Insurance company since 1835, next entered exclusively upon the business of insurance, in which he was always afterward engaged. He had been ill nearly two weeks, but until within a day or two of his death was not thought to be in serious danger.

LEVI BISHOP.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Died at his residence, No. 305 Jefferson avenue, Detroit, December 23, 1881, at 4:10 A. M., Hon. Levi Bishop.

At 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon the members of the Detroit Bar met in the Circuit Court room to give expression to their regret at the death of their long time associate, Levi Bishop. The meeting was called to order by D. Bethune Duffield, who stated that he saw present a venerable Judge, in whose office Mr. Bishop studied law, and at his request, Judge Daniel Goodwin was called to the chair. Mr. Duffield said he and Mr. Bishop were law students together, and he could now recall how Mr. Bishop would sit, hour after hour, tipped back in an office chair, his feet upon the rungs and Blackstone upon his knees. Of his familiarity with that work, the bar well knows. The speaker dwelt at considerable length upon the circumstances that led him to the practice of the law, his indomitable will to rise to prominence in his profession. He had a hot, fiery temper, and the speaker thought there were but few present who have not felt the weight of it. Probably there is no person now living who has done more, or as much, than Levi Bishop, to build up the present school system. He was untiring in his devotion to the cause of education, and was a large-hearted man.

D. C. Holbrook said he had been acquainted with Mr. Bishop since 1838, at which time he was superintendent of a shoe manufactory, and, to quote his own remark "it took a six-pounder to get him off the shoemaker's bench." The speaker declared that he and the deceased were partners in the practice of law for many years, and he ever found him courteous. He had peculiar ways; ways like no other man, for they were the ways of Levi Bishop.

The Chairman appointed Messrs. D. Bethune Duffield, D. C. Holbrook, G. V. N. Lothrop, E. C. Walker, and Wm. A. Moore a committee to prepare resolutions expressive of the sense of the bar.

A. F. Wilcox said he well remembered the time when he entered the law office of Levi Bishop. Before he was admitted to study there, Mr. Bishop especially charged him that a law office is a workship—a bee-hive; that it was no place for idlers. His office was very plainly furnished, and all within it he declared were his tools. There was nothing there that was not for use. He was ambitious to rise in his profession, and made enemies, but no one present will be regretted more than Levi Bishop.

Further remarks suitable to the occasion, anecdotes touching upon his law practice, were made by Browse T. Prentis, Cleaveland Hunt, C. J. O'Flynn, and C. B. Howell, the last named declaring Mr. Bishop to have been as full of zeal as Peter the Hermit.

Mr. Duffield, from the committee named above, submitted the following:

WHEREAS, Levi Bishop, a member of the bar since 1842, and up to the year of his death a practitioner in the courts, died on the morning of the 23d of December, in this city, and it is fitting that his fellow members in the profession should bear testimony to his merits and abilities as displayed in a professional career of well nigh forty years, therefore,

Resolved, That it is with sincere regret we have learned of his death. His departure from our circle will be marked as that of one who has ever been prominent in the sessions of all the courts, an active participant in its varied struggles and duties. Born at Russell, in the State of Massachusetts, on the 15th day of October, 1815, he came to Detroit as early as 1835, and entered upon the practice of law in the year 1842,

and continued actively engaged in it up to the time of his death. He was a man of strong natural abilities, of great persistency of character, of diligence to an unusual and remarkable degree, and of extreme loyalty always to the best interests of his clients and of all who sought his counsel. His connection with the cause of public education for many years in this city and State entitles him to the thanks of our citizens for his faithful, generous, and unrequited service in this connection, and his name will long be remembered by the friends of free schools in Detroit as a member of the board of education for the protracted period of twelve years.

Resolved, That while Mr. Bishop possessed many peculiarities of character, and was often inclined to take the opposition of any question rather than concur with the majority, he was nevertheless a man of strong feelings and warm affections, and as such we sincerely lament his death, and the erasure of his name from the roll of our membership.

Resolved, That we tender our sincere sympathy to the family of the deceased, and so far as we can, will attend the funeral on Monday next.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and submitted to the various courts of the city with the request that they may be entered of record.

Geo. V. N. Lothrop said: Mr. Chairman, I am myself sincerely glad to see you in that chair to-day. I believe that if Mr. Bishop could have anticipated this mournful occasion there is no man in the State whom he would have been so glad to have preside as Judge Goodwin. And I have no doubt whatever that your unusual presence in our midst is due to your early acquaintance with Mr. Bishop, your knowledge and appreciation of his struggles, your gratification at his success, and your own deep regret at his death. Mr. Bishop's death came upon me with a sudden surprise, for I had so associated him with a rugged, and almost invincible strength, that I thought he was certain, more certain, perhaps, than almost any one of us, of a prolonged life. It is true I have noticed during the summer that he was in ill health, that he was shrinking; but I believed that this same strength would overcome that; that it would be a temporary difficulty, and that he might be again restored to health. I was very busily engaged in the courts, and I had not seen him now for some weeks, and so was not aware that he was worse until the very day before his death. Had it been otherwise I should certainly have seen Mr. Bishop. I should have gone to his bedside, for after a long acquaintance now of nearly forty years—an acquaintance which I am glad to say has hardly ever been ruffled—I have been more fortunate in that respect than others, and I should not have been willing that that intercourse and friendship should have been terminated without at least one more interview.

I have known Mr. Bishop since 1843, the year of my coming here to enter upon a profession on which he had already entered, and in which he was already engaged. He had been made a justice of the peace, and I very well remember—for every lawyer remembers his first case—the first case in which I was engaged was tried before Mr. Bishop, and the judgment that he pronounced afterwards, I may mention as appropriate here, was carried before the court in which your Honor presided, and your Honor affirmed the judgment. From that time Mr. Bishop for some time afterwards continued as a magistrate, and I might say with certainty that no better magistrate ever sat in this city. He was faithful, patient and industrious; he was eccentric, but through all he was honest, and every suitor and every counselor who went before him, knew that his case would be examined industriously and carefully, and adjudged according to the convictions of the magistrate. We all know that he became distinguished in his profession. There was a rugged force and strength about him at the bar making him especially strong in cases before a jury. If I was

to discriminate, Mr. Chairman, I should say that his strength was greater before a jury than in the discussion of a law question. There was an impetuosity and force about him that carried great strength in the argument of a case before a jury. For a time he withdrew, as we know, from the profession. He became enamored of literary pursuits and gave to them the same vigorous energy. I think his success was not so great as it was in his profession, but they occupied a considerable portion of his time. He returned to his profession again rather as an employment than a steady vocation. He returned to his profession, and in moderate labors in his profession he ended his life. He did good in this city; he did marked good; and although we cannot remember him without remembering his peculiarities, yet those peculiarities we can afford to put aside. We can all hope that whatever his failings were, they will be forgotten; while the good he has done will live long after him.

Judge Goodwin said: I will take the liberty, gentlemen, of adding a very few remarks upon our departed brother, Mr. Bishop. I was surprised, I will not say how shocked, at the intelligence yesterday morning of his death, as I was not aware he was dangerously ill, and of course being thus surprised, it excited strong feelings upon my part, having been long acquainted with him and we having been personal friends from our earliest acquaintance. As has been said, after the misfortune which bereft him of his arm and compelled him to abandon the employment in which he had been engaged, he resolved to pursue the profession of law. He entered the office of the Hon. Judge Porter, and after some hard work there, he came and entered my office. He came as a student, and I will say that he was a faithful, earnest, indefatigable student. He was industrious, and he did not merely read law; he studied it and enjoyed the principles of law. He pursued his studies in this way, and after being some year or more in my office he was admitted to the bar. As to his success in the profession, you who have been familiar with him and with his career, can bear testimony. He was earnest, zealous, careful in the examination of questions in causes, and zealous in the advocacy of his cases in presenting them before courts and juries. He was a man of very decided opinions. He reflected for himself, and after forming opinions he adhered to them strongly, very strongly. He was a man of great energy and perseverance; objects of pursuit which he formed he followed with great earnestness, and eventually with great success. While he became a prominent member of the bar, the various other pursuits to which he turned his attention in connection with education and otherwise, he pursued until he generally arrived at the result which he sought. But he has reached his end, he has gone. Since he was in my office almost all those who were at the bar and with whom he was on terms of intimacy in the bar have gone; very few now remain. The bar in this city is changing and has been changing since that period. I see a great many members and I hear a great many names of those who are members of the bar whom I never knew. This world is a world of change, and we shall all soon follow him to that bourne from which no traveler returns, and I hope we will all be willing to enter upon a career of happiness in the world to come.

The resolutions were then adopted and the bar adjourned.

DOCTOR ZINA PITCHER.

From the Detroit Free Press, April 6th, 1872.

Dr. Zina Pitcher died at his residence in this city at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, worn out by a chronic disease from which he has suffered for the past five years. The following article, published in the Louisville Medical Journal for June, 1869, embodies accurately the leading events of his life, and will be read with interest by our citizens at this time:

Dr. Zina Pitcher, son of Nathaniel Pitcher and Margaret Stevenson, was born April 12, 1797, in a rural section of Washington county, New York, of parents who shared in the hardships incident on the theatre of some of the struggles by which the independence of the thirteen colonies was achieved.

His mother, when he was but five years of age, was left a widow, with four young sons to provide for out of the resources obtained from the culture of a new plantation. The early training of the subject of this sketch, of course, was in the school of adversity, by which those traits of character were developed most apt to mature in a rugged and uncongenial soil. As a daughter of Scotia, where the parochial schools first took root, his mother imbibed from her native air a just appreciation of the value of education, and consequently made every effort in her power to secure its advantages for her children. The district school and the county academy were the only institutions of learning at which she was able to support her sons while they were acquiring a knowledge of the elementary sciences, without which even the ordinary pursuits of life are conducted with disadvantage.

At the age of twenty-one, Dr. Pitcher commenced the study of medicine, in the office of a private practitioner, where the next ensuing four years were passed, except while in attendance upon two courses of lectures at the Castleton School of Medicine in Vermont, until he received the degree of M. D. in 1822 from Middlebury College. On entering upon professional studies the necessity of classical training as a qualification for such a pursuit became so obvious that he engaged a fellow student to act as his private tutor, under whose direction he continued a course of preparatory study, and at the same time kept abreast with his colleagues in their joint professional investigations. Immediately after obtaining his medical diploma he received from the administration of President Monroe the appointment of assistant surgeon in the army, at the time the War Department was receiving its impress of order from the masterly administrative genius of John C. Calhoun, and entered at once into the service of the United States, feeling all the embarrassment incident to the assumption of such grave responsibilities as his commission devolved upon him, without having received one lesson in clinical instruction. In our conversations with him on this subject we perceive how the medical tyro might be led to question the unity of clinical training from seeing in his example the striking manifestation of a well poised, self-reliance supposed, if not in reality; an inherent attribute of character, developed by the severity of the test to which his medical scholarship was put at the outset of his professional career.

He retained his position in the army until the close of the year 1836, having been promoted to the rank of surgeon under the administration of Andrew Jackson, while his cherished friend, Gen. Cass, was Secretary of War. During his period of service in the army he was stationed at different points on

the Northern lakes (then a savage frontier), on the tributaries of Arkansas, among the Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws, and Osages, and at Fortress Monroe in Virginia. His leisure hours, when at these outposts of civilization, were devoted to the study of natural science, to observations on the habits of the Indian race, to inquiries into the nature of their diseases and the means adopted by them for their recovery from sickness. Some of the fruits of his diligence in these pursuits may be seen in the books on American botany; in the plants dedicated to him; on the fossils on which his name is inscribed; in his letter to Dr. Morton on the existence of consumption among the aborigines; and in an article written by him on the subject of practical therapeutics among the Indians, printed in the fourth number of Schoolcraft's history, "Condition and Prospects of the Indian Tribes."

On being ordered to the seaboard he was detailed to act as a member of the Army Medical Board, of which he was made presiding officer in 1835. When President Jackson, with his family, sought a respite from the cares of office, by retreating to Fort Calhoun in the Hampton Roads, Dr. Pitcher became a frequent visitor at the Rip Raps, in virtue of his profession. The acquaintance thus formed grew into a friendship grateful to the physician who had won his way to the respect of the hero President.

On becoming a citizen of Michigan, 1836, which had just then adopted a State constitution, he at once took a conspicuous part in the organization of her institutions of learning, the means for sustaining which had been provided for by the United States in the appropriation of lands ceded to the general government by the State of Virginia, when she relinquished her jurisdiction over the Northern Territory. For this purpose he sought the appointment of Regent of the University, which trust he held from 1837 to 1852. During this time the University was organized, the Medical Department of which was essentially the work of his hands. When the members of that Faculty were appointed he allowed his name to be placed on the catalogue as an Emeritus professor.

In 1839, he was invited by Mr. Poinsett to serve as a member of the board of visitors at West Point, and his political friends elected him to the office of Mayor of Detroit in 1840, and again in 1841 and 1843. Before his second term had expired he prevailed upon the members of the Common Council of the city to unite with him in petitioning the State Legislature, which then held its sessions in Detroit, for the enactment of a law to authorize the establishment of public schools in the city of Detroit.

The accomplishment of this object he considers the achievement of his life. In 1859 he was appointed an examiner of the mint by President Buchanan. Without ever intending to relinquish his profession to engage in politics as a pursuit, he, in order to assist in preserving the organization of the Whig party, so as to make it effective in 1844, in promoting the election of Henry Clay, accepted the nomination of the party, and became their candidate for the office of Governor of the State of Michigan in 1843. From 1848 to 1867 he performed the duties of physician to St. Mary's Hospital, which is under the charge of Sisters of the Order of St. Vincent; and also of surgeon of the United States Marine Hospital at Detroit during the administration of Mr. Buchanan, having received that appointment from Mr. Guthrie, of Kentucky, on the eve of his departure from Washington, at the close of Mr. Pierce's presidential term. While thus publicly employed he never pretermitted his

engagements as a private practitioner, and found leisure to attend the meetings of the American Medical Association at Cincinnati, Richmond, New York, Philadelphia, Louisville, Nashville, Washington, Boston, and Detroit, being at the last mentioned place elected president of the association.

His ambition has never been stimulated by a desire to acquire notoriety by authorship. This he imputed to the obstacles that retarded his progress in the acquirement of those elementary accomplishments which are essential to the graces of style and at the same time lend ease and facility to the labor of composition. His literary productions consist of addresses made to county, State, and National medical societies; to graduating classes of medical students; to reports on medical education; on epidemics, made to the American Medical Association, to the city Board of Health; and of contributions to the medical journals, and particularly to the *Peninsular Journal*, of which he was for some years one of the editors.

The friends of Dr. Pitcher in other States have given gratifying tokens of their respect by making him a member of their various scientific organizations, he having been elected an honorary member of the New York and Rhode Island Medical Societies, corresponding member of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, of the New York Lyceum of Natural History, and of the New York and Minnesota Historical Societies, and trustee of the Michigan State Insane Asylum.

It only remains to be added that Dr. Pitcher enjoyed to a marked degree the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens of Detroit, as is illustrated by the communication of Mayor Moffat to the common council last evening, and the resolutions adopted by that body, which will be found in the official proceedings elsewhere.

The funeral will take place from St. Paul's church, on Monday afternoon.

Attention is called to the meeting of physicians to be held at the mayor's office this afternoon at 3 o'clock.

REV. JOHN PAYNE CLEAVELAND.

From Newburyport (Mass.) Herald, March 11th, 1873.

Rev. John Payne Cleaveland, D. D., was born July 19th, 1799, in Byfield parish, in the town of Rowley, Mass. He was the son of Dr. Parker and Abigail Cleaveland, and was baptized when three weeks old, by Rev. Elijah Parish, D. D. He attended the town school in the winter months and there commenced the study of Latin. He then became a pupil at Dummer Academy, where he fitted for college. He entered Bowdoin in 1817 and graduated in 1821.

After leaving college he taught the academy at Wolfboro, N. H., the first two years of its existence, studying theology under the direction of Professor T. C. Upham, then a pastor in Rochester, N. H. While residing with Professor Upham, he was approbated to preach by the York County Association, Maine, September, 1824. About this time he was invited to become a tutor in Bowdoin College, but decined the invitation.

He was ordained pastor of the Tabernacle church, Salem, Mass., Feb. 14, 1827; dismissed May 14, 1834. Installed pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Detroit, Mich., June 1, 1834. Three years later he was elected president of Marshall College, Michigan. The funds of this institution failing, he accepted a call to the Second Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, and

was installed December 25, 1841, being the immediate successor of Rev. Lyman Beecher, D. D. April 10, 1844, he was installed over the Beneficent Church, Providence, R. I. After a ministry of seven years, he was installed over the First Church, Northampton, Mass., where he remained two years. He was installed pastor of the Appleton Street Church, in Lowell, April, 1855; dismissed January 15, 1862. He was appointed chaplain of the 30th Mass. Regiment January 1, 1862, and went to Ship Island and New Orleans; was mustered into service Feb. 20, 1862, discharged May, 2, 1862. Since the resignation of his chaplaincy, he has not been settled.

He received his honorary degree, S. T. D., from Marietta College, 1844.

Dr. Cleaveland was twice married. First by Rev. Dr. Withington, Nov. 6, 1827, to Susan Heard Dole of Byfield. She was the daughter of Moses and Sarah Dole, born at Byfield, April 19, 1800, died at Marshal, Mich., Oct. 1, 1843. She united with the church at Byfield on the same day with her future husband. His second marriage was at Exeter, N. H., Nov. 12, 1844, to Juliana Chamberlain, daughter of Capt. Samuel and Mary Chamberlain of Exeter, N. H. His children are Susan Parker, born Sept. 1, 1828, at Salem, Mass. married Oct. 16, 1867, at Billerica, Mass., to Elias Child, Esq. They reside at Bath, N. Y. Caroline Worcester, born April 27, 1831, at Salem, Mass.; died at Ann Arbor, Mich., Oct. 15, 1851. Julia Hawes (adopted) born Feb. 14, 1851.

Of his early religious experience he once gave the following account: "I made a profession of religion on the second Sunday in March, 1820, and became a member of the Congregational church in Byfield. I was first awakened to any religious feelings by a letter from my much loved father in the winter of 1819–20, while teaching school in the vacation of college. The letter gave an account of a revival in my native place, and filled my mind with a sense of guilt and danger as a sinner before God. This feeling deepened till at last, at college prayer meeting, a persuasion of pardon through Christ pervaded my whole soul, and has continued ever since."

Dr. Cleaveland had the rich inheritance of a long ancestry of truly godly men. Rev. John Cleaveland, for more than fifty years pastor of the Congregational church at Essex, and eminent both for his piety and his patriotism, was his grandfather. Immediately on his settlement at Salem, Dr. Cleaveland took a decided stand in the cause of temperance, and became one of its foremost advocates. And through his whole life that cause had his steady support.

He entered his ministry just at the opening of a season of remarkable religious revivals in which he took an active part, and during his pastorate at Salem was often invited to preach at Newburyport.

As a preacher he was clear, faithful, earnest, and convincing. In social life he was genial and sympathetic. Though he has not long been a resident of our city, he has made for himself many warm friends who will sincerely mourn his loss.

On Tuesday, February 25, he was at Rowley and made arrangements to preach there the ensuing Sunday. On his return home, and just as he arrived at the station in Rowley, he had a stroke of paralysis. At first, great hopes were entertained by all his friends of his speedy recovery; but on Tuesday last there was a change for the worse, and since that time he has been gradually failing. Yesterday, March 7, he passed away from earth, having a lifetime of 73 years, 7 months and 16 days.

At the earnest request of his many friends, the family consented to a public

funeral, which was held at the Old South church, on Tuesday, March 11, at 1 o'clock p. m. The services were as follows: Reading of the Scriptures; singing; remarks; prayer; singing; benediction.

Services at the grave by the members of Post 49, G. A. R. The members of the Essex North Association and the clergymen of the city were especially invited to be present.

ROBERT F. JOHNSTONE.

From the Detroit Evening News, October 25, 1880.

Robert F. Johnstone, editor of the Michigan Farmer, and the oldest journalist in Detroit, died last midnight of heart disease, in the 64th year of his age. He passed away without a struggle, and without a moment's warning to his wife who lay beside him, and to whom he had just been speaking. He was apparently enjoying the best of health up to the moment of his death. Yesterday morning he attended St. Paul's church with his wife and daughter, and, according to his confirmed custom, spent last evening in the Farmer office in the Tribune building, doing editorial work. He left the office about 11 P. M., and returned to his home at 17 Howard street, where he laughed and chatted with his wife a few minutes before retiring, and continued the conversation after going to bed. Mrs. Johnstone commented on his exuberance of spirits, and he replied that he was feeling unusually well. The conversation closed about 12 o'clock, and a few seconds later she heard her husband give a prolonged sigh. She spoke to him, and receiving no answer, rose up and looked in his face, when she saw a spasm pass over it and he was dead. Drs. Yemans and Hawes were summoned, and pronounced his death the result of heart disease.

Mr. Johnstone's death is a sad and sudden surprise, although he was often heard to remark that he should die without warning, as all his people had died thus. He had expressed his willingness to be taken in that way, as he dreaded a long illness. It is less than two months since his widow, *nee* Miss L. C. Gardner, was his bride, and besides her he leaves five children—four sons and one daughter, by his first wife, as follows: Sidney, aged about 40, residing at Vernon Mich.; Herbert, 36, at White Cloud: Roland, 30, at Cheboygan; Perry, 21, an attaché of the Farmer office; and Marion, 19, who lived with her father.

Mr. Johnstone was born in 1816, in the Barony of The Ards, county Down, Ireland, and arrived in this country in 1833. He at once entered upon an apprenticeship at the Cambridge University press, where he secured a thorough knowledge of the printing business. Subsequently he removed to Albany, N. Y., where he was employed in the legislative printing office after it passed into the hands of Thurlow Weed. He took an active part in the election of Harrison and Tyler in 1840, and in the campaign of 1844, when Henry Clay was defeated for the presidency. He also took a prominent part in Albany county politics in subsequent campaigns, and in 1851 was elected clerk of the New York house of representatives. While serving in this capacity he did some writing for the New York Tribune and made the acquaintance of Horace Greeley, who recommended him to come to Detroit; and through Mr. Greeley's influence he secured the position of commercial editor of the Detroit Advertiser. He subsequently formed a partnership with Warren Isham and purchased the Michigan Farmer, and ran it in connection with

his Advertiser work, afterwards buying Mr. Isham's interest in the paper. In 1854 Mr. Johnstone was enlisted by Silas M. Holmes, who had been elected state treasurer on the Republican ticket, in the proprietorship of the Free Democrat, which had fallen into Holmes' hands for advances he had made it. The firm name was Johnstone and Conover, the junior member being the present Rev. James F. Conover, of Kalamazoo. Two years later Johnstone purchased the Enquirer, a Whig paper established a few years before by Theodore Williams and Rufus Hosmer, and of which Mr. Frederick Morley was their manager. His new purchase he consolidated with the Free Democrat, calling it the Democrat & Enquirer. Still later he bought the Daily Advertiser, then in a crippled financial condition, and into it merged the Democrat & Enquirer, the firm now being R. F. Johnstone & Co. The consolidated paper became the organ of the Republican party of the State, but from slack business management was unsuccessful financially, and about 1856 Johnstone abandoned it to his partner Holmes and the creditors.

When Mr. Johnstone abandoned the field of daily journalism he fell back upon the Michigan Farmer, which was now published weekly, the office being in the Cooper block, now occupied by A. C. McGraw & Co. Capital was furnished by a Mrs. Adams, a lady of considerable literary ability, who also assisted for several years in editing the paper. Upon its suspension she went to Washington and procured a position in the agricultural department, where she remained till her death, which occurred some years later.

Johnstone was far from being a good business manager, and the Farmer was no doubt far from profitable. In 1860 he was appointed superintendent of the Agricultural College farm at Lansing, then just being laid out. His labors being more those of a pioneer in clearing and draining wild land than in managing a model farm, they brought him but little reputation, and taking his time from his paper, the editing of which devolved in the main, on Mrs. Adams alone, the appointment was probably a pecuniary loss to him. With the outbreak of the war the interest in agricultural papers declined to so low an ebb that the time was soon reached when the suspension of the Farmer became a necessity.

After a short interval the paper was revived by Wm. S. Bond and George Snyder, but as a monthly publication. It was even more unsuccessful than before; and in 1864 was sold for a song to H. N. F. Lewis, who changed the name to the Western Rural, converted it into a weekly issue, put a vast amount of life and energy into it, and achieved very soon a notable success. The Western Rural was in the course of a year or two removed to Chicago, where it is still published.

Mr. Johnstone then devoted himself to his duties as secretary of the State a ricultural society, filling in the portion of the year when there was nothing doing in the secretary's office, with proof-reading on the daily papers and serving for a term as commercial editor of the Free Press, and also for a year as manager of the Kalamazoo Telegraph. In May, 1869, he formed a business connection with Mr. Robert Gibbons, and again the Michigan Farmer was revived. Mr. Johnstone contributed the editorial strength and ability, and his partner the business skill so necessary to make a newspaper successful, and the Michigan Farmer for the first time in its history, soon became a decided success. It has since gone on in the even tenor of its way, yearly increasing its subscription list and earnings, until it ranks to-day as one of the solidest pieces of agricultural newspaper property in the west.

After being out of office as secretary of the State society for several years,

Mr. Johnstone was re-elected last year, and the fair of the past month was held under his auspices. He failed, however, of securing the office for the current year.

The Executive Board of the Michigan State Agricultural Society, at its annual meeting held in Jackson, January 12, 1881, adopted the following testimonial to Robert F. Johnstone:

The special committee on the subject, through its chairman, Philo Parsons, submitted the following in view of the death of the late secretary of the society:

The sudden death of Robert F. Johnstone, secretary, in the vigor of mature manhood, is an event that startles and forces consideration. He was a man of strong and earnest character, of conceded ability as a writer on agricultural topics, a thorough judge and most enthusiastic advocate of the greatest improvement of our material interests as represented in all descriptions of stock grown by our farmers or imported by amateurs, and from his varied knowledge and large experience almost essential to our prosperity. But the stern adversary of our race called for him, and in a moment, without word or thought, he passed from the mortal to the immortal world. In this sudden leaving of earthly scenes by our friend there is a tinge of sadness and sorrow. He had struggled with the adversities of a varied life history, never desponding under the most trying circumstances, always hopeful, he had finally reached the plane of financial independence, with prospects of great usefulness to the public and profit to himself. In his social and family relations he had but recently secured a companionship most agreeable, so that there seemed little wanting in his earthly future to a complete happiness. There is a lesson in this event for us all, for sooner or later we too, must follow. In view of the loss we have sustained we ask the adoption of the following resolution:

Resolved, That in the death of our late secretary, Robert F. Johnstone, we each and every one of us feel a sense of personal loss, recognizing also, the very great loss resulting to our society thereby.

The resolution was adopted and an engrossed copy ordered sent to the widow of the deceased.

COL. WILKINS DEAD.

Detroit Post and Tribune, April 1st, 1882.

Col. William D. Wilkins, one of Detroit's prominent citizens, died suddenly of an apoplectic stroke at his residence, 621 Jefferson avenue, yesterday, a few minutes before noon. The sad intelligence caused profound sorrow throughout the city, where he was well known and highly esteemed. He had complained to his wife early in the forenoon of feeling faint. Between 11 and 12 o'clock he announced his intention of lying down. He retired to his bedroom. About 15 minutes before 12 o'clock Mrs. Wilkins entered his room with the intention of giving him a mixture which she had prepared. Mr. Wilkins was found lying on the bed apparently unconscious, but really dead. Dr. Lyster was the first physician to arrive on the scene. He pronounced him dead and gave his opinion that death was instantaneous. Drs. Shurly, Book, Stewart, and Klein subsequently arrived. All agreed as to the probable cause of death.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

William D. Wilkins was born in Pittsburg, Pa., in 1827. He removed with his parents to Detroit in 1832. His father was the late Hon. Ross Wilkins, eminent as a lawyer and judge. The elder Wilkins subsequently removed with his family to Tecumseh, Lenawee county, but his stay there was brief. When he returned to Detroit he placed his son William D. in school in this city. Here he laid the foundation of an education. He began the study of law at

an early age, but gave little attention to the practice of it. Possessed of military tastes he was one of the founders of the Detroit Light Guard, and was its first lieutenant under Capt. A. S. Williams, and was one of the organizers of the veteran corps and a life honorary member of the Light Guard, and when war with Mexico was declared, he volunteered his services and became a member of a regiment raised for the occasion by the late Alpheus S. Williams. He earned the reputation in that war, of being a gallant soldier. In 1850 he was appointed clerk of the United States district court, which position he held until 1870. April 24, 1861, he was made brigade inspector of State troops at Fort Wayne, and during the first summer of the civil war was engaged in matters of transportation for Michigan troops, and performed other valuable services. August 27, 1861, he was appointed assistant adjutant general on the staff of the late Alpheus S. Williams. At the disastrous battle of Cedar Mountain, between Generals Banks and Jackson, August 9, 1862, he was taken prisoner and conveyed to Libby prison. He was paroled about a month later. May 2, 1862, after the battle of Chancelorsville, while performing an important staff duty, he was again taken prisoner with a statement of Hooker's plan of battle, number of men, etc., on his person. The morning after his capture one of his guard experienced a difficulty in lighting the fire. Col. Wilkins in a nonchalant manner drew out of his pocket a wad of paper on which were written the orders. Without suspecting the valuable information they contained, the guard lighted the paper and Hooker's secrets were thereby preserved from the knowledge of the enemy. He was again sent to Libby prison on this occasion and paroled June 2, 1863. August 29, 1863, he resigned on account of disability. He was subsequently breveted major, lieutenant colonel, and colonel of volunteers for meritorious and gallant services during the war. He was a prominent member of the Detroit school board for several terms, and at one time was president of the board, an office which he filled with signal ability. His labors in behalf of popular education were of a marked character, and will be long remembered. One of the public schools bears his name. During the past eight years he had taken a prominent part in politics. He was the idol of the local Democracy and their most popular orator. It was largely through his efforts that his old commander, Alpheus S. Williams, represented this district in Congress for four years. In the Presidential campaign of 1880 he delivered a large number of addresses in behalf of General Hancock throughout the State, and his services were in great demand among his party associates. He visited Europe on three different occasions. His interesting letters of travel during a sojourn of upwards of three years abroad are still fresh in the memory of all. But it is not alone for his valiant deeds as a soldier, nor for his brilliant talents as an orator and writer that William D. Wilkins will be remembered. Socially he was one of the most enjoyable of companions. He had seen, read and reflected much. His conversation, therefore, covered a large domain and was of the most charming description. He was one of the most courtly of gentlemen, but never at the sacrifice of that genialty so necessary to win and bind friends.

A widow, the daughter of the venerable C. C. Trowbridge, and four children, survive him. The last named are Mrs. Otto Tillman, Washington, D. C.; Ross Wilkins, who has just graduated with high honors at Heidleberg university; Charles Trowbridge Wilkins, a member of the junior class at Ann Arbor university, and Mary Wilkins, at present attending the school of St. Agnes, Albany, New York.

THE LOCAL MILITIA.

In the death of Col. Wilkins the military of the city realize a great loss, as he had always been one of its strongest supporters. A member of the old Brady Guard, afterward prominent in the Grayson Light Guard, which was merged into the Detroit Light Guard, in which latter organization he took a special pride from its inception, being one of the original signers to the first call. Was its first lieutenant under Capt. A. S. Williams, and for years prominently connected with its interests, and a life honorary member of the corps. At the quarto-centennial celebration of the company, November 16, 1880, was one of the movers in organizing the veteran corps, and paraded with the veterans on that day.

At the banquet following, he made the following memorable speech in response to the toast, "The veterans of the company, a worthy example to those who come after them."

COMRADES AND FELLOW SOLDIERS:—When we formed in our martial line to-day to celebrate the 25th anniversary of our birth, my thoughts went back twenty-five years to the occasion when upon the same line our 80 shakos, our 80 blue overcoats and sky-blue trousers formed to commemorate our first parade; and as we swung into column and took up our line of march over the old accustomed route, I thought I heard the familiar voice of our beloved and venerated captain as he rang out the orders and steadied the too impetuous ones. I see before me that ferocious mustache and those bristling whiskers, which were belied and contradicted by the kindly twinkle of the eye which denoted the best natured man in the world. As I marched over the familiar ground it seemed to me that the spirits of the departed were marching with us; and I saw, closing the ranks and leading the files, the forms of Whittlesey, and Roberts, and Fairbanks, and Elliott; of Speed, and Le Favour, and Whipple. Specter forms marched by my side; spiritual elbows touched and kept dress with mine; twenty-five years had rolled backward, and I was a boy again.

Col. Wilkins then related some humorous incidents connected with the history of the organization, and continued:

But there are some other reminiscenses here to-night. I remember well when the first gun fired on Sumpter and the bugle called the loyal north to arms, that on the very day succeding the night on which the news was received the Detroit Light Guard volunteered to a man their services for the field under my gallant friend, Capt. Lum, who sits behind me. Of all that glorious host of 93,000 soldiers who went from the Peninsular State to uphold the banner of their country, the Detroit Light Guard were first in the field. Their record and their history is interwoven with the history of their country. Their dead sleep upon many a battle field. The graduates from their ranks are now bearing honorable commissions in many regiments of the regular army. Their good example has gone down as a lesson through all the organized companies of the Peninsular State. They always answer the call of the authorities of their own State. In the so-called "negro riot"—improperly called, for the negroes were the persecuted—the Light Guard were among the promptest conservators of good order. At the time of the railway draft riots the Light Guard sprang to arms to assist in maintaining the supremacy of the laws. I recall the occasion when away up on the distant shores of Lake Superior a disturbance sprang up which threatened to overturn constituted authority. You and your companions around me cheerfully left your homes and families

and business, and made that distant journey to maintain lawful authority. It is an honorable record, of which we and you may well feel proud, a record which all you citizen soldiers will do well to observe and preserve, ever to be ready promptly, at any sacrifice, and on any notice, to maintain with bayonets and uphold with your strength the supremacy of the laws of your land.

I thought, my fellow soldiers, as we marched in parade to-day, of the varying tactics, which had changed with the advancing years. Many of us commenced our drill with the tactics of Scott. After, we had to become familiar with those of Hardee, and now we have been parading under the rules laid down by Upton. "*Tempora; mutantur, et nos mutarum in illis.*" Times change and we change with them. We have changed and the tactics have changed; but let us, through all these changes, at least remember that for a few fleeting moments we can be young, we can be soldiers and boys together. Because the sad thought will come that to most of us veterans, this will be the last anniversary of this kind that we shall celebrate among you. But oh, hail soldiers, young and old, to this our silver wedding; and when 25 years more shall have passed over you, and when you young soldiers, then veterans yourselves, shall meet then as now, the pride and glory and honor of your city, to celebrate your golden wedding, when you stand round the festive board, and the song and cheer and toast goes round, and when in silence you drink to the memory of your departed veterans, then my comrades, for a brief and fitting moment,—let us, your veteran comrades of to-day, find a place in your memories. [Applause and cheers.]

MEETINGS.

The following call has been issued to the veterans of the Light Guard:

There will be a meeting of the Veteran Corps, Detroit Light Guard, at the armory, Firemen's hall, Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock, to take action on the death of Col. Wilkins, and to arrange to attend his funeral as a body.

ALFRED RUSSELL,
F. W. SWIFT,
E. J. SMITH.

Capt. Beniteau has called a special meeting of the Detroit Light Guard for Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock, at the armory. And a call has been made for the veterans of the Mexican war and war of the Rebellion; also for the militia of the city and members of the Brady and Grayson Guard to meet at the armory, Firemen's hall to-night at 7:30 o'clock.

THE BAR.

The death of Col. Wilkins caused a general expression of regret among the members of the bar and prominent professional gentlemen who had known him intimately. The sentiment was quite universal that for genial, companionable qualities, a bright and ready wit, a fund of general knowledge that was almost wonderful, an imagination at once tender, poetic, and rich, a humor that was sunny and free from cynicism, in fine, for breadth of mind and a breezy breadth of nature they had known few men who were Col. Wilkins's equal.

Reminiscenses of his career and anecdotes illustrative of the more striking features of his individuality were current, and such gentlemen as Judge Jennison, Major Penniman, Judge Chambers and Henry M. Cheever gathered

in little knots about the court rooms to exchange reminiscences and recall incidents concerning the deceased. Col. Wilkins was a member of the bar, although he never practiced, and it is probable that the fraternity will commemorate his death by some formal action.

IMPRESSIVE FUNERAL SERVICES.

From the Post and Tribune, April 4th.

The funeral services of the late Colonel William D. Wilkins took place at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon. Long before that hour thousands of people representing all ranks in life gathered about his late residence at 621 Jefferson avenue. At the proper time they filed silently through the room in which the remains were deposited, and looked for the last time upon his familiar face. No traces of suffering were depicted upon his noble features, but a majestic tranquility of expression that impressed each beholder. The casket was literally covered with beautiful and expressive floral tributes. The contribution of the Detroit Light Guard, and veteran corps of that organization was a knapsack and military cap, which was placed on the head of the casket. They were composed of camellias, Marshal Niel roses, immortelles, white carnations, azaleas, geraniums, and ivy. On the face of the knapsack were the initials "D. L. G." Below them "No. 3," Col. Wilkins's old number in the Light Guard when it was first organized. The same organization had at the grave a victor's wreath with open scroll, bearing the date of 1882, with a sword of white carnations and camellias crowned by the wreath. In the center of the wreath were the initials "D. L. G." Over the initials was the date 1855, which was that of the organization of the Detroit Light Guard.

Another beautiful floral tribute and one that elicited much admiration, was an emblem, "The Gates Ajar." This was the gift of the Free Press company. Other appropriate tributes were contributed by the several departments of the city government and personal friends.

As 3 o'clock, the hour for the funeral services approached, the Detroit battalion, consisting of four companies 250 strong, the veteran corps of the Light Guard 40 strong, commanded by Col. F. W. Swift, veterans of the Mexican and late war of the Rebellion, and the Detroit Montgomery Rifles, formed in front of Firemen's hall, corner of Jefferson avenue and Randolph street, and marched to the residence of the deceased. A few minutes past 3 o'clock Bishop Harris read the impressive burial service of the Episcopal church. A hymn followed, then a prayer by the bishop. The remains were borne to the hearse by the following guard of honor of the Detroit Light Guard in full dress uniform: Sergeant J. L. Thompson, Corporal Fred D. Gifford, Dr. S. L. Fuller. Samuel A. Murphy, C. K. Latham, James Johnston, H. E. Palmer, Charles Freiburger, and J. B. Aysault, followed by the honorary pallbearers, Justice James V. Campbell, Hon. G. V. N. Lothrop, Hon. William A. Moore, S. E. Pitman, Gen. James L. Pitman, William E. Quinby, L. L. Barbour, Gen. W. W. Duffield, Alfred Russell, J. M. B. Sill.

The line of march was then taken up to Elmwood cemetery in the following order:

Great Western band.
Montgomery rifles.
Detroit battalion, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Eugene Robinson.
Veterans of the Detroit Light Guard, Mexican war, and war of the Rebellion.
The pall bearers.

The hearse with guard of honor of the Detroit Light Guard.
Family and relatives of the deceased and members of the old fire department in carriages.

Thousands of people on foot also marched to the cemetery. At the gate the band and the military halted, the latter coming to a battalion front with arms at present. The funeral procession, under the escort of the Detroit light guards and the veterans, then passed into the cemetery and proceeded to the grave, which is located on a commanding rise of ground in the extreme northern portion of the cemetery, and adjacent to the lot of the old fire department. The escort formed a hollow square. The remains were borne to the grave by the guard of honor, of his old company, the Light Guard, as it was his wish that they should perform these last services, and were lowered to their resting place. The concluding services were read by Bishop Harris. The Detroit Light Guard, under command of Captain Beniteau, fired three volleys over the grave of their departed comrade and friend, and the vast crowd turned sorrowfully away and left the dead to his eternal repose.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE LIGHT GUARD.

The regular monthly meeting of the Light Guards was held at the armory last evening. There was an unusually full attendance.

On motion of E. J. Ensign a committee consisting of himself, Capt. A. P. T. Beniteau, Lieut. Fred. E. Farnsworth, James Johnson, and M. H. Godfrey were appointed by the chair to draw resolutions appropriate to the death of Col. William D. Wilkins, who was one of the first members of the body. The committee reported the following resolutions, a copy of which was ordered engrossed and sent to the family:

The last assembly is again sounded! Brave Wilkins, the last to hear and obey! A comrade has fallen from our ranks. Yet the soldier never dies—Wilkins is assigned to another command. He is now dressing to the right in the columns of comrades and heroes who have left us. He is with Fairbanks, Whittelsey, Le Favour, Roberts, Speed, Elliott, Wendell, the brave Williams, and generous Bagley, and a host of honored dead. In life none loved the Light Guard more than he whom we now mourn and to whose memory our brightest recollections will ever cling.

Col. Wm. D. Wilkins was among the first to sign the original call for the organization of this company. He was elected its secretary and first lieutenant, serving under the lamented General Williams, our first captain. Even then (1855) he had achieved military honor and won special distinction for brave conduct in the Mexican war. An active member of the company until the first call for troops in '61, when he was the second man in Michigan to offer his services; served again in his country's cause, and to the laurels of a Mexican campaign he added those of a rebellion—Cerro Gordo to Chancellorsville! bright jewels in a hero's crown!

In later years Col. Wilkins took an active interest in the company, and until death was a true friend and father to us.

We mourn his loss with profound sorrow. Brave, generous, kind hearted, chivalrous, and noble! with an admiring people we honor his record of valor and worth, yet he seemed nearer and dearer to us.

After the presentation of the above, remarks were made by E. J. Ensign, James Johnson, Capt. A. P. T. Beniteau, S. L. Fuller, and Lieut. Fred E. Farnsworth.

The Guard will wear a badge of mourning for thirty days and the monthly dress parade was postponed.

PROBATE.

Estate of William D. Wilkins, deceased; renunciation of appointment by executors and petition for the probate of the will and appointment of Lizzie

C. Wilkins as administrator with the will annexed filed; hearing set for May 23. The following is the will:

"In the name of God, amen! I, William D. Wilkins, of Detroit, Michigan, expecting soon to be called away to defend my country, being in the fear of death, but believing it to be my duty, while in sound mind and body, to provide for an event which may befall me at any moment, do make and publish this my only will and testament.

"I have but few debts and those are all well known to my dear wife, and I desire that they shall all be paid in full out of my estate.

"In case I die in Detroit I direct that my body be decently interred in my lot in Elmwood cemetery, near Detroit, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Protestant Episcopal church of which I hope this night to become an unworthy member. Should death befall me outside of the limits of the State of Michigan it is my desire that my body may be left where it is buried after my decease.

"I also direct that all my real and personal estate of every kind and description shall be and remain the absolute property of my beloved wife, Lizzie C. Wilkins, if she shall be living at the time of my decease; but if she should not survive me, then the same shall be given absolutely to such of our children as shall be then living, share and share alike, the same to be apportioned by my executors hereinafter appointed.

"Should I have living at the time of my decease a male child, then I will and bequeath to that male child, or to the eldest male, in case I should have more than one male child, the saber I carried in Mexico, with this, my solemn injunction, that whenever his country is engaged in war, either with foreign or domestic foes, he is, if able to bear arms, to use the best efforts which God may give him in the military service of his country.

"I do hereby make and ordain Charles C. Trowbridge and Frederick S. Sibley, Esqs., of the city of Detroit, executors of this my only will and testament. And I now humbly and trustfully commit my soul to God, my best Friend, trusting in His grace to find favor and mercy for my sins, and in the blood of His Son redemption for my soul.

"WILLIAM D. WILKINS. [SEAL.]

"Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of the testator and of us, who have subscribed in the presence of each other, on this 28th day of April, A. D., 1861, at Detroit, Michigan.

"SIDNEY D. MILLER,
of Detroit, Mich.
"C. C. TROWBRIDGE,
of Detroit."

"This is a codicil to my last will and testament, dated April 28, A. D. 1861, which last will and testament is in all things hereby ratified and confirmed except that in the place and stead of Charles C. Trowbridge as one of my executors, who by reason of great age, and for no other reason whatever, I deem it prudent to nominate and appoint Robert P. Toms of the city of Detroit as executor in place and stead of the said Charles C. Trowbridge, and I hereby give my said executors full power and authority to sell and dispose of all real estate of which I may die possessed, for such price and on such terms and conditions as to them shall seem for the best interests of my estate.

Dated at Detroit this 11th day of April, A. D. 1879.

"The above codicil was duly signed by the testator in our presence and we, in his presence, and in the presence of each other have subscribed our names thereto as witnesses.

"Witness this 11th day of April, A. D., 1879, at Detroit, Michigan.

"MOLLIE T. WILKINS,
"CHAS. T. WILKINS.

The following memorandum was found pinned to the will:

"As the saber which I carried in the Mexican war of 1847–48 referred to in the written will, was captured by the enemy when I was taken prisoner by them at the bloody and disastrous battle of Cedar Mountain, in Virginia, in August, 1862, I request my executors to substitute therefor the saber which was presented to me by the teachers of the Detroit Public Schools on June 20, 1861, as will appear by inscription on the scabbard thereof; it being the sword I carried after the said battle of Cedar Mountain during the war of the rebellion. Should my eldest son, from any reason, be unable to bear arms in any war waged by his country, either foreign or domestic, then I request and desire that my second son shall so bear arms, for the reason that his father, his father's uncles, his great-grandfather, and his great-great-grandfather, have so borne arms in every war in which his country has been engaged during their respective lifetimes, from the time of the great revolution, when my great-grandfather, John Wilkins, sold all he possessed, raised with the proceeds a company of soldiers in the Pennsylvania line, and served as their captain throughout said revolutionary war without pay or compensation therefor, except in 'Continental money,' so called, which I now have in my possession and which I desire shall be equally divided among my children and be kept by them as a memento that their services belong to their country, as did those of their ancestors, fully and without price or reward.

"DETROIT, April 11, 1879." "WM. D. WILKINS.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN ROBERTS.

From the Post and Tribune, April 15th, 1881.

JOHN ROBERTS, one of the oldest citizens of Detroit, died at his residence, 410 Woodward avenue, on Wednesday evening, April 13th, at 9 o'clock, of old age.

Mr. Roberts was born in November, 1798, in Wales, and was therefore more than 82 years old. In 1800 he came to Philadelphia with his parents, and in 1801 moved to Utica, N. Y. In 1820 he came to Detroit on the celebrated steamboat "Walk-in-the-water." There are not half a dozen men in Detroit now who were here when he came. The population of the city was then 1,200, and the only building now standing that was built when he came, is St. Ann's church. Shortly after he came he filled in a wharf on Atwater street, between Bates and Randolph, which was the first earth wharf constructed here. For several years he carried on a soap and candle factory on this wharf and a grocery in connection with it. In 1834 he enlarged his store and took his brother, Robert E., into partnership. They opened a general store, selling dry goods, groceries, crockery, etc. In the great fire of 1837 they were burned out. They then took a store in the block built by Trowbridge & Farnsworth, opposite the site of the Michigan Exchange. In 1839 they moved into the Eldred block, on the north side of Jefferson avenue, between Griswold and Woodward. In 1841 John bought out his brother, and continued business at

the same place for two or three years, all the while operating his chandlery and store on the dock, which was rebuilt after the fire. About 1846 he sold out to Mr. N. Tomlinson, who converted the establishment on the dock into a tannery. Shortly after, he retired from business altogether.

For a long time Mr. Roberts occupied a residence on Woodward avenue, where St. Andrew's hall now stands, until the march of trade crowded the dwelling houses farther up the avenue. Then he moved to the corner of Woodward avenue and Edmund street. This he sold some 12 or 15 years ago and built his present residence at 410 Woodward avenue.

In 1832, during the scourge of cholera in Detroit, he was a member of the common council, and as such was chairman of the committee on health. Through his efforts the spread of the disease was largely prevented. He was also colonel of the first Michigan regular State militia; also one of the original stockholders and a director in the Michigan insurance company during its entire existence. He was one of the founders of St. John's Episcopal church, and for a long time one of its vestrymen. He was the oldest Mason in the city, and a member of Zion lodge No. 1, the first lodge instituted in the State.

In 1825 he married a daughter of Capt. Sanderson of this city, and had three children, two girls and one boy. Two of these children, Mrs. Jeremiah Vernor of this city and Mr. D. W. Roberts of San Francisco, are living, as is the brother, Robert E. Roberts of this city. A second wife still survives him.

A neighbor and friend of Mr. Roberts, who has known him for many years, speaks of him in the highest terms both as a business man and in his social life. As a friend his inexhaustible fund of anecdote and humor made his conversation delightful to listen to. As a business man he was active and energetic, and his honesty and general integrity were proverbial.

For a long time Mr. Roberts has been failing, and for about a month he had been confined to his house. His death was due to old age, without any specific disease, and was a quiet and painless one.

DEATH OF ANDREW LADUE.

Detroit Post and Tribune, July 22, 1881.

Andrew Ladue, father of Assistant City Controller Ladue, died yesterday at his residence, 98 Elizabeth street west, after an illness of several weeks, of old age. He was 82 years old.

Mr. Ladue came to Detroit from Troy, N. Y., in 1848. His brother John came with him, and was mayor of Detroit at one time, while he, Andrew, was an alderman. They operated an extensive tannery at the foot of Rivard street for several years, and later at Adrian, Mich. Mr. Ladue leaves three children —Wm. N., who is in the controller's office; James, who operates a large tannery in Springwells, and a daughter, M. Emma, who is in the public library. He was a member of the First Presbyterian church, and a highly respected citizen.

DEATH OF THOMAS F. ABBOT.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Post and Tribune, April 30th, 1881.

The business community of Detroit was again shocked yesterday by the announcement of the sudden death of Thomas F. Abbot, of the well-known

carpet firm of Abbot & Ketchum. The sad event occurred at his residence, 297 Fort street west, at 8 o'clock A. M., the disease being angina pectoris. Mr. Abbot awoke about 6:30 with a sudden elevation of his arms. His wife asked him if he was going to dress, and he replied that he was suffering from a severe pain in his left side. He felt relieved, however, in a few minutes, and called for his paper and remained in bed, reading it at intervals until 8 o'clock, when he was seized with intense pain, and a messenger was dispatched for Dr. D. O. Farrand. The latter promptly responded, but before his arrival Mr. Abbot had passed away.

Mr. Abbot was born in Concord, New Hampshire, 73 years ago. When he arrived at the age of manhood he embarked in the dry-goods business at Derry, New Hampshire. In 1838, when 30 years of age, he emigrated to Detroit and formed a copartnership with Luther Beecher in the dry-goods trade, the firm name being Abbot & Beecher. Their place of business was on the site now occupied by the Mariner's church, corner of Woodward avenue and Woodbridge street. In 1842 the firm removed to the northwest corner of Jefferson avenue and Bates street. Remaining here a short period, they again removed to the opposite side of the street and the firm name was reversed to Beecher & Abbot. This was in 1846. In 1848 Mr. Abbot sold his interest in the establishment to Mr. Beecher, and went into the auction and commission trade with Henry Doty. The commission business not proving a success, the firm went into the wholesale dry-goods trade in the Merrill block, in the store now occupied by F. Rolshoven, the jeweler. He subsequently purchased Mr. Doty's interest in the concern, and in 1857 he wound up the business. In 1862 Mr. C. B. Ketchum induced him to buy out Edward Shepard, who was engaged in the carpet trade at 142 Jefferson avenue. A copartnership was subsequently established with Mr. Ketchum, and the firm did business at the above number until 1872, when they removed to their present location, 107 Woodward avenue.

In 1852 Mr. Abbot was married to Elizabeth Hale, of Derry, New Hampshire, who survives him. Two daughters, Mrs. George N. Ladue, of Detroit, and Mrs. William A. Vaughan, of Bay City, are also living. Mr. Abbot leaves a large estate.

The funeral services took place at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon from the house. Rev. Dr. Pierson, of the Fort street Presbyterian church preached the funeral sermon.

DR. JAMES A. BROWN.

From the Post and Tribune, May 23d, 1882.

On Sunday morning at 8.30 o'clock Dr. James A. Brown died at his residence, No. 43 Lafayette avenue. He was a physician well known to the citizens of Detroit. He had been sick for a long time with a disease which he or the attending physicians could not understand. During his illness he spent his time principally in reading up in his profession and otherwise improving himself, taking a great interest in everything pertaining to medicine. Dr. Brown was born in Charlton, Saratoga county, N. Y., October 8, 1817, making him 65 years old at the time of his death. He graduated at Fairfield academy, N. Y., and afterwards studied medicine at Geneva and at Albany medical college. He took his degree of M. D. at the Willoughby medical college in 1842. He first practiced at Chagrin Falls, Ohio, and in 1847 he and Dr. E. M. Clark removed to Detroit. In the years 1858 and 1875 Dr. Brown

was vice president of the Michigan State Medical Society, and that association at its last meeting held in Ypsilanti, sent a very neat telegram of regret to Dr. Brown at his inability to attend their meeting where his face had been always familiar. He was also a member of the American Medical Association and of the Detroit Medical Library Association, being their first president.

He was president of the board of pension examiners of Detroit from 1862 until very lately. He has also been a member of the Detroit board of education, and at different times trustee of the Kalamazoo and Pontiac insane asylums, surgeon of the Marine Hospital in this city, and physician at the House of Correction. He has held other important offices. His funeral will take place from his residence at 3 P. M. to-day, when the physicians of Detroit will attend in a body. He will be buried in Woodmere.

At 8 o'clock last evening there was a meeting of Detroit physicians in the rooms of the Detroit medical and library association, on the corner of Lafayette avenue and Shelby street, to take action on the death of the late member. Dr. Morse Stewart was appointed chairman, and Dr. Webber secretary of the meeting. Dr. Brodie moved that the chair appoint a committee of three to draft suitable resolutions. The chair appointed Drs. Wm. Brodie, T. A. McGraw, and J. F. Noyes. Dr. Eugene Smith, Dr. Klein, Dr. Gilbert, Dr. Hawes and the chairman all spoke touchingly of their late professional brother, who, as was said, always helped the young members of the profession in every way possible, and who was always open-hearted and handed. Few medical men had less faults than Dr. Brown, and few physicians were more successful in their practice and liked by their patients. He was never heard to speak ill of a brother doctor, and he made friends with every person he came in contact with. He has performed a large amount of work in his lifetime, having practiced medicine for over 40 years.

Dr. Brodie read the following resolutions, which had been drafted by the committee:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove by death our late brother, Dr. James A. Brown, in the 65th year of his age after a long and tedious illness accompanied with great physical suffering. Realizing as he did, the nature and gravity of his disease, the attending suffering, and its certain termination, he bore it all as a man, disdaining to ease his pain at the expense of a clouded intellect. His interest in all those matters which naturally claimed the attention of the citizens both general and local, with the profession of which he was proud of being a member, and without it, was as deep and extensive, and even more so, than when an active member in our midst.

Scarcely twenty-four hours before his death, when the purple hue was gradually creeping on his attenuated body and the eyelids were beginning to droop, his "How do you do, doctor?" and the quiet shake of the hand spoke of the friendship of years soon forever to be ended. A strong constitution compelled him to live after he became anxious to die.

Resolved, 1. That by the decease of Dr. James A. Brown, who for over 30 years has been associated with us in the practice of medicine, we have lost a member whose place cannot be filled and whose ability as a physician was fully recognized by us as well as by his fellow citizens and whose tact in the sick room endeared him to his patients and their interested friends.

2. That in public as well as in private life he fulfilled the duties imposed upon him whether by the general government, the State, the city, or a friend, with strict integrity. He was ever the honest man; no shadow of wrong-doing to his fellow man ever tarnished his reputation.

3. That while losing a generous, warm-hearted, and valued associate, whose death leaves a void we cannot fill, we deeply sympathize with his beloved wife, his companion of 35 years, in her great bereavement, believing that He who tempers the storm to the shorn lambs, will also sooth her in this great affliction, and that the

memory of a kind and affectionate husband will ever be a continuing source of pleasant remembrance.

4. That we extend to his only child, Dr. Frank W. Brown, the warm hand of professional friendship, with our sincere regrets for the great loss which has befallen him, and our best wishes that the mantle of the father be kindly spread to cover the future of the son.

5. To all relatives and friends of the family we extend the hand of sympathy.

6. That as a mark of respect to our deceased brother, we follow his remains to its earthly resting place.

7. That this preamble and resolutions be published in the newspapers of the city, and a copy sent to his immediate family.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted. After their adoption, Dr. Wm. Brodie, Dr. McGraw, and Dr. Noyes spoke on the many virtues of Dr. Brown, and of their personal acquaintance with him, all agreeing that he was one of the most agreeable and successful physicians of the city. Before his death Dr. Brown requested that a post mortem examination be held on his body for the benefit of the medical world, and as an example to other people who strongly object to post mortem examinations when they should be held. The post mortem examination will be held some time this morning.

DEATH OF MARCUS STEVENS.

From the Post and Tribune, June 20th, 1880.

Marcus Stevens, one of the oldest, best known and most highly esteemed business men in the city of Detroit and the State of Michigan, died Saturday morning, June 19th, at 2:30 o'clock, at his residence, 154 Lafayette avenue.

Mr. Stevens was sixty-six years old on the 20th day of February last. He had been in ill health for more than two years. The past winter was spent by him in Florida. He returned several weeks ago, and has since steadily failed, from a complication of disorders. His death was a quiet and peaceful one.

Mr. Stevens was born in Steuben county, New York. He served an apprenticeship at the trade of cabinet-making at Bath, in that county. In 1836 he removed to Michigan, coming at once to Detroit, where his first employer was J. W. Tillman, Mr. Stevens then being twenty-two years of age. Six years later he established a business of his own, following the manufacture of furniture. The business has from this beginning grown to dimensions exceeded by no house in the State. His first partner was Mr. Samuel Zug, who is now a resident of this city. The firm occupied at different times various stores on Jefferson avenue. The partnership continued until 1859, when Mr. Zug retired. The following year Mr. Stevens removed to a site on the Campus Martius, in the Coyle block. The business has been conducted for many years at the present location, 15 and 17 Monroe avenue. Until 1878 Mr. Stevens remained in active charge, but since his health began to fail, two trusted employés, C. A. Brockway and F. G. Chidsey, have had control of it. Mr. Stevens was last able to sit up on the porch of his home about three weeks ago. He was twice married, his second wife and two children surviving him. The latter are Mrs. Kate S. Robe, wife of Capt. C. F. Robe of the 25th infantry, U. S. A., and Miss Helen E. Stevens.

Mr. Stevens was prominently identified with the old Brady Guards, of which he was one of the few surviving members. He was also an active member of the Audubon Club, having been its president several terms. He was president of the North Channel Fishing and Shooting Club, and very fond of the pas

times of hunting and fishing. Politically he was a strong Republican. He never actively entered political life, having devoted his best years to the building up of a large and prosperous business. Mr. Stevens was for many years an active member of the Protestant Episcopal church, and was one of the vestry of Grace church. He will be mourned by many friends, and by the community at large.

DEATH OF J. R. GROUT.

Post and Tribune, January 4th, 1882.

John R. Grout, one of Detroit's old and well-esteemed citizens, died yesterday morning at his house, 86 Fort street west, after a gradual failure of his health which had extended over a long time.

Mr. Grout's career has been one marked by wonderful energy of purpose and flattering success. He was born in 1806, and was, therefore, more than 75 years old. He graduated when a young man at Union College, Schenectady, N. Y. Before finishing his studies he, like many another young man, taught school in the district near his eastern home, and acquired a firmness and steadfastness of purpose which did him good service in after years.

Coming to Michigan when he was still young, Mr. Grout practiced his profession as a civil engineer, and in that capacity was connected with the early history of several Michigan railroads, among them the old Detroit & Milwaukee. The present Third street depot of the Michigan Central Railroad was built from plans drawn by him.

In 1845 he went to Lake Superior, where he actively engaged in developing some of the most important copper mines as explorer and agent for several companies. He was instrumental in the organization of more than one of the present mining companies there. While there he conceived the idea of establishing works here, which he did. These works, the Detroit & Lake Superior Copper Company, are an institution too well known in Detroit to need a lengthy description. Mr. Grout was one of the founders of the Fort Wayne & Elmwood Railway Company, of which for some years he has been the President. He was a director of the American National Bank, and for some time in the corporation known as Parke, Davis & Co.

Mr. Grout's family consists of his widow, three daughters and one son. One of his daughters is married. All reside in this city.

For two years he has been in poor health and for the last two months was confined to the house.

DEATH OF JOHN STEPHENS.

John Stephens died October 31, 1881, aged 69 years. He was in the truest sense of the term a self-made man. Born in Dublin, Ireland, October 7, 1812. He lost his mother at an early age and emigrated to Trafalgar, Ont., with his father, when eight years old. He was the eldest of four brothers. He received a common school education, and when 18 years old commenced business for himself as a merchant at Delaware, near London, Ont. The youth gave promise of the man, and he prospered in all his business ventures. He subsequently became an ardent advocate of Canadian independence, but giving up all hope that his wishes would be realized, he sold out his business in 1838 and removed to Mt. Clemens, Macomb county, where he established a general store, and

later, branches at Utica and Romeo. He also engaged largely in milling, and at one time ran the only steamboat that plied regularly between Mt. Clemens and Detroit. Finding the field too narrow for him at Mt. Clemens, he gradually disposed of his interest there, and in 1852 removed to Detroit, where he embarked in the wholesale grocery trade, a few doors south of Woodbridge street on Woodward avenue, near where the cracker factory of A. W. Copland & Co. now is. Moses W. Field was admitted as a partner in the business, and the firm name became Stephens & Field. The business was a short time afterward removed to the first story of the Mariner's church, corner of Woodward avenue and Woodbridge street, and Mr. Field retiring, Mr. James Beatty of the well known firm of Beatty, Fitzsimons & Co., was admitted into partnership, and the firm name became Stephens & Beatty. The business soon grew to mammoth proportions and took rank as the largest wholesale grocery house in the State. In 1864 Mr. Beatty retired. In 1868 Mr. Stephens removed to New York City with his family where he established an office for the purpose of making purchases for the house in Detroit. At the end of three years he returned, and January 1, 1877, he sold out the stock to Beatty, Fitzsimons & Co., and in November, 1878, organized the wholesale grocery firm of John Stephens & Sons, and started in business in the Strong block, corner of Jefferson avenue and Shelby street. A few months ago he removed his business to the old board of trade building, corner of Woodbridge and Shelby street, where it still remains.

In August, 1877, he lost his wife, and from her death his family date his failing health. This estimable lady bore him eleven children, eight of whom survive him; John E. and George R. Stephens and six daughters: Mrs. George W. Lamson, Mrs. Col. J. Kempmizner, of Fort Sill, Indian Territory; Mrs. Capt. Allan Smith, of Fort Hays; Mrs. Lieut. R. C. Van Vliet, Fort Wayne, Mich.; Mrs. Robert A. Little, New York; and Mrs. Rev. S. T. Clark, Elmira, N. Y.

Mr. Stephens took a great interest in public affairs, but would never consent to hold a political office. He was director of the First National bank from the date of its organization with the single exception of the time of his residence in New York. In religion he was an Episcopalian. The larger portion of his life was devoted strictly to business, and in that and his family he found his chief delight. He was a business man of the first rank.

At Monday's noon session of the executive committee of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Exchange, of which he was a member, H. A. Newland, C. B. Hull, Gen. G. S. Wormer, Charles Buncher, Waldo M. Johnson, and G. S. Wormer were appointed a committee to prepare resolutions expressive of the regret of that body at the death of Mr. Stephens. A special meeting of the Exchange was ordered for last evening, at which Vice President B. F. Farrington presided. The committee presented the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, This Exchange has been called upon to suffer the loss of one its oldest members in the death of John Stephens, Esq,

Resolved, That as we again recognize the removal from business life of one who stood foremost in our mercantile ranks, we would put on record our high esteem for his long, earnest, and honorable career as a merchant, and as one who has labored to make our city honorably known throughout the State.

Resolved, That as a mark of esteem, the members of this Exchange will attend in a body, the funeral of our deceased member.

Appropriate remarks were made by Col. F. W. Swift, James Burtenshaw, and others.

DEATH OF JOHN BLOOM.

From the Detroit Evening News, May 29, 1882.

John Bloom, the oldest sail maker on the lakes and one of the first members of the board of trade, died about three o'clock this morning at the ripe age of 86 years. Mr. Bloom was born at Boomersaund, Sweden, January 13, 1796, went to sea when 14 years old, and followed that avocation for a period of 15 years. In the year 1827 he was married and came to America, first settling at Albany, N. Y. In September, 1834, he removed to Detroit, and ever since he and his wife have been staunch members of the First Baptist church. He started in business here as a ship chandler and sail maker, and his business still continues under the management of his son Nelson. He became a member of the old fire department a year before it was incorporated, and served seven years. He was one of the original 18 members of the First Baptist church, was elected deacon in 1837, and held that position up to the time of his death. In 1877 the official paper of the church said of him: "We need not trace minutely Deacon Bloom's history from this time (1834) to the present. He has been a tower of strength in the church throughout its entire history. He has always been a man of unswerving integrity in his business career; a man of few words, and almost abrupt in his manners and address, with a brogue in his speech which gives it a peculiar force and interest—in fact a peculiar man, whose characteristics linger with him through all the changes of country and people in the midst of which he has lived."

Mr. Bloom leaves a widow aged 78, and three sons and three daughters.

DEATH OF J. P. THOMPSON.

From the Post and Tribune.

JONATHAN PALMER THOMPSON, a well-known editor and agricultural writer of this State, and for some years agricultural editor of the Post and Tribune, died July 6th, 1880, after a long, painful, and hopeless combat with that terrible illness, Bright's disease, during which, however, he has continued his editorial work with courage and patience. He was born July 24, 1826, in Bloomfield, Hartford county, about six miles from Hartford city, Connecticut. Although left an orphan at a very early age, both of his parents having died before he reached his sixth year, especial care was bestowed upon his early education. While residing in Hartford his training was committed to the care of private tutors. Among those from whom he received instruction was Rev. Dr. Robinson of Middletown, Orange county, N. Y., who was succeeded by Hon. William Bross, then principal of an academy at Ridgebury, Orange county, since known as the founder of the Chicago Tribune. Under his charge he passed through a course of studies covering several years, embracing the usual collegiate branches. A short period after this he resided with his brother, Charles R. Thompson of Stewartville, Warren county, New Jersey, where he became a favorite student of Prof. John S. Labar for a number of years. He subsequently commenced to study law with Hon. Isaac Toucey, who at that time was governor of the State of Connecticut, and finally took a full law course at the Dane law school, Harvard. Professors Greenleaf, Story, William Kent, Theophilus Parker, and other distinguised professors were among the members of the faculty at the university at the period, and among others with whom Mr. Thompson was at the time acquainted, and with whose

careers many pleasant personal recollections were associated, were Profs. Agassiz, Horsford, and Wyman.

After graduating at the law school of Harvard, Mr. Thompson located in Lansing, the capital of this State, in 1848. He met there an office confrere of former days in the person of Judge Wm. H. Chapman, who still lives in Lansing. Judge Chapman was one of the first residents of the State capital, having settled there in March, 1848, and Mr. Thompson following in August of the same year. They formed a law co-partnership at this period, Mr. Thompson having purchased a fine law library in New York on his road to Lansing. Neither of the partners ever practiced law to any great extent, as might naturally be inferred from the immediate surroundings in which they found themselves placed. Mr. Chapman turned his attention more particularly to real estate operations, and Mr. Thompson devoted himself to journalism.

About the year 1852 Mr. Thompson became editor of the Lansing State Journal, then owned by Peck & Harmon. He remained connected with the Journal till 1856. Mr. Thompson attended the national convention in Cincinnati in that year, and, through the influence of Gen. Richmond of Grand Rapids, he shortly afterwards assumed the editorial charge of the Grand Rapids Daily Herald and Enquirer, upon the retirement of Thomas B. Church from the position. The Herald and Enquirer was published and owned by Messrs. Barnes & Taylor, who subsequently became publishers of the Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Thompson followed Stephen A. Douglas in his course in regard to the territorial question, which led to the disruption of the Democratic party, the formation of the Republican party, and the precipitation of the rebellion. He also sought to enter the ranks of the army, but owing to the condition of his health, he was not permitted to enlist, and he turned with renewed ardor to his duties in the field of journalism.

In 1860–61 he directed special interest to the study of practical agriculture and horticulture. He assisted in establishing the Michigan State Pomological Society, now known as the Michigan Horticultural Society, and other societies with kindred aims and objects. While associate editor of the Grand Rapids Eagle, the Republican journal of that section, Mr. Thompson gave the widest possible encouragement to the development of the agricultural interests of the State, and the lasting good which he effected at that period in the promotion and extension of practical agriculture is felt to the present time and has been universally acknowledged.

For two years, 1876–7 and 1877–8, Mr. Thompson was secretary of the Michigan State Agricultural Society, and for the last three years he has had editorial charge of the agricultural department of the Post and Tribune, and the popularity and esteem in which he was held cannot be better attested than by the favor and acceptance with which his labors in this special department were regarded. Its readers, in his untimely death, will mourn the loss of a near and intimate friend. To a rare courtesy and grace of manner Mr. Thompson united many admirable social qualities. He was at all times a welcome and conspicuous participant in the various conventions and organizations which had the promotion and development of agricultural science for their special aim, and his absence will be seriously felt in future gatherings of this character, not alone for the personal esteem in which he is held, but for the valuable impetus which he gave to their advancement and progress.

Mr. Thompson belonged to the Masonic fraternity, having been one of the

original charter members of the first lodge which was established in Lansing.

The funeral of Mr. Thompson took place from his late residence, 281 Congress street east, the Rev. Wm. J. Harris, D. D., rector of Christ church, officiating. The pall bearers were Senator Thomas W. Palmer, Collector Digby V. Bell, and representatives of the Michigan Farmer, Free Press, and Post and Tribune. The floral tributes from friends were appropriate and numerous. The remains were interred in Elmwood cemetery.

HON. ROBERT McCLELLAND.

EX-GOV. ROBERT MCCLELLAND died at his home No. 414 Jefferson avenue, Detroit, August 30, 1880. Hon. Robert McClelland was for many years one of the foremost figures in Michigan and national politics, and an acknowledged Democratic leader of the conservative type.

With Governor McClelland passed away, almost the last of the Democratic statesmen of Michigan who rose to eminence in the hight of their careers; and the small handful of his contemporaries yet remaining, like him, long since retired from active participation in public affairs. Since the Constitutional Convention of 1867 he has not undertaken any official burden, but passed his declining years in his office, and at home, very retired, very methodical, and with the ever present consciousness that his end of life was fast approaching. He had lived long, received high honors, enjoyed the unreserved confidence and the warm esteem of his fellow citizens, and was content to "drift adown the vale" until the eternal horizon rose to view. His death was caused by apoplexy, the third stroke of which within a few years he suffered shortly after noon on Saturday. He lay unconscious during the remaining hours of his life, and passed away so calmly and with such absence of the struggle that usually accompanies dissolution as to leave his attendants some minutes in ignorance that his supreme hour had passed.

Robert McClelland was born at Greencastle, Franklin county, Pa., August 1, 1807, and was therefore a little more than 73 years old. He was graduated from Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., in 1829, and was admitted to the bar at Chambersburg, Pa., in 1831. He practiced his profession in Pittsburg about a year, and some time in 1833 he removed to Monroe, Mich., and settled down to the earnest business of life. He very soon took a prominent place in the public councils, and in 1835 the people elected him a member of the Constitutional Convention, in which he took front rank as a debater and a sagacious man of affairs. Gov. Mason also selected him to serve as Bank Commissioner and subsequently as Attorney General, but he did not accept the offices, chiefly because he preferred to address himself to his profession. In 1838, however, he consented to serve in the State Legislature. Of that period of his career a published biography now extant has the following:

"In 1840, Gen. Harrison, as candidate for the Presidency, swept the country by an overwhelming majority, and at the same time the State of Michigan was carried for the Whigs under the popular cry of 'Woodbridge and Reform.' At this time Mr. McClelland stood among the acknowledged leaders of the Democratic party; was elected a member of the State House of Representatives; and with others adopted a plan to regain a lost authority and prestige. The Democratic party soon came into power again in the State, and having been returned to the Legislature, Mr. McClelland's leadership was acknowl-

edged by his election as Speaker of the House in 1843, in which year he was also elected to the national Congress by a majority of about 2,500."

His career in the latter body is a part of the history of the country with which all are familiar. He rendered very important services as a member of the Committee on Commerce, and was the father of the beneficent harbor bills. He was re-elected to the Twenty-ninth Congress, at the opening of which he had achieved a national reputation, and was asked to take the position of Speaker of the House, which intended honor he declined. His advocacy of the Wilmot proviso, his firm stand on the right of petition question, and his unequivocal attitude toward the "French Spoliation bill" are conspicuous milestones in his public career. He was a member of several national Democratic conventions, and was very marked in that of 1848, which nominated Gen. Cass for the Presidency. He retired from Congress in 1849, and in 1850 was again chosen to the convention called to revise the Constitution of Michigan. That same year he presided over the Democratic State Convention at which were adopted the famous resolutions supporting the compromise measures of the fiery Harry of the West. He was elected Governor of Michigan for the interregnum caused by the adoption of the new Constitution in 1851, and in the autumn of 1852 he was re-elected, this time for two years. In March, 1853, he resigned the Executive office and President Pierce called him into his cabinet as Secretary of the Interior. His administration was notably free from corruptions and he left the department in perfect order and system. In 1867 he again took part in a Michigan Constitutional Convention, and three years later he made a tour of Europe, on his return from which, he ensconced himself in a quiet corner of life and watched the tide go by, not without keen interest, but in the serene spirit of one who felt that he had finished his stint.

His widow and two married daughters—Mrs. George N. Brady and Mrs. Benjamin D. Greene—survive him.

The death of the venerable ex-governor Robert McClelland was announced in the Superior court September 1st, when several feeling tributes of respect were paid to his memory.

Don M. Dickinson said:

MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT:—The desires and strifes of this life sink into insignificance in the presence of death. A distinguished member of the bar of the State of Michigan and of the United States has been stricken with death. The announcement has been made to most of us since we left our homes to come to this court room. It seems to me eminently proper, if your honor please, that this, the highest court of the municipality of Detroit, should not continue its ordinary avocations, should not continue the trial of a cause, and that the members of this bar, brethren of the distinguished dead, should not pursue the business of the court, while he lies dead in the city. Gov. McClelland died, as is announced this morning, about the hour of 11 o'clock last night. Out of respect to his memory, and while the sudden shock of the news is upon us and upon the citizens of our town, I move, your honor, that the superior court of Detroit do now adjourn for the day.

Col. John Atkinson said:

May it please your honor: I join entirely with my brother Dickinson in this request to the court. Gov. McClelland, who has suddenly been called away from us, has for over 40 years been one of the most prominent figures in the bar of this State. I think nearly 40 years ago he was governor of this State,

28 years ago he was a cabinet minister, representing this State in the cabinet of President Pierce. He has occupied almost every prominent position to which a member of the bar may be called, and has characterized every position that he has occupied by his integrity and his ability. I think that when a prominent man like Gov. McClelland has been called from among us, it is well for us all to pause to consider that there are other things than the strifes of the world in which we are engaged, and that the time may be profitably spent by us in reflection upon this event common to all mankind, but so much more striking when it takes from us one so distinguished. I therefore join in Mr. Dickinson's request that this court adjourn in respect to his memory.

His honor, Judge Chipman, then said:

The motion that has been made by my brother Dickinson, and seconded by brother Atkinson, strikes the court as one that is eminently fitting to be made. I had the honor and pleasure of knowing Gov. McClelland from my earliest boyhood. A man a good deal older than myself; yet to have observed such a life, and to have enjoyed the friendship of such a man, is both a pleasurable recollection and a real blessing to one who is the recipient.

Gov. McClelland belonged to a class of statesmen who, unfortunately for this country, are becoming too few. He was a man of stern integrity. His aims were all for his country's good. Intense patriotism and a high sense of honor characterized everything that he did. The mere holding of place was nothing to him, save as he held it honorably and held it usefully. He was a Democrat in politics, and through all the vicissitudes of his party never changed his principles or opinions. Whether that was wise or not, whether those principles and opinions were right or not, this is not a time or place to speak of; but that he adhered to them with all the tenacity of firm conviction and high sense of right through obloquy and defeat, though it put an end to his career as a public man, is a fact extremely creditable to him, and one which I think all his fellow citizens, without regard to political belief, will take pride and pleasure in. He was a member of the Legislature at an early day, and speaker of the State House of Representatives. He was a member of the convention which framed our present constitution. He was also a member of the last constitutional convention, which did not succeed in establishing a constitution; but its labors, nevertheless, were very beneficial to the people. The convention, too, was composed of some of the ablest minds of the State, among whom none appeared to greater advantage than he did. He was a member of Congress for several terms; he was Governor of the State, elected several times to that position; and was finally appointed by President Pierce a member of his cabinet as Secretary of the Interior; and I regret, as an American citizen, to be obliged to say it (but to make such a remark is complimentary to the deceased), it is true of him and honorable of him, that in that graveyard of reputation—that place in which of all others of this government corruption has been most flagrant—that he was pure and unsullied; that even the rancor of political criticism has never attacked his reputation in connection with his administration of that very important position—one in which a variety of interests are gathered, and in which the opportunities for fraud and peculation are greater than in any other department of the government; and in which, I regret to say, men who stood high before in the estimation of their fellow citizens have faltered and fallen by the wayside.

Gov. McClelland was certainly a just man, a pure man; kindly in all the relations of life; a man of simple tastes; a man whose generosity of disposi-

tion was only restrained by his capacity to gratify it; and in every regard a man who is a model for the present generation, both as a lawyer and as a statesman. His private life was blameless.

When such a man is taken from us, one who aided to found the institutions of this great commonwealth, one who has borne part in the eventful history of the last thirty years of the nation, it is eminently fitting when such a man has been taken from us that we should pause, as has been said by my brothers, and that we should do full reverence to his memory.

The motion is granted, and court will now adjourn until to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock.

The funeral services of ex-Governor Robert McClelland took place from the family residence, September 2d. They were attended by a large number of his friends, who came to pay this last tribute to one of the few who belonged to a generation of statesmen now almost forgotten. A number of gentlemen from Monroe were present, among them, Hon. Gouverneur Morris, Col. I. R. Grosvenor, Hon. Talcott E. Wing, H. J. Redfield, Mr. Thurber, and others.

The rosewood casket containing the remains was placed in the center of the large double parlor. It was surrounded by an ivy wreath, and near the foot of the casket were a sheaf of ripe wheat and a sickle of beautiful purple immortelles. Among the other floral tributes was an exquisitely designed harp of white flowers, from Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Storey, of Chicago. There were also an anchor of white roses, carnations, and immortelles, from Mrs. T. A. Parker; a sickle of pure white flowers, from Mrs. Richard Hall; a beautiful and delicately formed wreath, from Mrs. Sidney D. Miller; and numerous bouquets of lilies, carnations, and cut flowers.

The service, that of the Episcopal church, Gov. McClelland's faith, was conducted by Rev. Rufus W. Clark, of St. Paul's, and Rev. Wm. J. Harris, of Christ church. The remains were then conveyed to their last resting place in Elmwood cemetery.

The honorary pall bearers were Senator Henry P. Baldwin, Hon. Samuel T. Douglas, Theodore Romeyn, Richard Hall, G. V. N. Lothrop, Theodore H. Eaton, Henry N. Walker, and Robert P. Toms.

The bearers proper were Alex. Lewis, Col. W. D. Wilkins, Col. Freeman Norvell, Col. James E. Pittman, William A. Moore, Oliver Goldsmith, D. Bethune Duffield, and Sidney D. Miller.

DEATH OF A. SMITH BAGG.

A. Smith Bagg died very suddenly, September 6th, 1880, at his home on Woodward avenue, just outside the Detroit city limits. He had been sitting on the piazza holding a little grandchild. Mr. Bagg had been complaining of not feeling well the day before; in fact, his health had not been as rugged as usual for some time, and therefore nothing serious was thought to be the matter when he called to Mrs. Bagg to come and take the child, saying he did not feel at all well. She took the child, and a moment later he called to her, saying he wished she would come and help him into the house, as he felt too ill and faint to walk. She helped him into the house and seated him in his large arm-chair. He sat down, his hands resting on the arms of the chair and his head thrown back, and died without a groan or a struggle. He never breathed after being seated in the chair, and was dead before it was possible to do anything for him. It was the opinion of medical experts to whom the

circumstances were narrated, that his death was caused by heart disease. No post mortem examination was made, so that the certain cause will never be known.

Asahel Smith Bagg was born at Holland Patent, Oneida county, N. Y., August 12, 1811. He came to Michigan in 1837, and first settled at Marshall. He remained there about a year, and then removed to Detroit, where he has resided ever since. In the spring of 1840 he became one of the proprietors of the Free Press; his brother, John S. Bagg, and John Harmon being associated with him. This firm continued the owners of that paper for several years, being also State printers. Late in 1849 or early in 1850, A. Smith Bagg sold out his interest in the Free Press and devoted his attention entirely to the book and stationery business, which he had carried on for several years while a newspaper proprietor. In 1860 he sold out his bookstore, and in company with his brother, John S. Bagg, assumed the proprietorship of the Cass house, which was then given the name of Bagg's hotel. When he retired from the hotel business a few years later, he devoted his attention to farming, having a fine farm of some 240 acres immediately adjoining the city limits, in the townships of Hamtramck and Greenfield. He did not live upon his farm, however, for some years, but built a fine residence on Bagg street, on a portion of a tract of 10 acres lying between Woodward and Cass avenues, which he purchased and platted about 1855. Bagg street, which ran though the center of this tract, was named for him. The panic of 1857, which came on just as Mr. Bagg had put this tract into the market, interfered materially with the success of his speculation. Bagg street is now well built up.

Mr. Bagg was a Democrat in politics and took an active interest in public affairs. He was elected alderman of the Fifth ward in 1857 and again in 1869, which indicated his great personal popularity in a strong Republican ward. His integrity, sterling good sense, and independence was universally recognized. He was appointed a member of the board of sewer commissioners in 1868, but served only a short time, subsequently resigning. In 1872 he was the candidate of his party for representative in congress, but was not elected. In 1873 he was appointed a member of the board of inspectors of the house of correction, and served the full term of three years. Last April he was elected a member of the board of boulevard commissioners, which position he held at the time of his death. It is a fact worthy of mention that though he stood high in the councils of his party and exercised great influence therein, he never sought an office and never accepted a salaried one. The only positions he held were purely those of public trust and honor.

Mr. Bagg was a strong man physically and mentally. There was a ruggedness in his face and form which was reflected in his whole make-up and manner. He had no toleration for any species of trickery or dishonesty, and he was as frank and blunt in the expression of his opinions as he expected others to be. He always had opinions of his own, and he not only never hesitated to express them, but he defended and enforced them with a firmness and vigor that made him a not desirable adversary. He was a ready and fluent debater in public bodies, and he knew how to frame arguments on his own side and how to meet those of the opposition. Though he gave hard blows and expected them in return, he did it in a temper and spirit that left no wounds. His good nature was invariable and perennial. He never provoked controversy for its own sake, or purposely hurt any man's feelings. He was a genial, jolly companion, full of anecdote and humor, and therefore his per-

sonal popularity extended through his whole circle of acquaintance. His heart was as tender as a woman's, and a child in the house was to him a well-spring of joy. The greatest pleasures of his last years were in the society of his grandchildren, and nothing afforded him such satisfaction as to assemble the little ones, nephews, nieces and all, beneath his roof, and give them a merry holiday. The Christmas of 1879 will be long remembered by a score of them.

He leaves a wife and three sons—Charles R., the well known deputy clerk of the recorder's court, Albert W. of this city, and Frank S. of Port Huron.

REMINISCENCES OF DETROIT.

BY COL. WILLIAM PHELPS.

Read before the Wayne County Pioneer Society in April, 1879.

On my arrival at Detroit in 1835 its hotels were the Michigan Exchange, still standing on the southwest corner of Jefferson avenue and Shelby street, to which large additions have been made on its rear and side; the Mansion House, kept by Col. Mack, about the center of the block between Cass and First street, on the north of Jefferson avenue, on quite a high bank near the river, was taken down, and lot graded down, the earth removed into the river to make what was called the Newberry front in 1836, and on which a warehouse was built by Oliver Newberry. The only other hotel on Jefferson avenue was a brick building, the "American," where the Biddle House now stands. Near it on the northwest corner of Randolph and Woodbridge streets, was Woodworth's Hotel, kept by Benjamin Woodworth, and familiarly known as "Uncle Ben's," and was perhaps the most popular hotel in the State, though the others mentioned were first class. It was quite a lengthy frame building on Woodbridge street and was the general stage office, etc., and was destroyed in the great fire of 1837. On Woodbridge street, between Griswold and Shelby streets, on the south side, stood the Eagle Tavern, kept by Mr. Heath, and the United States, kept by Mr. Crawford. On the west side of Woodward avenue, between Woodbridge street and Jefferson avenue, stood the New York and Ohio House, and on the southwest corner of Woodward avenue and Larned street, stood a one-story yellow frame building, formerly the residence of Gen. Charles Larned, known as "The Cottage," kept by Orus Field and a Mr. Howell; there may have been others I do not recall, but those were all well patronized. All produce brought from, and merchandise taken back into the the country was by teams, which brought business to the hotels; there were no railroads known here then. The tide of emigration had just set in, and in 1836, hundreds were landed from every steamer at our docks; these made lively times for our hotels, merchants, and teamsters.

My first Sabbath in the city I attended the two Catholic churches—at St. Anne's in the morning, a warm, wet, and murky day, the congregation filling the entire house, occupying all the seats; the aisles were filled with persons standing, or kneeling on the bare floor. Near the rear of the middle aisle was seated a small young priest in his robes, with a reading desk before him facing the altar, who in addition to taking part in the service kept a sharp eye on the congregation. A stalwart Frenchman, fatigued with standing, leaned on his elbow on the back of the pew in front of him, with his back partly toward the altar; he was seen by the priest, who sprang from his seat, seized him by the collar, shook him until he trembled like an aspen leaf, and his face was

blanched with fear. The eyes of the vigilant priest seemed to emit sparks of fire with anger. I, like the unfortunate man, was obliged to stand during the service, being a stranger, no one offering me a seat, not understanding the language, and becoming very tired standing in that crowded congregation. I did not enjoy the service, although everything about the altar was magnificent and entirely new to me. Subsequent acquaintance with many of its devoted members, especially such men as Eustache Chapoton, the Desnoyers, and many others to whom I am indebted for courtesies while attending its services, gave me a different feeling. In the afternoon I attended Trinity church, where the services were in English and the congregation mostly Irish. Among the active laymen was a Mr. Robert T. Elliott, the father of R. R. and James Elliott of our city, whose friendship I subsequently enjoyed. He afterward became an associate judge, after whom Mt. Elliott Cemetery was named. The discourse I well remember was on purgatory. The eloquent priest was Father O'Cavanaugh, brother-in-law of John Watson, one of our leading dry goods merchants. The church was a white frame building with a small tower, or steeple, and stood on the corner of Michigan Grand avenue and Farmer street, where Schulte's marble yard is. It was purchased of the Presbyterians when they built their fine brick church, and removed to that location, and subsequently to the site of the present Trinity church. St. Anne's stands on the same spot on Larned street, but very much changed in appearance. The brick additions in the rear for schools and other purposes have been added. Instead of the two graceful steeples that now adorn it, there were five or more scattered over its roof, one with a vane representing a large fish, another a sun or moon, etc., a wonder to new beholders. It was changed to its present appearance under the direction of the late Bishop Le Fevre. Among its worthy members of the old French families were many who became my highly respected friends. The churchyard and grounds embraced all the block between Larned street in front and Michigan Grand avenue in rear, and Bates and Randolph streets on either side, and on it stood the stone church and a large two-story frame house, the residence of the clergy. It fronted on Randolph street, and is now all built in with brick, surrounded so that no part of it is exposed to the elements, or visible, preserved as well as brick and mortar can preserve it. A tradition runs, that the block was leased for church purposes as long as that frame house stands. The newly constructed part was for some time the residence of Bishop Le Fevre. The grounds in rear of the church were for a time used as a cemetery; and not far from the northeast corner of the church was a high mound, or artificial hill, called Mount Zion, said to have been erected by the Rev. Gabriel Richard, who died of cholera in 1832. He was said to be a very devoted priest and polished gentleman, highly respected by all citizens, and familiarly known by the "French habitans" as Father Reshaw. It was said this mound was built for a religious holyday, for the elevation of the "Host," etc., on which occasion Gov. Cass and other distinguished citizens were bearers of the canopy in the procession attending the ceremony.

It was said at that time, Father Reshaw's wishes and orders were law to most of his parishioners. Among the old habitans was one unusually sharp, who thought more of money than serving the church. Father Reshaw assessed the expense of the mound upon the parish, and sent this man a written order to appear and haul dirt a certain number of days. Having a good horse and cart, being a good cartman, and seeing in the order a good job, he complied

promptly; making out his bill in regular form, he presented it to Father Reshaw, to which the good father replied, "Oh no; it is not for me, but for the church." To this our spunky Frenchman replied, "Oh, I knows nottings about dat. Father Reshaw send me order to haul dirt, and I did for him and wants my pay, and if father Reshaw no pay me will sue him." It is said he got it. The habitans said, "Father Reshaw good priest, but bad man at trade." Congress street extended no farther east than Bates street, the west line of the church block. In opening it farther it went through the church block, removing the mound and many of the graves to another cemetery, dividing the block. That part between Congress street and Michigan Grand avenue is owned yet by the church, but leased and built entirely over, and a portion of that on the south side of Congress street also, and brings the church a splendid revenue. The Presbyterian church stood on the northeast corner of Woodward avenue and Larned street, where the bookstore of Tunis & Co. was located, and was a very large, fine brick edifice, with a beautiful steeple and excellent bell, which rang certain hours of the day, all fire alarms and the church services, and was subsequently destroyed by fire. The Rev. John P. Cleaveland was pastor. Before there were melodeons, cabinet organs, and but few church organs, as was then common in church choirs, a bass viol was used. I witnessed a scene there illustrating the truth of what a brother military officer said to me: "Military officers are the most jealous persons in the world except the members of a singing school, or church choir." A change in the seat of a member gave great dissatisfaction, and the next Sunday several of the most prominent lady members of the choir came up the center aisle near the front, stopping faced about, looking into the choir gallery, saw no singers there, and laughed quite heartily that the choir was broken up. The minister arose and gave out the hymns as usual, and the only remaining member of the choir, who never quarreled, good Deacon David French, true to his post, arose and played tunes through on his bass viol, to our edification. The next building north was a one-story brick, on the same lot, the session-room, where the Sunday-school of which Horace Hallock was superintendent, the singing school of which Elder E. P. Hastings was leader, also of the church choir, and where the evening lectures and prayer meetings were held; also the meetings of the Young Men's Society. At some of the singing schools the boys of some of our leading citizens used to sow their wild oats, and for a time compelled Mr. Hastings to take his school to his house, by noise, putting pepper and cowitch on the stove, etc., until they were arrested in the Methodist church for disorderly conduct and brought into court before Hon. Asher Bates, recorder of the city, where the leaders and the entire body of students of the academy assembled to see the fun, as they supposed it would be, learned a lesson from Mr. Bates they never forgot. Many of them have since become eminent, useful citizens, and thankful for that lesson. The only other building in that block on Woodward avenue, near its center, was St. Paul's Episcopal church, a small brick edifice, having a square tower and an organ, the only Protestant church in the city having one. The Rev. Mr. Berry was rector, and soon after was succeeded by Rev. S. A. McCoskry, D. D., as rector and bishop of the diocese. Among its active laymen were C. C. Trowbridge, P. E. Demill, and a few others still among us.

On the northeast corner of Woodward avenue and Congress street, where the dry goods store of C. K. Gunn now stands, was the First Methodist Episcopal Church, a plain white frame building, with basement unfinished. Sab-

bath school, class and prayer meetings were held in a frame building on the rear of the lot, fronting Congress street, known as the "Council House," donated by Gov. Cass, and afterwards donated by the church to Father Straws and the colored Methodists, and removed, becoming the nucleus of the First African M. E. Church, now on Lafayette, near Brush street. The church edifice remained on the corner until the brick church, now St. Andrew's Hall, was built; and then with the assistance of the First and Second, or Congress street churches, it was removed to the corner of Lafayette and Fourth streets. It became the Third, or Lafayette avenue M. E. church, until 1875, when it was taken down, the society having removed to their new brick Tabernacle M. E. Church, corner of Howard and Fourth streets. The pastor of the First M. E. Church in 1835 was the Rev. Elijah Crane, a devoted Christian gentleman and pastor. Very conscientious and precise; when preaching upon Sabbath observance, he discountenanced young men paying attention to ladies Sabbath evenings as sinful. Young men like myself, and those matrimonially inclined (it being contrary to our practice), thought he was carrying the matter too far. Rev. Wm. Herr, D. D., now of Dayton, Ohio, was the pastor in 1836. Rev. James Gilruth was the presiding elder of the district, an able, good man, very eccentric, and conscientiously opposed to instrumental music in churches. A bass viol, and sometimes other instruments were used in the choir, which the elder opposed, and made efforts to remove, but failed. The next Sunday at his opening service he arose with open hymn book, and said "the choir will fiddle and sing hymn ——;" the elder was obliged to hear the music. Hon. John Owen was the leader, Newell French, (brother of David who played the bass viol in the Presbyterian choir), Joseph D. Baldwin, Wm. Scott and wife, Mrs. Ketcham, Mrs. Stevens, Miss Ludlow, and others were members. Mr. Owen was also leader of the singing school, and superintendent of the Sunday school. The Methodist Episcopal Society was organized in 1810. Hon. Robert Abbott (auditor of the territory, and father of Mrs. F. X. Cicotte) was one of the original members. It kept up its organization during the war of 1812, '13, and '14, and has since been regularly supplied with its ministry according to its rules, and is the oldest Protestant church or society in the State and city. For this I had the authority of the late Judge James Witherell, Robert Abbott, Jr., dean, Mr. Burlingame, and many others. Not being wealthy they bought a lot on the corner of Gratiot and Farmer streets, and with the assistance of the late Charles Jackson and others built thereon a small plain brick church, which they used for a short time, but never finished. Being so far out on the commons, without sidewalks, it was almost inaccessible in wet weather. It was sold to Major McKinstry, who changed it into Detroit's first theatre. It was subsequently re-formed, and with changes and additions is now and has been for many years, the residence and office of Dr. Herman Kiefer. While occupied as a church, Rev. Henry Colclazer, now of Seaford, Delaware, one of the most eloquent and stirring preachers Detroit ever had, was the pastor, his congregations always crowding the house. On one occasion, a Mr. Hinman, just from Canada, a member of the church, an excellent but very singular man, came to the church, and finding the lower part filled, took a seat in the gallery, behind the choir. When Mr. Colclazer got well warmed up in his sermon, it took fast hold on Hinman. Though a stranger in a strange place, he did not, or could not control his feelings, and began to shout louder and louder, and praise God with all his might. Some of the officials, not knowing

him, supposed he was crazy, took him down and out to cool, by putting him in the county cooler, or jail, near by, just in front of where our present city library stands. He was led quietly by one on either side, and seemed very happy, and said on their arrival, "Well, brethren, I suppose I can praise God as well in jail as out of it." They saw then he meant no harm and released him. In some subsequent social and other meetings in the Woodward avenue church, under the pastorate of Rev. J. A. Baughman, and others of those early days, one good friend and active worthy member of this society, J. Wilkie Moore, Esq., informs me that himself, Judge Ross Wilkins, and others of that church, were sometimes very happy in their worship, in fact I can testify to it. The Baptist Church was a brick edifice with basement, a small square tower, with a dome covered with tin, and stood on the present site of the Walker Block, corner of Fort and Griswold streets. The pastor was the Rev. Robert Turnbull, who afterwards removed to Connecticut, and recently deceased. There was also a small frame church for colored people, built by subscriptions of all denominations as a union church, but subsequently organized as the Second Baptist Church, the origin of that colored Baptist Church now on Croghan, near Beaubien street, making two Catholic and five Protestant churches in the city.

The Territorial Capitol stood on the site of the present High School, the main building remains in the center. On the rear has been added a brick building, for some time used as the city library of the Board of Education, and now for the museum, etc., of the Scientific Association. The spacious front steps, portico, pillars and tower have been removed, and in their place and nearly filling the front yard, a large, beautiful edifice has been erected, connecting with the old capitol part, for the High School. It stood away back on the commons, no fence surrounding it, no sidewalks leading to it; a few loose planks or boards were the only apology for a walk in muddy weather. The only building in the vicinity was the present residence of Lewis Allen and another frame building on the site of Richard Ash's residence, both on Griswold street. The residence of Maj. Rowland, where Rev. Mr. Van Dyke resides, the only one on Washington avenue, and another on State street in front, owned by Gen. John R. Williams. Woodward avenue was then called the Pontiac road; Michigan avenue, the Chicago road; Gratiot avenue, the Mount Clemens road. In muddy weather, during the session of the Legislature, the honorable members from the country, who mostly quartered at "Uncle Ben's," were carted to and from the capitol in the dump carts then in use, carriages being almost unknown, and no omnibuses. As many would get in as could stand up in the boxes. They had jolly times, being toted back and forth from their arduous labors. It was rumored then that members were as honest, loved stationery (liquid and otherwise), bird suppers, etc., and used as much in proportion to numbers as since the capital was removed to the pure atmosphere of the country at Lansing. It was said a certain city member for many years took an inkstand to his home (other things not named) every time he went there, and was never known to return any. At the close of the session he was the owner of bushels of them. It was in this capitol an honorable member, a judge, introduced a bill to make a law to explain a law he could not understand. The old City Hall, now taken down, was standing in Michigan Grand avenue, fronting Campus Martius, near where the Soldiers' Monument stands, had just been erected in 1835 and was not finished. I need not describe it. The first business I transacted in it was in the fall of 1836.

The city was then under a Whig administration. Col. Levi Cook was Mayor, A. C. Canniff Treasurer, David Thompson Marshal. The City Hall, like the Capitol, looked lonely away out in the suburbs. Where the Russel House stands was a garden or potato patch, and but two or three houses north of it. About where the center of the new City Hall stands, fronting Griswold street, was a yellow two-story brick building, the Detroit Female Seminary, in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland, where many of the gay belles got the ring of polished society and "finished education."

The Detroit academy, a brick building on State street, near the rear of Farrand, Williams & Co.'s block, was in operation for young gentlemen, a Dr. Crane being principal, who afterward removed to Albion. There were a few private schools for the young, but no public schools. In 1836 Mr. W. A. Bacon opened a private school that became very popular and was continued many years; many of Detroit's first citizens, distinguished at home and abroad, were among his pupils. To show my connection with education in Detroit, and to give credit belonging to a most worthy citizen, that has not heretofore been given, I will take occasion to say that under the system of district schools adopted by our State in 1836, Mr. Wm. K. Coyle, yet active in our city, was the active officer and manager of one of the districts in 1837, 1838, 1839, being the assessor, collector, and who did pretty much all the work to keep the school in operation in his district by his energetic efforts in raising money, employing teachers, etc. Mr. Coyle resided on Woodbridge street, nearly opposite the old Eagle hotel. Having sold my interest in the dry-goods firm of Lyon & Phelps, Mr. Coyle employed me as teacher for as long a term as the money of the district would hold out. The school inspectors before whom I appeared according to law, to be inspected as to my capacity to teach a district school, were John Farmer, Thomas Christian, and Alex. W. Buel, men of rare ability for the office, as all know who knew them. The examination was held in the law office of Mitchell & Buel, on Woodward avenue, about where the Detroit Plumbing Works are located. And I, as the only candidate, was "put through," but then, as many times since, realized the advantage of "friends at court." At the close Judge Witherell came in, and with the usual twinkle in his eye indicating fun, asked if they had examined me as to moral character. They asked what he meant. He replied as to how much *fat pork* the candidate could eat at a meal—a question often asked candidates for the bar—and often times their ability in that line affected their moral character, and supposed teachers as well as lawyers, having often to board away from home, might be affected in the same manner. He also related an anecdote of a bar (not teachers, of course,) examination in open court, in which a certain judge, well known, presided. After several usual questions, answered satisfactorily, the judge, with all his court dignity, asked, What is the best brand of champagne? to which the candidate replied. Again the judge asked, Where is it kept? Candidate replied, At the house of Mr. ——, the judge. Then, said the court, we'll adjourn to the house of Mr. ——, to test the accuracy of the candidate's knowledge.

My school was on the south side of Woodbridge street, west of the United States hotel, and near the Board of Trade building, over the store formerly kept by Col. Prouty, and then a bakery kept by Mr. Witherspoon. I had a full school. Most of my pupils have grown up to be useful men and women. In the spring, the funds being exhausted, the school closed, but at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Coyle, Amos Chaffee, and others, whose children had been

my pupils, I was induced to open a private school in the brick building owned by Mr. Chaffee, on the east side of Shelby street, between Larned street and Jefferson avenue, and now occupied as a restaurant by Mr. Rice. The school was well patronized. The warm weather coming on, and by exerting all my mental and physical powers in its promotion, I found my health declining, and was obliged to give up my school, returning to mercantile life by purchasing the stock and business of Wm. A. Butler, Esq., now one of Detroit's most active and weathy bankers. To Mr. Coyle and his colaborers of those times, there is due much credit which has been passed over in silence and neglect by those who have written or spoken on the subject of early education in Detroit. With Rev. C. C. Fitch, first principal of the branch university in Detroit, I became intimate on his arrival here, and acquainted with his efforts for education. We served together as a committee of the Bible Society in visiting every house in our district, distributing bibles where they would accept, and were everywhere treated with courtesy. Mr. Fitch served as a faithful chaplain during the war, and subsequently at Fort Wayne for many years, is now deceased. I have been once candidate for school inspector, but *unfortunately for the city*, the opposite party was too strong for me.

In 1835 the old city market, at the intersection of Jefferson and Woodward avenues, with its stocks and whipping-post, had been removed, and the only market on my arrival was on Randolph, between Woodbridge and Atwater streets, called the Berthelet market, and at that early day afforded an ample supply and excellent variety for the citizens. Here I saw for sale for the first time, tomatoes, and learned that they were "good to eat," and soon tested them. I had only known them as love apples, and kept for show.

The places of public amusement were the theater of Maj. McKinstry, corner of Gratiot and Farmer street, and his large frame circus building on the opposite corner north; the summer pleasure-garden belonging to the Brush estate, late the residence of E. A. Brush, Esq., where ice creams and refreshments were furnished, and some few wild animals were exhibited. Here our jolly, active, life insurance friend, Dr. Cahoon, disposed of a couple of young wolves to the major when a young man, when he could not raise enough to pay traveling fare with a hatfull of our Michigan wild-cat currency, which in 1837 was about all we had. Major McKinstry had another pleasure-garden on Randolph street, near Atwater, and also a museum, and was the purveyor of amusements.

DETROIT.

BY ROBERT E. ROBERTS OF DETROIT.

From the Detroit Free Press August 29, 1880.

Detroit is the most ancient town on the great chain of American lakes, it having been founded while under the Dominion of France in 1701. In 1802 it was incorporated a town, with a Board of Trustees, by the Legislature of the Northwest Territory, sitting in Chillicothe. In 1815 it was incorporated a city by an act of the Governor and Judges of the Territory of Michigan, its government was invested in five trustees, who chose one of their number President. Solomon Sibley the first United States settler in Detroit, was the first President. In 1824 a new city charter was passed by the Territorial Legislature, when John R. Williams was elected Mayor. Its growth has been

slow, but steady, healthy, and natural. At the commencement of the present century the population was scarce half a thousand souls. Its population at different periods since, according to official numeration, was as follows:

YEARS.	Number.	Increase.	Average annual increase.
1810	770		
1818	1,110	340	42
1820	1,442	332	166
1828	1,517	75	9
1830	2,222	705	352
1834	4,968	2,746	684
1840	9,102	4,134	688
1844	10,948	1,846	461
1850	21,019	10,071	1,678
1854	40,127	19,108	4,777
1860	45,619	5,493	915
1864	53,170	8,551	2,137
1870	79,599	26,429	4,407
1874	101,255	21,556	5,414
1880	115,070	13,815	2,302

The large increase at some of the periods is probably due to an extension of the city limits. From the above it will be seen that its principal growth has been within the last fifty years. The greatest annual increase was from 1870 to 1874—although it is apparent that the increase for all practical business purposes has been as great since, a great portion of recent accessions having located outside of the limits of the city in adjacent manufacturing townships, and are not included in the above enumeration.

THE DETROIT WATER WORKS.

From the Detroit Post and Tribune, December 15, 1877.

After many postponements the gigantic engine of the new water-works will be set in motion at 9 o'clock this morning, and hereafter the city will be supplied with water pumped from the Detroit river at the head of Belle Isle, and as pure as the water that gushes from any mountain spring. We present below a history of the Detroit water-works from their inception, together with a description of the new works just completed.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

To the early settlers, as well as to the present population, the Detroit river was the unfailing source of the supply of water; it was furnished to the former in casks and barrels, hauled in carts, and in buckets slung at either end of wooden yokes, which were borne on the shoulders of the worthy pioneers; and the ordinances of the trustees compelled each citizen to keep on his premises a cask containing a certain amount of water, and so arranged, with poles for handles, that it could be brought into immediate use in case of fire.

THE TOWN PUMP.

That the citizens might have a more ready and convenient means of obtaining water from the river, it was provided, in an act passed August 5, 1824, by

the Governor and Legislative Council of the Territory of Michigan, "authorizing Peter Berthelet to erect a wharf on the Detroit river, in continuation of Randolph street, and running to the ship channel of said river," as one of the conditions of the grant, "that the said Peter Berthelet, his heirs and assigns, shall, at all times during the existence of the above grant, at his own, or their own expense, erect, make and keep in repair, at some convenient place, at or near the end of the said wharf, next the channel of the river, a good and sufficient pump, at which all persons who may reside within the city of Detroit shall be, at all times, free of wharfage or other expenses, entitled to take and draw water, for their use and convenience, and for that purpose a free use of said wharf shall be given for carts, wagons, sleighs, or other machinery, to be used in drawing or carrying away the water."

Under the authority of this act, a dock was constructed at the foot of Randolph street, and filled in with logs, dirt, stones, etc. The pump was duly erected upon the dock, and there remained for the use of the public until March 19, 1835, when it was removed by order of the Common Council, in accordance with a petition of the citizens.

THE FIRST WATER-WORKS.

The want of a distribution of water for domestic use, and for protection against fire had long been severely felt, and many discussions were had as to a remedy; but no plan could be agreed upon. These facts became somewhat noised abroad, and reached the quiet town of Aurelius, Cayuga county, New York, and Bethuel Farrand, father of Jacob S. Farrand of this city, and a pump maker by the name of Rufus Wells, both of that place, determined to make an effort to obtain the right to construct the necessary works, and supply the city with water. With the view of obtaining the right, Mr. Farrand in the winter of 1824–25, came on foot from Aurelius to Detroit, by the south shore of Lake Erie, and Feburary 17, 1825, submitted to the common council a proposition for supplying the city with water, which was discussed and postponed until the next session; and a resolution was passed calling a meeting of the freemen to take the matter into consideration. Meetings of the freemen were held at the council house on the 19th and 21th of February, at which the subject was fully discussed and approved, and the details of the agreement with Mr. Farrand were referred to the common council, with instructions, however, that one of the conditions must read, "That if the common council shall at any time desire to resume the privileges to be granted him by such agreement, they shall have the right to do so, upon paying him a full and fair compensation, to be agreed upon between the said council and the said Bethuel Farrand; and in the event of their not agreeing, the said compensation to be ascertained by twelve disinterested persons, to be chosen mutually by the parties aforesaid."

A meeting of the common council was also held, at which the mayor, John R. Williams, the recorder, Andrew G. Whitney, and alderman Peter J. Desnoyers were appointed a committee to make a contract with Mr. Farrand; and the committee reported to the council "An act granting to Bethuel Farrand and his legal representatives, the sole and exclusive right of watering the city of Detroit, and for other purposes," which was accepted and passed. The right was subsequently transferred by Mr. Farrand to Rufus Wells, who completed the works and introduced the water.

THEIR LOCATION.

The pump house was erected on Berthelet's wharf, at the foot of Randolph street. It was a frame building 20 feet square, and had a cupola forty feet high. The water was raised by two pumps of five inches bore, driven by horse power, into a forty gallon cask, at the top of the cupola. The reservoir was situated upon the rear of the lot now occupied by Firemen's Hall, and had a capacity of 9,580 gallons.

WATER RATES FIFTY YEARS AGO.

At this time the city contained a population of about 1,500 inhabitants. For the use of water families were uniformly charged $10 per annum, and the largest amount paid was $40, which was for the supply of Woodworth's Hotel. Mr. Wells adopted the system of payments quarterly in advance, which is still in vogue. Mr. Wells remained sole proprietor of these works until the spring of 1829, when other parties became interested with him, and on July 3, 1829, the Common Council, on the application of Rufus Wells, passed an ordinance giving to Rufus Wells, Phineas Davis, Jr., Lucius Lyon, and A. E. Hathon the sole and exclusive right of supplying the city of Detroit with water until the year 1860, thereby repealing the ordinance of March 30, 1827. These persons being entirely satisfied of the incapacity of the then existing works, resolved upon an immediate enlargement; and, in accordance with their wishes, on June 15, 1829, the Common Council appointed a committee, consisting of the Mayor, Jonathan Kearsley, and Alderman Thomas Palmer to designate a proper site for the location of a reservoir, for the purpose of watering the city; and also to appoint a place for the experiment of boring for water; and on the 17th of June, on application of Phineas Davis, Jr., recommended by the above committee, a part of the south end of the lot on Fort street, between Wayne and Shelby streets, the site of a former residence of the Hon. H. P. Baldwin, was selected. The Hydraulic Company, as Rufus Wells and his associates were called, accepted the grant, and during the summer of 1829 commenced

BORING FOR WATER

at the locality specified, and the experiment was continued into the following winter, under the superintendence of a Mr. Failing. The company expended about $6,000 in this experiment, and bored a hole to the depth of 260 feet, but found no water. The company then resolved to abandon the project, and erect pumping works, for obtaining a supply from the river. In order to more readily accomplish this, and that they might not be so severely restricted in their endeavors to serve the public, they asked of the Common Council the repeal of several unjust provisions of the ordinance under which they were operating, and an extension of the life of the charter to the year 1865. This subject was brought before the Council, in a petition from Lucius Lyon, on June 22, 1830. This application gave rise to a good deal of excitement, and after having been discussed and sifted at seven sessions of the Common Council, was finally passed on June 29, 1830.

In the season of 1830, the company constructed new works, and the water was introduced in the fall of that year. On March 2, 1831, the Legislative Council granted a charter, incorporating

THE DETROIT HYDRAULIC COMPANY.

The company continued to extend their works in the face of an increasing pecuniary loss on the striking of their yearly balances, and with the gloomy pleasure of hearing their customers declare, and reading the "resolves" of the common council that the water they delivered came few and far between, and was by no means clear, pure, and wholesome, and with the melancholy satisfaction of knowing it was all true.

THE CITY BUYS THE WORKS.

The project of purchasing for the city the works and rights of the company was frequently broached by the common council, but without effect, until April 27, 1836, when the recorder, the late A. D. Fraser, and Alderman John Farrar were appointed a committee to examine and report as to whether the company had violated and forfeited their charter, and reported that the charter of the Hydraulic Company had, in their opinion, been forfeited, and that all rights and privileges thereby granted had become null and void, and had reverted to the corporation.

On May 18, 1836, the city purchased the interest of the company in the old works, paying therefor $20,500, payable in stock, bearing interest at six per cent per annum and redeemable at the pleasure of the city.

On June 9, 1836, Noah Sutton was appointed an agent to visit Pittsburg, Philadelphia, and New York for the purpose of examining the water-works of those cities, and obtaining information as to their construction and management. Shortly afterward the site now occupied by the works at the foot of Orleans street was purchased and a contract made for constructing the dock. On December 14, 1841, the new works were accepted by the common council.

THE FIRST COMMISSION.

These works were operated under the direction of a superintendent and a committee of the common council until February 24, 1852, when the council passed an ordinance by which the control and management of the water-works was vested in a board of trustees, consisting of five members; and Shubael Conant, Henry Ledyard, Edmond A. Brush, James A. Van Dyke, and William R. Noyes were appointed trustees.

On February 14, 1853, the State Legislature, on the application of the common council, passed an amendment to the charter whereby the trustees were created a board of water commissioners, and special powers and authority were given to them, the latter to enable them to accomplish the object sought.

THE FIRST STEP TOWARD BUILDING THE NEW WORKS.

The rapid growth of the city in time created a necessity for larger works, with more extensive pumping facilities, and at a regular meeting of the board of water commissioners, held December, 10, 1872, the following resolution was offered by Commissioner Hodge and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the time has arrived when it is expedient and necessary to enlarge the means of supplying water, and that the pumping works should be removed to some point on the river above the city.

After numerous surveys had been made and an extended controversy entered into as to the situation of the site selected, the works which have just been completed were commenced.

THE NEW WORKS.

The works are situated on the Van Every Farm, on Jefferson avenue, and opposite the head of Belle Isle. They are exactly four miles from the City Hall. They consist of an engine-house, boiler-houses, coal-sheds, stand-pipe, engines, pumps, receiving basin, canal, inlet pipes, sewers, residence of the engineer of the works, and upwards of sixty acres of improved land. The engine-house is 93x69 feet in size, and was built to contain two engines. For the present but one engine has been erected, that being deemed sufficient to pump as much water as is needed ordinarily. The pump well and bolt fastenings for the second engine are already in place, ready for use. The boiler-houses are situated in the rear of the engine-house, and are each 53 feet 6 inches by 47 feet 4 inches, while between them are situated the work-shop, store-rooms, and closet. Directly in the rear of the boiler-houses are huge coal houses, having a storage capacity of thousands of tons of coal. Directly west of the engine-house is the towering stand-pipe, a handsome brick structure, and a monument to the ability of the talented young architect who designed, but did not live to see it completed, Joseph E. Sparks. The Mammoth engine, designed by Engineer Edwards, and built by the Detroit Locomotive Works, has already been described in these columns. It has been tested and found to be as complete in its mechanism as it is gigantic in its proportions. The receiving basin is 325 by 900 feet in size, and has an average depth of ten feet. It is solidly and compactly constructed, and capable of holding millions of gallons of water. The water is received through the inlet pipe, which extends 1,200 feet out into the river.

THE SURROUNDINGS.

When the writer of this article first visited the site of the new water-works, some five years ago, he found an expanse of marsh extending a long distance on either side, from Jefferson avenue to the river. No human habitation was visible, and, save the adventurous small boy in search of frogs, no one ever risked his life on the uncertain soil. To-day, in addition to the works proper, a handsome red brick dwelling for the resident engineer has been erected; the land has been filled in and leveled; the grounds improved and embellished with shade trees and miniature lakes, the entire surroundings presenting a beautiful appearance, even at this unpleasant season of the year.

THE CONTRACTORS AND THEIR WORK.

The cost of the engine aggregated $104,499, and is a work of which the Detroit Locomotive Works may well be proud.

The receiving basin and canal were constructed by Messrs. Wattou, Lacy & Walker, at a cost of $109,000.

The mason work of the engine, boiler-houses, coal sheds, and stand-pipe was done by the water commissioners, under the superintendence of Michael Blay.

The slate and iron roofs are the work of the Detroit Bridge and Iron Works. I. W. Ingersoll erected and enclosed the tower of the engine-house and stand-pipe, the cut stone being furnished by Cobb, Wallace & Law. The other wood-work was performed by Candler Brothers and Byram, Nuppenau & Clark.

THE COST.

The total cost of the new works will not be far from $500,000, the greater

part of which has been expended in this city and paid to Detroit workmen. The entire board of water commissioners, and expecially Messrs. Hurlbut, Hodge, and Martz, Secretary Starkey and Chief Engineer Henry, have been untiring in their efforts to have the works properly constructed.

Practically, they have been completed, and from this day forth Detroit can boast of the finest water in the land, and water works excelled by no city in the world.

DETROIT IN 1819.

BY HON. C. C. TROWBRIDGE, OF DETROIT.

From the Detroit Free Press, July 10 and 17, 1881.

I was remarking to an old citizen that my memory of Detroit in 1819 was so vivid that, if I knew how to sketch I could place every house in town; but, not knowing this art, I seized a sheet of foolscap and began to dot down my recollections.

The following is the rough description *currente calamo*. It has been examined and verified by Col. G. S. Sibley, who lived in Detroit in 1819:

THE TOWN.

The principal streets were the three parallel, Jefferson, Woodbridge, and Atwater, and the cross streets beginning at the east end—Randolph, Bates, Woodward, Griswold, Shelby, and Wayne. These cross streets ran northward as far as the Campus Martius, but were not built up beyond Congress street. The river Savoyard, which had its source in a willow swamp where Riopelle street now crosses Congress street, ran down through its valley, now Congress street, to the Detroit river, having its embouchure where Third street now runs. In Woodward avenue there was a wooden bridge across this little stream which was there so wide as to require, besides the abutments, two bents or cross-beams on posts, for its support. The descent from Jefferson avenue was considerable, and the ascent to Campus Martius may be estimated from the fact that from the surface of that square more than four feet of earth were taken to fill up the valley in Woodward avenue, and the inequalities on Jefferson avenue. This work was done under the superintendence of Mr. Melvin Dorr, a gentleman from Vermont, who had been in business "on the dock," had served as Clerk of the Supreme Court, which place he resigned in 1822, after which, among other occupations, he became Supervisor. His acts as such were regarded by the old inhabitants as a doubtful innovation. They had always lived happily with things as they were. Why disturb them? At this time there were no pavements, no sidewalks, no crossings at street corners. In bad weather, spring and fall, the Sibley girls were taken to school on horseback by Black Sip, although the distance was but half a block. The men wore large, coarse boots, easily disposed of on reaching home.

At this distance of time it will be impossible to give a perfect account of the dwellings and business places on the different streets, but an attempt will be made. First,

JEFFERSON AVENUE—SOUTH SIDE.

East of Randolph street and a hundred feet from the corner stood the "Hull House," a square mansion of brick, two stories high, with a hall in the

centre. This was erected for Gov. Hull in 1807 by Benjamin Woodworth, who died in 1878 at St. Clair, at an advanced age. On the corner, west, stood the Indian Council House, a stone edifice, one story high, with hipped roof. In one end was a room for the Governor, communicating by a door with the main council hall. In 1819 George McDougall, a bachelor lawyer, was permitted to occupy this room as a law office and dormitory, and the hall was occupied by the courts and the trustees of the city, by lyceums, lectures, and town meetings. It was afterwards raised one story for a Masonic lodge and subsequently to that for a school.

Next to the council house stood the dwelling of Barnabas Campau, a gentleman of great worth, who had amassed a competence in the Indian trade, had married Miss McDougall, daughter of Lieut. Robert McDougall, of the British army, who had retired from the army and settled on his farm near Bloody Run. Mr. B. Campau had a venerable mien, in consequence of which, as is supposed, he took the sobriquet of "L'Abbe," by which he was known in 1819.

Next to Mr. Campau lived Stephen Mack, a Vermont gentleman, who was engaged in trade with Shubael Conant, under the name of Mack & Conant. By the treaty of Saginaw in 1819, the eastern part of the peninsula, not already granted by the treaty of 1807, which gave a narrow strip north and south for a military road, was ceded to the United States, and Mr. Mack and Solomon Sibley bought the site of Pontiac, laid out a village, and built mills, with the usual result to pioneer village makers.

Next to Mr. Mack was a two-story wooden house, owned by Oliver W. Miller, a retired merchant, and kept to rent. Next to Miller came Pat Palmer, an Irishman, an early settler, who kept a small tavern in a very unpretending way. Next to Palmer was a tin shop, in a cheap, unpainted, one-story edifice.

And then, on the corner of Bates, was the low, yellow store of John R. Williams, whose father had been one of the early traders in Detroit, with the Macombs, and Maldrums, and Pattersons, and Abbotts, and Scotts, and Chittendens. Mr. W., called Gen. Williams, had lived in Albany, in Columbia street—whence Columbia street, Detroit, through the General's land. He married Miss Mott, of New Jersey, and in 1819 his family occupied an addition to the rear of the store, fronting on Bates street. It was a very humble edifice; as, indeed, all were at that time.

On the corner of the next block was an old wooden building occupied by William Morris and Elliott Gray as a bakery, eating-house, and grocery store. Mr. James Connor, a retired Indian trader, had a garden and dwelling-house on the east half of the block. The west half was owned by the Abbott estate and was unoccupied. It was sold in 1830, divided and built upon. Mr. Peter J. Desnoyers, a highly respectable French merchant, a director in the Bank of Michigan, bought it at a public sale for $8,000, sold the bank a site at the same rate, and the residue to individuals, the object of the purchase being to secure to the bank a site.

The corner of the next block west was vacant. Next to the corner came Maj. Antoine Dequindre, a French Canadian merchant on a small scale. One part of his house was used as a store, the residue as a homestead. Maj. Dequindre was distinguished in the war of 1812–15 with Great Britain, by his bravery in the battle of Brownstown. He owned the Dequindre farm, through which Dequindre street was laid. It was platted, and after his death divided among his children, and sold at nominal prices.

Next to Maj. Antoine Dequindre came John McDonnell, formerly a merchant. He had become a justice of the peace, was a side judge of the county court, entered into politics, was a member of the first Territorial Legislative Council, and continued in the Legislature in after years, and became collector of the port of Detroit. McDonnell's house was a modern two-story. Dequindre's was one and a half story with a hipped roof. From McDonnell's to Griswold street there were some low houses.

The corner below Griswold, all down to the old Campau house, was vacant in front, except one two-story house next to Campau's, built by Lieut. Otis Fisher, United States army, who had lost an arm in the war of 1812–15, was stationed at Detroit, and was killed in a duel by Capt. John Farley, United States army, also stationed at Detroit. They fought at Sandwich.

Although this corner was vacant on Jefferson avenue, there was a brick store on the rear of the lot, which was built and occupied by Philip Lecuyer, a French gentleman. He failed and then DeGarmo Jones occupied it as a store. After Jones it was occupied by Oliver & Walter Newberry as a store until, in 1834, Walter withdrew and went to Chicago, where he amassed several millions. Below the Fisher house, which stood endwise to the street, came the recently removed store and dwelling of Joseph Campau. It was divided by a hall, with front door divided horizontally by two doors, the lower one about breast high. On the right, in front, was a small, square room with shelves, used as a store, and in the rear was the counting-room, where Robert McNiff presided as chief and only accountant. Bob was accustomed to periodical sprees, during which he sold his clothes for rum and rushed through the center of the street naked. Mr. Campau always followed him, rescued him and put him in new clothes. At this time (1819), Mr. Campau did no no regular business as a merchant. In the spring of the year, when the Indians came with furs and sugars he opened his doors to them for small trading.

Next below Mr. Campau came the Seek house, a two-story wooden building. Seek was a tailor. He rented the east half of his house to Abram & Tunis Wendell, two brothers, merchants, from Albany, N. Y. I chanced to join Tunis Wendell and John Palmer in August, 1819, at Lima, N. Y., on my way to Detroit. They were returning from New York, whither they had gone to buy goods. Next west of Seek's house was the Dodemead House. Dodemead, who was dead, had kept a hotel in this house, and in a hall overhead the courts sat. It was here that Col. Smith, in command of the fort, stationed a sentinel to prevent the soldiers access to the bar, and here was played the joke upon the court, as I always heard, through the agency of Col. Brush, District Attorney, about military duress, etc., as related in Judge Campbell's history. On the next corner below stood a one-story house, probably built immediately after the fire of June, 1805, and never painted. It was black with age. It was occupied by John S. Roby, a "dock-man," and afterward by his widow. Adjoining Roby came Peter Audrain, a French gentleman of the old school. Audrain had figured as notary public and clerk of the court and conveyancer since the last century. He died about 1820, leaving a widow who survived him several years, and two sons, Francis, who was in the government service, and another who came to nothing. Below Audrain was Henry I. Hunt, a merchant, son of Major Hunt, of Wayne's army, who was left as the eldest of several brothers, namely, George, an Indian trader, who settled at Detroit about 1826, bought the Maurice Moran farm at Bloody

Run, married Miss Kinney, sister of Surgeon Kinney, United States army. John Elliott Hunt engaged in Indian trade at Maumee. He married Sophia Spencer, sister to Mrs. Gen. Cass; Lewis Cass Hunt was a nephew of Henry I. Hunt. He was a general in the United States army. His father was Wellington Hunt; William B. Hunt, a merchant, who married first Miss Leib, daughter of Judge John L. Leib, and after her death widow Timothy Dequindre, nee Marontete; Chas. Cotesworth Pinckney Hunt, in business with his brother Henry I., at whose death in 1826 he conducted the business alone. He was appointed postmaster at Toledo, and afterwards removed to Chicago, where I saw him in 1879. There were sisters, also, viz.: Mrs. Sulard, of St. Louis; Mrs. Col. Snelling, Mrs. Tunis S. Wendell, and Mrs. Abram Edwards. Maj. Edwards had been a surgeon in the army; was now (1819) a merchant, living in his own two-story wooden house in this block or the block east of it. His store, according to custom, was in the house, in this case in a wing. Harry Hunt's was the same. The Hunt house was the last on that side of Jefferson avenue. The river bank was high and abrupt below his premises. Col. Hunt died in 1826.

NORTH SIDE OF JEFFERSON AVENUE,

Beginning at the east as before: Hon. Solomon Sibley occupied the corner, running up to the Brush line. The street was not opened east of that line. In the war of 1812–15, the authorities caused a picket enclosure of large cedar posts, fourteen feet high, to be erected around the little town, and on this line, still standing up to 1828, in Jefferson avenue, stood a block house, which in 1819 was converted into a hay scales, under the management of Mr. Blackman, and so occupied till the street was opened in 1828. Mr. Sibley's house was a large one and a half story domicile, with spacious hall and a wing. The front of the lot on Randolph was a lawn, with pear trees, and on the avenue at the corner was a flower garden. In the rear, on Jefferson avenue, were the stables and a kitchen garden. Mr. Sibley about this time erected on Jefferson avenue, attached to the old house by a corridor, a brick edifice, two stories high, for a dining-room, kitchen, and dormitories, intending to erect the other parts on Randolph street side. But he changed his plans, sold the premises to Robert Stewart, and built his mansion on the Moran farm.

On the corner west was a narrow lot belonging to the Brush estate. This was bought by Jonathan Kearsley, who, about 1832, erected the two-story building now occupied by Grelling. It was considered a spacious edifice in its day.

Next to this lot came the Bank of Michigan. This was a one-story edifice, about thirty feet square. It was built by Benjamin Woodworth, the architect of the Gov. Hull house, in 1808, for the "Bank of Detroit," which was organized by some Bostonians, but was arrested in its career by the refusal of Congress to confirm its charter, granted by the Governor and Judges. On the bank lot stood a very small wooden cottage, which was occupied by the cashier, James McCloskey. Next to this lot was a two-story wooden building belonging to Abraham Cook. Adjoining that on the west was a large two-story building, never painted, black with age, belonging to Paul Clapp, and occupied by him as a hatter. In this building Charles Wilcox, the father of Eben and Gen. Orlando Wilcox, worked as a journeyman. He was an upright man and a loyal churchman. Apropos of McCloskey: He was appointed cashier when the bank was organized in 1818, and by 1825 he had embezzled three-fourths of the capital. He was dismissed, and C. C. Trowbridge took his place.

Henry Dwight, of Geneva; Jonathan Dwight, of Springfield, Mass.; Edmund Dwight, of Boston; Jonathan Day, of Springfield, and George Bancroft, the historian, had previously bought the bank of the Detroit proprietors before the fraud was discovered, and they supplied the lost capital.

The next building west of Paul Clapp's hat factory was a wooden dwelling house, one story high, owned by Dr. Wm. Brown, an old bachelor, who lived there with Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Ten Eyck. Jerry had been a merchant with his brother Conrad. They had failed, and Jerry was *hors de combat*. He subsequently became register of deeds.

Next to Dr. Brown was a one-story house, occupied by Oliver Williams, who with his family, arrived in Detroit in the autumn of 1815. About 1819 he removed to a farm beyond Pontiac, on the Saginaw trail. His sons, Gardner D. and Ephraim S., engaged in the Indian trade at Saginaw in 1828, under the firm name of G. D. & E. S. Williams, and Alfred L. and B. O. engaged in the Indian trade in Shiawassee, under the firm name of A. L. and B. O. Williams. A. L. and B. O. now reside at Owosso. Gardner died at Saginaw in December, 1858, and E. S. now resides in Flint, and has for many years.

The corner beyond Williams, now the site of Nevin & Mills' tobacco manufactory, was vacant. On the next corner west stood a small wooden house, one story high with two wings—that on the corner being part of the domicile, and the other, very narrow, having a small store of merchandise in the front and a *boutique* in the rear. This was the residence, store, and work-shop of Peter J. Desnoyers, the very reputable head of the Desnoyers family. He was a silversmith by trade. He told me that he came over with other French refugees, went to Gallipolis, Ohio, where he stood "several nights in succession as a sentinel against the Indians." He removed to Pittsburg where he enlisted under Quartermaster Wilkins, ancestor to Col. W. D. Wilkins, to come to Detroit as armorer. The residue of that block to Woodward avenue was vacant. Mr. Robert Smart, usually called "Bob Smart," an old Scotchman, a retired tanner, owned the corner and all down to Larned street, where he had an unpainted old house in which he dwelt as a bachelor. He subsequently bought the adjoining lot on Jefferson avenue, and thus owned what is now covered by the Merrill block.

The next corner below where M. S. Smith & Co.'s store is, was vacant—100 feet square. It was owned jointly by Wm. Russell and the estate of James Henry, originally tanners and merchants. It was divided and Henry's part sold (the undivided half) at auction by Sol. Sibley, administrator, in 1826, to Barnabas Campau for $2,365. The bank sent a committee to buy it as a site for a new bank and cashier's dwelling, but the committee were appalled by the extravagant views of Mr. Campau. Next west of this lot stood a small dwelling house, called the Piquette property, occupied at this time by DeGarmo Jones and bride as boarders with Mrs. Piquette. The corner on Griswold street was occupied by a large unpainted house, the property of the estate of W. McDowell Scott. Griswold street then had only the width it now bears south of Jefferson avenue. The corner west belonged to Joseph Campau, and was soon after occupied by F. T. & J. Palmer, general merchants. Mr. Campau strenuously opposed the widening of Griswold street, refusing for many years to accept the damages awarded, and compelled the city authorities to saw off that portion of his building extending into the enlarged street.

The next premises west were those of Louis Dequindre, brother of Maj. Antoine. There was a two-story wooden house, with store in one end as usual.

Louis had married a daughter of Peter J. Desnoyers. She died early. Next to Dequindre was a small wooden edifice, one story, end to the street, occupied by Chauncy S. Payne, jeweler and watchmaker. Mr. Payne subsequently built a brick edifice on his lot, which was occupied as a dwelling, shop, and manufactory. On the northwest corner of Shelby street stood a wooden two-story, unpainted house, owned and occupied by Mrs. Ann Coates. The northwest corner belonged to, and was occupied by J. B. Thibault, an old Frenchman and retired trader. West of Thibault was a vacant lot owned by the estate of Dennis Campau, then recently dead, and beyond that was a lot belonging to Benjamin Spead, merchant tailor, afterwards T. S. Wendell. Then came the military ground down as far as Whipple's tavern, a stone edifice standing on the Cass line. Major Whipple, the proprietor, had been a captain in Wayne's army. He was the father of Hon. Chas. W. Whipple, Chief Justice. One daughter still lives. Then came the Cass farm with its large cottage, built of logs, before the Pontiac war.

This ends the description of Jefferson avenue.

WOODBRIDGE STREET.

There was no building on Woodbridge street east of Randolph. It was not opened in 1819. We will take the north side, corner of Randolph as the starting point. Here stood Woodworth's Hotel, the principal hotel of the town, a wooden two-story edifice, extending along Randolph to an alley, with an entrance on Randolph, and along Woodbridge for about 100 feet to the premises of Oliver W. Miller, retired merchant already alluded to. Mr. Miller's house was three-story, and of brick. The *entresol* was level with the ground, the first story ten feet higher, with a verandah the whole length. Miller lived there. His wife was said to be of unsound mind, and this was the reason, probably, why Miller did not mingle with the society of men or women. On the corner of Bates street stood a yellow wooden building, partly occupied as a dwelling and partly as a store-house. It was owned by John R. Williams. The opposite corner west also belonged to him and had a small yellow wooden building, used as a storehouse by the General. Next west, on the corner of Woodward avenue, was a two-story wooden dwelling house, occupied by Gabriel Godfroy, junior. Crossing Woodward avenue to the opposite corner west stood the dwelling house, a one and one-half story cottage, of Col. John Anderson, of the United States Engineer Corps. These premises now belong to the Mariner's church. Col. Anderson told me that when Brock marched up from Springwells on August 16, 1812, he commanded a twenty-four pound gun in a battery about where Wayne street is—that he had his fuse ready, and by one discharge he would have blown Brock's close column to the winds, but he was compelled by a positive order to withhold his fire, and at length to his intense mortification and disgust he saw the white flag hoisted over the fort. The Colonel could not speak of it without manifest indignation.

Col. Anderson's property extended to Griswold street, which street was unoccupied by buildings on either side except some small groceries, and there was no building on Woodbridge except one dwelling belonging to the estate of W. McD. Scott, until we reached the public store, a large brick edifice standing at the foot of Shelby street, on the water's edge.

Returning to Randolph street and beginning at the southeast corner, which belonging to Peter Berthelet, of Montreal, and was vacant, we next reached the premises of Jean Baptist Vernier, dit Ladouceur, a small wooden house,

with lot running to river on Atwater street. West of Ladouceur came the premises of Thomas Rowland, a row of one-story law offices reaching to Bates street. On the west corner of Bates street a low dwelling occupied by Dr. Hurd, who married Miss Witherell, aunt of Tom. W. Palmer. West of Hurd there stood a one-story log house, and thence to the corner of Woodward avenue a dilapidated, weather-beaten building, owned, as well as the log house, by Jacob Smith, an Indian trader, the father of Mrs. Gen. Garland, Mrs. Col. Stockton, and Mrs. Chauncey S. Payne. Crossing Woodward avenue we reached the southwest corner, where stood the dwelling house of James Abbott, fur-dealer, postmaster, magistrate. It was a comfortable dwelling, one and a half stories high. Judge Abbott owned the whole block, but there was no other house on Woodbridge street. The block was cultivated as a garden, except on Woodward avenue, where the judge had a red building reaching to the river bank as it then was, used as postoffice, magistrate's office, and fur store—west of Griswold street, as before mentioned. This was all of Woodbridge street in 1819.

ATWATER STREET.

The south side was all under water, and there was no wharf till we got down to Bates street, where, in consequence of the building of the lake steamer Walk-in-the-Water, so named after a Wyandotte chief of some celebrity, a wharf on spiles was built out to ten feet of water for the accommodation of that famous boat. It was a simple cart track for one vehicle, with a T at the end. From this down to the public dock, of similar construction, at the foot of Shelby street, there was no obstruction. After Congress granted the military reservation to the city in 1825, the earth at the fort and the crowning of Fort street was hauled to the river to fill up a solid river front. Much disease was felt in 1825 and 1826, especially in 1826, supposed to be caused by this operation. This magnificent grant of land was frittered away by the common council, and in 1832 no statement had been made public, nor was any one found in the books, of the amount of sales and the disposal of the proceeds. In 1833 I was asked to become an alderman, with a view to an examination of the records and making a report. The late James Williams, who had bought some of the land, fronting on Griswold street, was united with me on a committee of investigation. I spent the odd hours for four months upon the work, and the result showed that there were but twelve thousand dollars left of the vast fund. City scrip was worth at that time about 60 per cent., and any one who could muster a few hundred dollars of that, invested in the military reserve. John Palmer bought the corner on Fort street for five hundred dollars, net cost three hundred. He sold it to Hugh Moffat for fifty thousand. De Garmo Jones purchased on Larned street, near Shelby; John McDonnell, who was very poor, secured a large corner on Fort street, and so on. The citizens voted to put the $12,000 into a city hall and market, and the next year I was elected mayor and carried that out.

LARNED STREET.

This was another of the parallel streets. East of Baker street, on the north side, and up to the lots which front on Michigan avenue, it was occupied by the triangular section granted by the Governor and Judges after the fire of 1805, in exchange for a lot which the Church of St. Anne owned below Gris-

wold street and extending across the present Jefferson avenue. On the south side there were no dwellings. West of Woodward avenue James Abbott and Welch owned on the north side as far as Griswold. Gen. Charles Larned and Joseph Campau owned the south side, which was occupied by Gen. Larned's cottage residence on the corner of Woodward, and the rest by stables. West of Griswold, on the south side, Joseph Campau was proprietor and the north side was part of the military reserve, which included the whole section and up to Michigan Grand avenue. *At that time there was no street parallel to Larned, north, until we reached Adams avenue, and that only on paper.* By Woodward's plan five main avenues radiated from Grand Circus, namely Madison and Miami on the east, Washington and Macomb on the west, and Woodward in the center. Washington runs exactly north and south. These were traversed by Michigan Grand avenue running east and west, and Monroe avenue, northeast and southwest.

These seven avenues, three of which were 250 feet wide, were all intended by Judge Woodward to run to Detroit river when the city should be enlarged, so as to give them scope. For the then present Miami, Washington, Monroe, and Michigan avenues terminated at Jefferson avenue and Madison and Macomb at the east and west lines of the city. Parallel to the avenues ran smaller streets, with cross streets in a circle, corresponding to Grand Circus, down as far as Campus Martius. The whole area between Jefferson avenue and Adams avenue was thus divided into angles of different shapes, reminding one of the eccentricity of Judge Woodward's mind.

But the most eccentric part of the plan is the fact that the Judge, in order to show a symmetrical area on paper, anticipated the coming rush of immigration and took in a part of the Brush and Beaubien farms on the east and of the Cass farm on the west.

There was but one house, a small wooden one, belonging to Dr. Wm. Brown, where the Russel House now stands, and it was like an oasis in the desert; five years before this a Mr. McMillan was killed and scalped by the Indians on the "common" beyond Campus Martius. Of course, the cross streets, leading from the river north, were not opened beyond Michigan avenue, and few of them beyond Larned street. Brush street was not opened for several years. It was first called Selden street. On Randolph, beginning at the river and going north, both sides were owned by Peter Berthelet, of Montreal, as far up as Dr. McCoskry's small house, which stood on the corner of Woodbridge. On the west side Berthelet owned up to Woodbridge. Henry Berthelet, son of Peter, had a plain, unpainted, blackened house residence on Atwater street. He had failed in business, had transferred his property to his father, who was probably his creditor, and who gave him a small annuity. North of Woodbridge, to Jefferson avenue, on the east side, were the out-buildings of the Hull mansion; on the west, Woodworth's Hotel and the Indian council house. North of Jefferson avenue, on the east side, nothing but Metter's blacksmith shop; on the west side, Sibley's lawn and garden, Joseph Andre dit Clark's rifle shop and dwelling, and two or three small dwellings occupied by Belanger and other French people, and by Abbott. This was all there was of Randolph street.

BATES STREET.

Beginning at the river, the east side was occupied by Maj. Thomas Rowland, with his garden and residence, a wooden building of one story, and by Mrs.

McNiff, his mother-in-law, with her residence, up to the Woodbridge street offices before mentioned. North of Woodbridge, on the right and left corners, were the small wooden buildings of John R. Williams, on the west James Connor's garden, on the east a one-and-a-half story cottage, owned by Mrs. Lieut. Hanks, Maj. Rowland's wife's sister, and next to this the dwelling of John R. Williams. North of the avenue and on the west side were the premises of Peter J. Desnoyers, before mentioned, the dwelling of Mrs. Widow McMillan and a small brick edifice, two stories high, built for an academy, and so occupied. On the east side St. Anne's church grounds.

WOODWARD AVENUE.

Beginning at the river, which then laved the north side of Atwater street, on the east corner was the ferry house of old La Baleine. Next a lot belonging to James Abbott and Robert Smart, where Mr. Eaton's store stands, then unoccupied to the corner where Jake Smith's house stood. On the opposite corner, north, the Gabriel Godfroy house, already mentioned, and thence vacant to Jefferson avenue. The west side, the corner on Woodbridge, lived Col. John Anderson, already mentioned. Next to him, north, was Col. Dick Smyth, a fine old Irish gentleman, who kept a small and excellent hotel. One of his daughters married Noble H. Merwin, a leading merchant of Cleveland. North of Smyth to the corner was vacant. So on to the north corner opposite, all vacant to Gen. Charles Larned's office and cottage residence. North of Gen. Larned, on the corner where the Porter block stands, was a vacant lot belonging to James Abbott. He afterwards put a small red house upon it and sold the whole to Col. Daniel S. Baker, U. S. A., for $800, and I, as his executor, sold it to Joy & Porter for $6,000, being $100 per foot. North of the Abbott lot was the home of Presque Cote, his brother and sister, ancient Canadian people. Cote's next neighbor north was Lewis Davenport, the father of Mrs. Dr. Russell. North of Davenport was one Longdon, who sold to Mrs. Deveaux, mother of the third wife of G. P. Hastings. Then came the River Savoyard, beyond which there were no buildings except two log houses, very small.

THE BRUSH MANSION.

Besides the houses already enumerated there was the Brush mansion, standing on the Brush farm, on the margin of the river, near the present corner of Brush and Atwater streets. Col. Elijah Brush, the owner, had died in 1813, and his widow and children, excepting the oldest, Edmund A., who was at college, were residing on the Canada side in 1819, and the house was occupied by Hon. William Woodbridge, Secretary of the Territory and collector of the port. Access was had by Randolph street and the narrow road along the margin of the river.

THE BARK-COVERED HOUSE, OR PIONEER LIFE IN MICHIGAN.

WRITTEN IN 1876 BY WILLIAM NOWLIN, ESQ., OF DEARBORN.

My father was born in 1793, and my mother in 1802, in Putnam County, New York. Their names were John and Melinda Nowlin. Mother's maiden name was Light.

My father owned a small farm of twenty-five acres in the town of Kent, Putnam County, New York, about sixty miles from New York City. We had plenty of fruit, apples, pears, quinces and so forth, also a never failing spring. He bought another place about half a mile from that. It was very stony, and father worked very hard. I remember well his building stone wall.

But hard work would not do it. He could not pay for the second place. It involved him so that we were in danger of losing the place where we lived.

He said it was impossible for a poor man to get along and support his family; that he never could get any land for his children there, and he would sell what he had and go to a better country where land was cheap and where he could get land for them.

He talked much of the territory of Michigan. He went to one of the neighbors and borrowed a geography. I recollect very well some things that it stated. It was Morse's geography, and it said that the territory of Michigan was a very fertile country, that it was nearly surrounded by great lakes, and that wild grapes and other wild fruit grew in abundance.

Father then talked continually of Michigan. Mother was very much opposed to leaving her home. I was the eldest of five children, about ten or eleven years of age, when the word Michigan grated upon my ear. I am not able to give dates in full, but all of the incidents I relate are facts. Some of them occurred over forty years ago, and are given mostly from memory, without the aid of a diary. Nevertheless most of them are now more vivid and plain to my mind than some things which transpired within the past year. I was very much opposed to going to Michigan, and did all that a boy of my age could do to prevent it. The thought of Indians, bears, and wolves terrified me, and the thought of leaving my schoolmates and native place was terrible. My parents sent me to school when in New York, but I have not been to school a day since. My mother's health was very poor. Her physician feared that consumption of the lungs was already seated. Many of her friends said she would not live to get to Michigan if she started. She thought she could not, and said, that if she did, herself and family would be killed by the Indians, perish in the wilderness, or starve to death. The thought too, of leaving her friends and the members of the church, to which she was very much attached,

was terribly afflicting. She made one request of father, which was that when she died he would take her back to New York, and lay her in the grave-yard by her ancestors.

Father had made up his mind to go to Michigan, and nothing could change him. He sold his place in 1832, hired a house for the summer, then went down to York, as we called it, to get his outfit. Among his purchases were a rifle for himself and a shot gun for me. He said when we went to Michigan it should be mine. I admired his rifle very much. It was the first one I had ever seen. After trying his rifle a few days shooting at a mark, he bade us good bye and started "to view" in Michigan.

I think he was gone six or eight weeks, when he returned and told us of his adventures and the country. He said he had a very hard time going up Lake Erie. A terrible storm caused the old boat, "Shelden Thompson," to heave, and its timbers to creak in almost every joint. He thought it must go down. He went to his friend Mr. George Purdy, (who is now an old resident of the town of Dearborn) and said to him: "You had better get up; we are going down! The captain says, 'every man on deck and look out for himself.'" Mr. Purdy was too sick to get up. The good old steamer weathered the storm and landed safely at Detroit.

Father said that Michigan was a beautiful country, that the soil was as rich as a barnyard, as level as a house floor, and no stones in the way. I here state, that he did not go any farther west than where he bought his land. He also said that he had bought eighty acres of land in the town of Dearborn, two and a half miles from a little village, and twelve miles from the city of Detroit. He said he would buy eighty acres more east of it, after he moved in the spring, which would make it square, a quarter section. He said it was as near Detroit as he could get government land, and he thought Detroit would always be the best market in the country.

Father had a mother, three sisters, one brother, and an uncle living in Unadilla county, N. Y. He wished very much to see them, and as they were about one hundred and fifty miles on his way to Michigan he concluded to spend the winter with them. Before he was ready to start he wrote to his uncle, Griffin Smith, to meet him on a certain day, at Catskill on the Hudson river. I cannot give the exact date, but remember that it was in the fall of 1833.

The neighbor of whom we borrowed the old geography, wished very much to go west with us, but could not raise the means. When we started we passed by his place; he was lying dead in his house. Thus were our hearts, already sad, made sadder.

We traveled about twenty-five miles in a wagon, which brought us to Poughkeepsie on the Hudson river, then took a night boat for Catskill where my uncle was to meet us the next morning. Before we reached Catskill the captain said he would not stop there. Father said he must. The captain said he would not stop for a hundred dollars, as his boat was behind time. But he and father had a little private conversation, and the result was he did stop. The captain told his men to be careful of the things, and we were helped off in the best style possible. I do not know what changed the captain's mind, perhaps he was a Mason. Uncle met us, and our things were soon on his wagon. Now, our journey lay over a rough, hilly country, and I remember it was very cold. My delicate mother, wrapt as best she could be, with my

little sister (not then a year old) in her arms, also the other children rode. Father and I walked some of the way, as the snow was quite deep on the mountains. He carried his rifle, and I my shot gun on our shoulders. Our journey was a tedious one, for we got along very slowly; but we finally arrived at Unadilla. There we had many friends and passed a pleasant winter. I liked the country better than the one we left, and we all tried to get father to buy there, and give up the idea of going to Michigan. But a few years satisfied us that he knew best.

Early in the spring of 1834 we left our friends weeping, for, as they expressed it, they thought we were going "out of the world." Here I will give some lines composed and presented to father and mother by father's sister, N. Covey, which will give her idea of our undertaking better than any words I can frame:

"Dear Brother and Sister, we must bid you adieu;
We hope that the Lord will deal kindly with you,
Protect and defend you, wherever you go.
If Christ is your friend, sure you need fear no foe.

The distance doth seem great, to which you are bound,
But soon we must travel on far distant ground;
And if we prove faithful to God's grace and love,
If we ne'er meet before we shall all meet above."

About twenty years later this aunt, her husband and nine children (they left one son), sons-in-law, daughters-in-law, and grand-children visited us. Uncle had sold his nice farm in Unadilla and come to settle his very intelligent family in Michigan. He settled as near us as he could get government land sufficient for so large a family. With most of this numerous family near him, he is at this day a sprightly old man, respected (so far as I know) by all who know him, from Unionville to Bay City.

Now, as I have digressed, I must go back and continue the story of our journey from Unadilla to Michigan. As soon as navigation opened in the spring, we started again with uncle's team and wagon. In this manner we traveled about fifty miles, which brought us to Utica. There we embarked on a canal boat and moved slowly night and day, to invade the forests of Michigan. Sometimes when we came to a lock father got off and walked a mile or two. On one of these occasions I accompanied him, and when we came to a favorable place father signaled the steersman, and he turned the boat up. Father jumped on to the side of the boat. I attempted to follow him, did not jump far enough, missed my hold and went down by the side of the boat into the water. However, father caught my hand and lifted me out. They said that if he had not caught me I must have been crushed to death, as the boat struck the side the same minute. That, certainly, would have been the end of my journey to Michigan. When it was pleasant we spent part of the time on deck. One day mother left my little brother, then four years old, in care of my oldest sister, Rachel. He concluded to have a rock in an easy chair, rocked over and took a cold bath in the canal. Mother and I were in the cabin. When we heard the cry "Overboard!" we rushed on deck, and the first thing we saw was a man swimming with something ahead of him. It proved to be my brother, held by one strong arm of an English gentleman. He did not strangle much; some said the Englishman might have waded out, in that case he would not have strangled any, as he had on a full-cloth overcoat, which held him up until the Englishman got to him. Be that as it may,

the Englishman was our ideal hero for many years, for by his bravery and skill, unparalleled by anything we had seen, he had saved our brother from a watery grave.

That brother is now the John Smith Nowlin, of Dearborn.

When we arrived at Buffalo, the steamer "Michigan," then new, just ready for her second trip, lay at her wharf ready to start the next morning. Thinking we would get a better night's rest at a public house than on the steamer, father sought one, but made a poor choice.

The next morning we went to our boat. As father was poor and wished to economize, he took steerage passage; as we had warm clothes and plenty of bedding, he thought this was the best that he could afford. Our headquarters were on the lower deck. In a short time steam was up, and we bade farewell to Buffalo where we had spent a sleepless night, and with about six hundred passengers started on our course.

The elements seemed to be against us. A fearful storm arose; the captain thought it would be dangerous to proceed, and so put in below a little island opposite Cleveland, and tied up to a pier which ran out from the island. Here we lay for three weary days and nights, the storm continually raging.

Finally, the captain though he must start out. He kept the boat as near the shore as he could with safety, and we moved slowly until we were near the head of the lake. Then the storm raged and the wind blew with increased fury. It seemed as if the "Prince of the power of the air" had let loose the wind upon us. The very air seemed freighted with woe. The sky above and the waters below were greatly agitated. It was a dark afternoon, the clouds looked black and angry, and flew across the horizon apparently in a strife to get away from the dreadful calamity that seemed to be coming upon Lake Erie.

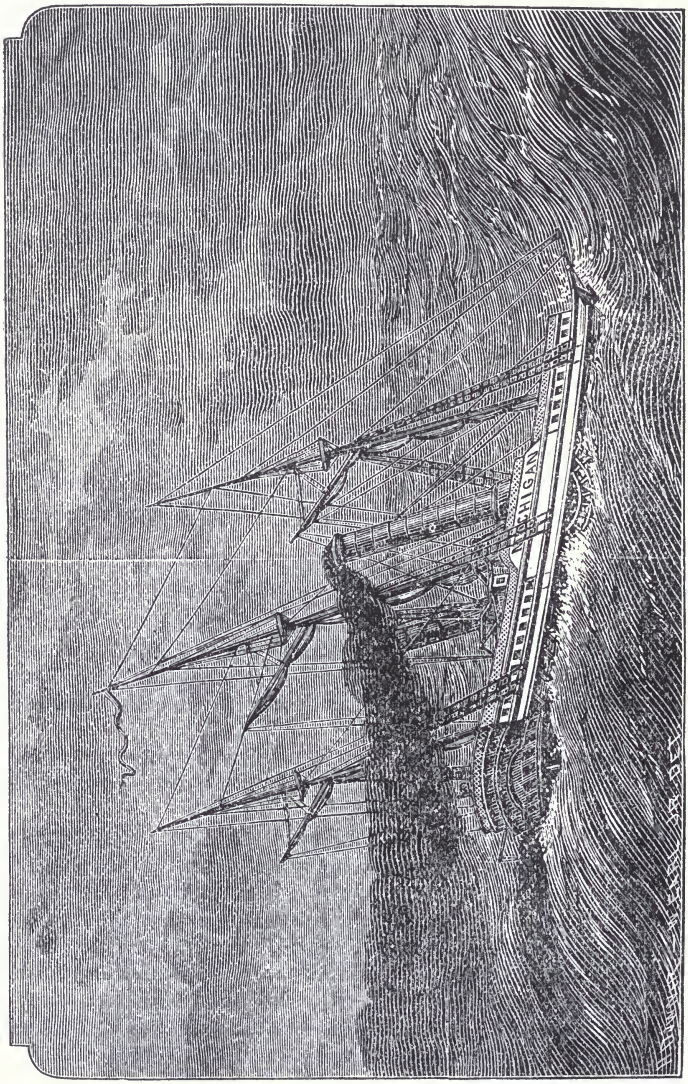
We were violently tempest tossed. Many of the passengers despaired of getting through. The dark, blue cold waves, pressed hard by the wind, rolled and tumbled our vessel frightfully, seeming to make our fears their sport. What a dismal, heart-rending scene! After all our efforts in trying to reach Michigan, now I expected we must be lost. Oh, how vain the expectation of reaching our new place in the woods. It looked to me as though Lake Erie would terminate our journey.

It seemed as if we were being weighed in a great balance, and that wavering and swaying up and down; balanced about equally between hope and fear, life and death.

No one could tell which way it would turn with us. I made up my mind, and promised if ever I reached terra firma never to set foot on that lake again; and I have kept my word inviolate. I was miserably sick, as were nearly all the passengers. I tried to keep on my feet as much as I could; sometimes I would take hold of the railing and gaze upon the wild, terrific scene, or lean against whatever I could find, that was stationary, near mother and the rest of the family. Mother was calm, but I knew she had little hope that we would ever reach land. She said her children were all with her and we should not be parted in death; that we should go together, and escape the dangers and tribulations of the wilderness.

I saw the captain on deck looking wishfully toward the land, while the white caps broke fearfully on our deck. The passengers were in a fearful state of consternation. Some said we gained a little headway; others said we did not. The most awful terror marked nearly every face. Some wept, some prayed,

some swore, and a few looked calm and resigned. I was trying to read my fate in the other faces when an English lady who came on the canal boat with us, and who had remained in the cabin up to this time, rushed on deck wringing her hands and crying at the top of her voice, "We shall be lost! we shall be lost! oh! oh! oh! I have crossed the Atlantic ocean three times, and it never commenced with this! We shall be lost! oh! oh! oh!"



"THE MICHIGAN."—AFTER LEAVING THE ISLAND IN THE SPRING OF 1834.

One horse that stood on the bow of the boat died from the effects of the storm. Our clothes and bedding were all drenched, and to make our condition still more perilous, the boat was discovered to be on fire. This was kept as

quiet as possible. I did not know that it was burning until after it was extinguished; but I saw father, with others, carrying buckets of water. He said the boat had been on fire and they had put it out. The staunch boat resisted the elements; ploughed her way through, and landed us safely at Detroit.

It was night, in the spring of 1834, when we arrived at Detroit, and we made our way to the "United States Hotel," on Woodbridge street.

The next morning I was up early and went to view the city. I wished to know if it really was a city—if it looked like Utica or Buffalo.

I went up Jefferson avenue; found some brick buildings, barber poles, wooden clocks, or large watches, big hats and boots, a brass ball, etc., etc.

I returned to the hotel, satisfied that Detroit was actually a city, for the things I had seen were, in my mind, sufficient to make it one. After I assured myself that there was a city so far from New York, I was quite contented and took my breakfast. Then, with our guns on our shoulders, father and I started to see our brand new farm at Dearborn. First we went up Woodward avenue to where the new city hall now stands. It was then only a common, dotted by small wooden buildings.

Thence we took the Chicago road which brought us to Dearbornville. From there the timber had been cut for a road one mile south. On this road father did his first road work in Michigan, and here afterwards I helped to move the logs out. The road-master, Mr. Smith, was not willing to allow full time for my work; however, I put in part time. Little did I think that here, one mile from Dearbornville, father would afterwards buy a farm, build a large brick house, and end his days in peace and plenty.

From this point, one mile south of the little village, we were one mile from father's chosen eighty, but had to follow an Indian trail two miles, which led us to Mr. J. Pardee's. His place joined father's on the west. We crossed Pardee's place, eighty rods, which brought us to ours. I dug up some of the earth, found it black and rich, and sure enough no stones in the way. Late in the afternoon I started back to mother to tell her that father had engaged a Mr. Thompson (who kept tavern in a log house half a mile east of Dearbornville) and team, and would come after her in the morning. When I reached the Chicago road again, it seemed anything but inviting. I could see just a streak ahead four or five miles, with the trees standing thick and dark either side.

If ever a boy put in good time I did then. However, it was evening when I reached Detroit, and had traveled more than twenty-six miles. Mother was very glad to see me, and listened with interest to her boy's first story of Michigan. I told her that father was coming in the morning, as he had said; that Mr. Joseph Pardee said we could stay with him while we were building. I told her I was glad we came, how nice the land was, what a fine country it would be in a few years, and with other comforting words, said if we lived, I would take her back in a few years, to visit her old home.

The next morning father and Mr. Thompson came, and we were soon all aboard the wagon. When we reached Mr. Pardee's his family seemed very much pleased to see us. He said: "Now we have 'Old Put' here, we'll have company."

Putnam county joined the county he came from, and he called father "Old Put" because he came from Putnam county.

Father immediately commenced cutting logs for a house. In one week he had them ready, and men came from Dearbornville to help raise them. He

then cut black ash trees, peeled off the bark to roof his house, and after having passed two weeks under Mr. Pardee's hospitable roof, we moved into a house of our own, had a farm of our own and owed no one.

Father brought his ax from York State; it weighed seven pounds; he gave me a smaller one. He laid the trees right and left until we could see the sun from ten o'clock in the morning till between one and two in the afternoon, when it mostly disappeared back of Mr. Pardee's woods.

Father found it was necessary to have a team, so he went to Detroit and bought a yoke of oxen; also at the same time, a cow. He paid eighty dollars for the oxen and twenty-five for the cow. These cattle were driven in from Ohio. The cow proved to be a great help toward the support of the family for a number of years. The oxen were the first owned in the south part of the town of Dearborn. They helped to clear the logs from the piece father had cut over, and we planted late corn, potatoes and garden stuff. The corn grew very high but didn't ear well. The land was indeed very rich, but shaded too much.

The next thing, after planting some seeds, was clearing a road through a black ash swale and flat lands on our west section line, running north one mile, which let us out to the point mentioned, one mile south of Dearbornville. We blazed the section line trees over, cleared out the old logs and brush, then felled trees lengthwise towards each other, sometimes two together, to walk on over the water; we called it our log-way. We found the country was so very wet at times, that it was impossible to go with oxen and sled, which were our only means of conveyance, summer or winter. When we could not go in this style we were obliged to carry all it was necessary to have taken, on our shoulders from Dearbornville.

We had many annoyances, and the musquitoes were not the least, but they did us some good. We had no fences to keep our cattle, and the musquitoes drove the oxen and cow up to the smoke which we kept near the house in order to keep those little pests away. The cattle soon learned, as well as we, that smoke was a very powerful repellant of those little warriors.

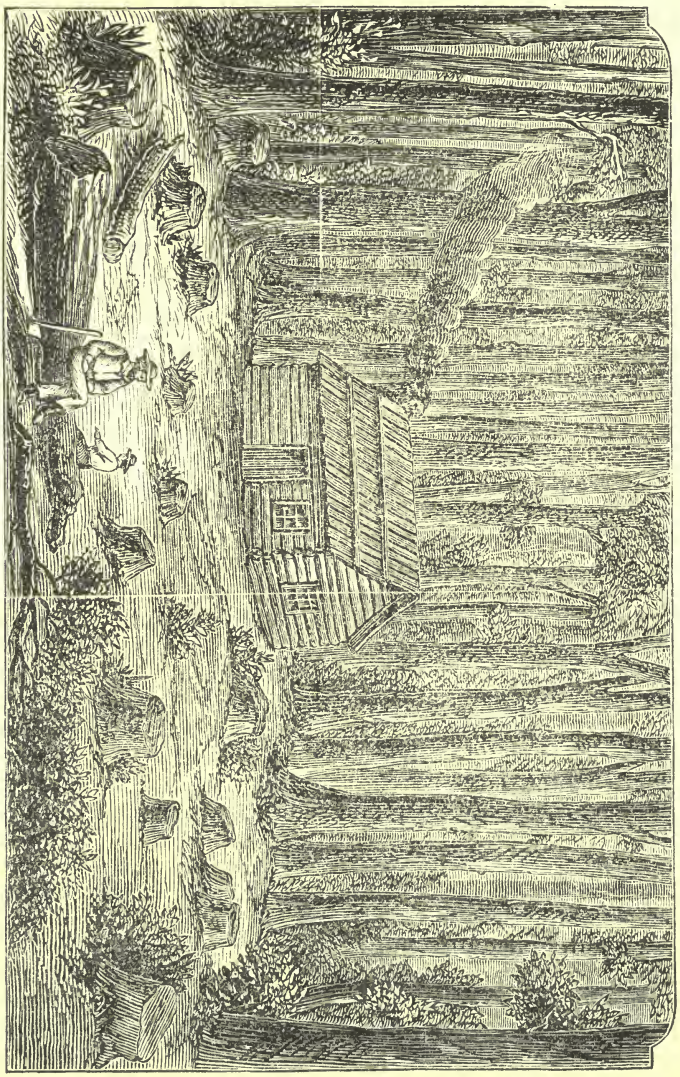
As I have said, our oxen were the first in our part of the town. Mr. Pardee had no team. Father sold him half of our oxen. They used them alternately, each one two weeks, during the summer. For some reason Mr. Pardee failed to pay the forty dollars, and when winter came father had to take the oxen back and winter them. The winter was very open, and much pleasanter than any we had ever seen. The cattle lived on what we called "French-bogs" which grew all through the woods on the low land and were green all winter.

We found wild animals and game very numerous. Sometimes the deer came where father had cut down trees, and browsed the tops. Occasionally, in the morning, after a little snow, their tracks would be as thick as sheep-tracks in a yard, almost up to the house. The wolves also, were very common; we could often hear them at night, first at one point, then answers from another and another direction, until the woods rang with their unearthly yells.

One morning I saw a place by a log where a deer had lain, and noticed a large quantity of hair all around on the snow; then I found tracks where two wolves came from the west, jumped over the log and caught the deer in his bed. He got away, but he must have had bare spots on his back.

One evening a Mr. Bruin called at our house and stood erect at our north window. The children thought him one of us, as father, mother and I were

away, and they ran out to meet us, but discovered instead a large black bear. When they ran out, Mr. Bruin, a little less dignified, dropped on all fours, and walked leisurely off about ten rods; then raised again, jumped over a brush fence, and disappeared in the woods.



THE BARK COVERED HOUSE—1834.

Next morning we looked for his tracks and sure enough, there were the tracks of a large bear within four feet of the window. He had apparently stood and looked into the house.

The first Indian who troubled us was one by the name of John Williams. He was a large, powerful man, and certainly, very ugly. He used to pass our house and take our road to Dearbornville after fire-water, get a little

drunk, and on his way back stop at John Blare's. Mr. Blare then lived at the end of our new road. Here the Indian would tell what great things he had done. One day when he stopped, Mrs. Blare and her brother-in-law, Asa, were there. He took a seat, took his knife from his belt, stuck it into the floor, then told Asa to pick it up and hand it to him; he repeated this action several times, and Asa obeyed him every time. He, seeing that the white man was afraid, said: "I have taken off the scalps of six damned Yankees with this knife and me take off one more."

When father heard this, with other things he had said, he thought he was the intended victim. We were all very much frightened. Whenever father was out mother was uneasy until his return, and he feared that the Indian, who always carried his rifle, might lay in ambush, and shoot him when he was at work.

One day he came along as usual, from Dearbornville, and passed our house. Father saw him, came in, took his rifle down from the hooks and told mother he believed he would shoot first. Mother would not hear a word to it, and after living a year or two longer in mortal fear of him, he died a natural death. We learned afterwards that Joseph Pardee was the man he had intended to kill. He said, "Pardee had cut a bee-tree that belonged to Indian."

According to his previous calculation on our arrival, father bought in mother's name, eighty acres more, constituting the southwest quarter of section thirty-four, town two south, of range ten east; bounded on the south by the south line of the town of Dearborn. A creek we called the north branch of the River Ecorse, ran through it, going east. It was nearly parallel with, and forty-two rods from the town line. When he entered it he took a duplicate; later his deed came, and it was signed by Andrew Jackson, a man whom father admired very much. Mother's deed came still later, signed by Martin Van Buren.

This land was very flat, and I thought very beautiful. No waste land on it, all clay bottom except about two acres, a sand ridge, resembling the side of a sugar loaf. This was near the center of the place, and on it we finally built, as we found it very unpleasant living on clayey land in wet weather. This land was all heavily timbered—beech, hard maple, basswood, oak, hickory, and some whitewood—on both sides of the creek; further back it was mostly ash and elm.

We made troughs, tapped hard maples on each side of the creek; took our oxen, sled, and two barrels (as the trees were scattered) to draw the sap to the place we had prepared for boiling it.

Now I had an employment entirely new to me: boiling down sap and making sugar in the woods of Michigan. This was quite a help to us in getting along. We made our own "sweet" and vinegar, also some sugar and molasses to sell. Some springs we made three or four hundred pounds of sugar. Sugar was not all the good things we had, for there was one added to my father's family,—a little sister, who was none the less lovely in my eye because she was of Michigan, a native "Wolverine."

Now father's family, all told, consisted of mother and six children. The children grew to be men and women, and are all alive to this day, January 26, 1875.

After we came to Michigan mother's health constantly improved. She soon began to like her new home and became more cheerful and happy. I

told her we had what would be a beautiful place; far better than the rocks and hills we left. I often renewed my promise that if she and I lived and I grew to be a man, we would go back, visit her friends and see again the land of her nativity.

To cheer her still more we received a letter from Mr. G. Purdy of York State, telling us that he was coming to Michigan in the fall with his wife (mother's beloved sister Abbie), and her youngest sister, Sarah.

Asa Blare, the young man who picked up the Indian's knife, bought forty acres of government land joining us on the east, built him a house, went to Ohio, married and brought his wife back with him.

Now we had neighbors on the east of us, and Mr. Henry Travis (a brother-in-law of Mr. Pardee) came, bought land joining Mr. Pardee on the west, built and settled with a large family. About the same time many families from the East came and settled along the creek, for miles west of us.

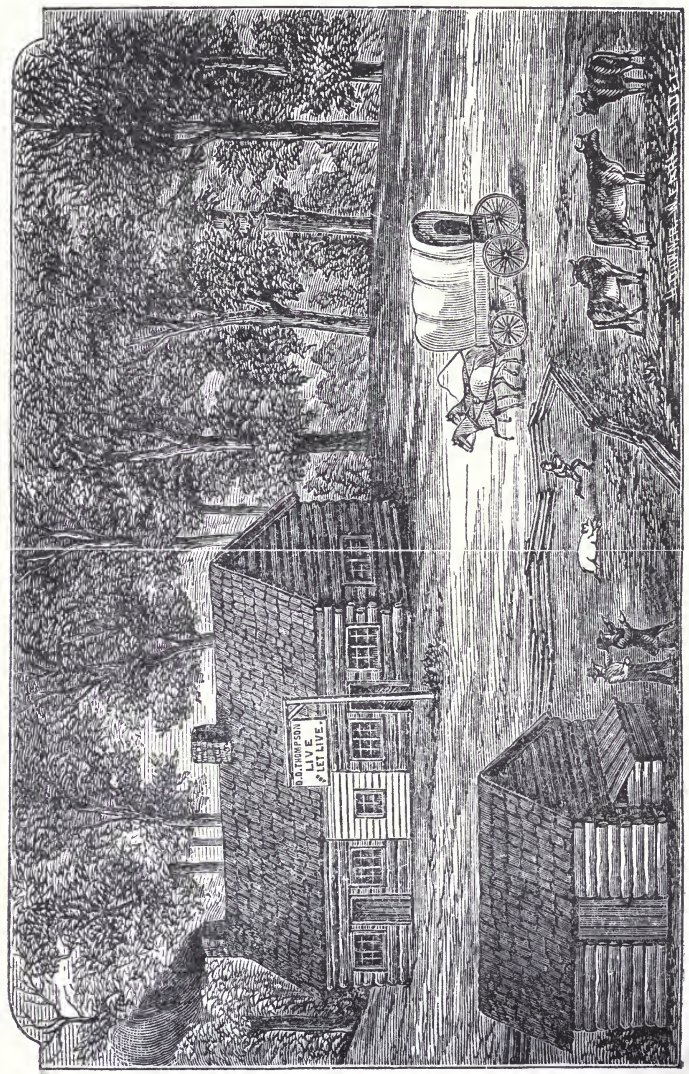
Now we were on the border of civilization. Our next clearing of any importance was the little ridge. Father commenced around the edge, cut the brush, and threw them from the ridge all around it to form a brush fence; then all the trees that would fall into the line of the fence were felled; also all that would fall over it; those which would reach the fence were felled toward it. Then we trimmed them, cut the logs, and piled the brush on the fence. I felt very much interested in clearing this piece. When father took his ax and started for work I took mine and was immediately at his side or a little behind him. In this manner we returned, and we soon had the two acres cut off and surrounded by an immense log, tree-top, and brush fence; at least I thought it was a great fence. Now came the logging and burning. Father worked with his oxen and handspike, I with my handspike. Some of the large logs near the fence he swung around with the oxen and left them by it. Others we drew together, and when we piled them up, father took his handspike and rolled the log, I held it with mine until he got a new hold. In that way I helped him roll hundreds and thousands of logs. We soon had them all in heaps, but they were green and burned slowly—some of them would not burn at all then. We scratched round them and put some seeds in every spot. We could do but very little with a plow. Father made a drag out of the crotch of a tree and put iron teeth into it; this did some service, as the ground was exceedingly rooty.

In raising our summer crops we had to do most of the work with a hoe. Sometimes where it was very rooty we planted corn with an ax. In order to do this we struck the blade into the ground and roots about two inches, then dropped the corn in, and struck again two or three inches from the first place, which closed it, and the hill of corn was planted.

Mr. Pardee had bought a piece of land for a Mr. Clapp, of Peekskill, New York, and was agent for the same. He said the south end of this land was openings. It was about one mile from our place, and Mr. Pardee offered to join with father and put corn on it; accordingly, we went to see it. There was some brush, but it was covered mostly with what we called "buffalo grass," which grew spontaneously. Cattle loved it very much in the summer, but their grazing seemed to destroy it. It soon died out and mostly disappeared; scrub oak and other brush coming up in its place.

Mr. Pardee and father soon cleared five or six acres of this land, and with the brush they cut, made a light brush fence around it, then tore up three or four acres and planted it with corn. The soil was light yellow sand. When

the corn came up it was small and yellow. They put in about two acres of buckwheat. A young man by the name of William Beal worked for Pardee. He helped to tend the corn. One morning as they were going up to hoe the corn, William Beal took his gun and started ahead; this he frequently did very early. He said when about half way to the corn, he looked toward the creek and saw a black bear coming toward him. He stood in the path leading to the cornfield, which they had under-brushed. The bear did not discover him until he was near enough, when he fired and shot him dead. This raised quite an excitement among us. I went to see the bear. It was the first wild one I saw in Michigan. They dressed it, and so far as I know, the neighbors each had a piece; at all events we had some.



"THE THOMPSON TAVERN"—1834.

They hoed the corn once or twice and then made up their minds it was no use, as it would not amount to much, the land being too poor. The whole crop of corn, gathered there, green at that, nubbins and all, was put into a half bushel basket, except what the squirrels took.

The buckwheat didn't amount to much, either. Wild turkeys trampled it down and ate the grain, in doing which many of them lost their lives. I began to consider myself quite a marksman. I had already, with father's rifle, shot two deer, and had gotten some of the turkeys.

Father never cropped it any more on the openings, and his experience there made him much more pleased with his own farm. That land is near me, and I have seen a great many crops growing on it, both grain and other crops, but never one I thought would pay the husbandman for his labor.

Father's partnership with Mr. Pardee was so unsuccessful on the openings, and in having to take the oxen back, and buy hay for them when that article was very high (their running out helped him some) that he concluded to go into partnership with Mr. Pardee no more.

He sold half of his oxen to Asa Blare, who paid the money down, so their partnership opened in a little better shape. This partnership father said was necessary, as our money had become very much reduced, and everything we bought (such as flour and pork) was extremely dear; besides, we had no way to make a farthing except with our "maple-sweet" or the hide of a deer.

Father worked very hard, got three acres cleared and ready for wheat. Then he went away and bought about four bushels of white wheat for seed. This cost a snug sum in those days. About the last of August he sowed it and dragged it in with his drag. He sowed about a bushel and a peck to the acre. (I have for many years back, and to the present time, sowed two bushels to the acre.)

His wheat came up and looked beautiful. The next spring and early summer it was very nice. One day a neighbor's unruly ox broke into it. I went through it to drive him out and it was knee high. Father said take the ox home. I did so. The neighbor was eating dinner. I told him his ox had been in our wheat and that father wished him to keep the ox away. He said we must make the fence better and he would not get in. This was the first unkind word I had received from a neighbor in Michigan. The wheat escaped the rust, headed and filled well, and was an excellent crop. It helped us a great deal and was our manna in the wilderness.

Father and I continued our chopping until we connected the two clearings. Then we commenced to see the sun in the morning and we thought it shone brighter here than it did in York State. Some of the neighbors said that it really did, and that it might be on account of a reflection from the water of the great lakes. Perhaps it was because the deep gloom of the forest had shaded us so long and was now removed. Israel like, we looked back and longed for the good things we had left, viz:—apples, pears, and the quince sauce. Even apples were luxuries we could not have, and we greatly missed them. We cleared new ground, sowed turnip seed, dragged it in and raised some very large nice turnips. At this time there was not a wagon in the neighborhood, but Mr. Traverse, being a mechanic and ingenious, cut down a tree, sawed off two short logs, used them for hubs and made the wheels for a cart. These he took to Dearbornville and had them ironed. He made the body himself and then had an ox-cart. This was the only wheeled vehicle in the place for some years. As Mr. Traverse was an obliging man the neigh-

bors borrowed his cart. Sometimes it went to Dearbornville to bring in provision or other things, and sometimes it went to mill. (There was a mill on the river Rouge, one mile north of Dearbornville.) With this cart and oxen the neighbors carried some of their first products, sugar, butter, eggs, etc., to Detroit. Some young sight-seers, who had not seen Detroit since they moved into the woods and wished to see it, were on board. They had to start before midnight so it would be cool for the oxen. This was the first cart and oxen ever seen in Detroit from our part of the town of Dearborn.

They reached home the following night, at about ten o'clock, and told me about the trip.

We wanted apples, so father took his oxen, went and borrowed the cart, loaded it with turnips, went down the river road half way to Detroit, traded them with a Frenchman for apples and brought home a load which were to us delicious fruit. In this way we got our apples for many years. These apples were small, not so large and nice as those we had been used to having; but they were Michigan apples and we appreciated them very much. They lasted us through the winter and did us much good.

Father said he would get us some apple trees. He had heard there was a small nursery below Dearbornville. One morning he and I started for the village; from there we went to Mr. McVay's, about two miles east, near the Rouge.

Of him father bought thirteen apple trees, did them up in two bundles, his large, mine small. We took them on our shoulders and started home through the woods, thus saving two miles travel. On our way we explored woods we had never seen before.

We planted the apple trees on the west end of the little ridge. They are now old trees. I passed them the other day and thought of the time we set them. Now some of them look as if they were dying with old age. I counted and found that some of them were gone. I thought there was no one but me who could tell how, or when, those trees were planted, as they were nearly forty years old.

East of those trees father built his second house in 1836. He made the body of this house of large whitewood logs, split oak shakes with which to cover it, and dug a well east of the house. Into this well he put the shell of a large buttonwood log; we called it a "gum." It was said that water would not taste of buttonwood; we had very good water there.

Father borrowed Mr. Traverse's cart, loaded up our things and we were glad to leave our bark covered house, clay door-yard and Mr. Pardee's woods, to which we had lived so near that we could see the sun only for a short time in the afternoon.

In the house we were leaving we had some unwelcome visitors: an Indian, John Williams, and a snake. One day, toward evening, mother was getting supper, and as the floor boards were laid down loosely they would shake as she walked across the floor. Some member of the family heard a strange noise (something rattling) which seemed to come from a chest that stood in the back part of the room on legs about six inches high. Every time mother stepped on the board upon which he was coiled up, his snakeship felt insulted and he would rattle to let them know he was there and felt indignant at being disturbed. Mother said they all tried to find out what it was; they finally looked under the chest and there, to their astonishment, they saw a large black rattlesnake all curled up watching their movements and ready, with his poi-

sonous fangs, to strike any one that came within his reach. He was an interloper, a little too bold. He had, however, gotten in the wrong place and was killed in the room. He had, no doubt, crawled up through a hole in the floor at the end of a board.

The children were very much alarmed, and mother was frightened. She said she thought it was a terrible place where poisonous reptiles would crawl into the house. Near the house sometime after, brother John S. and sister Sarah were out raking up some scattering hay. I suppose sister was out for the sake of being out, or for her own amusement. While she was raking she saw a large blue racer close by her, with his head up nearly as high as her own, looking at her, and not seeming inclined to leave her. I never heard of a blue racer hurting any one, and this was the only one I ever knew to make the attempt. Sister was greatly scared, and hallooed and screamed as if struck with terror. Brother John S., then a little way off, ran to her as quickly as possible; while he was running the snake circled around her but a few feet off, and seemed determined to attack her. Though brother was the younger of the two his courage was good. With the handle of his pitchfork he struck the snake across the back a little below the head, and wounded him. Then he succeeded in sticking the tine of the pitchfork through the snake's head; at that sister Sarah took courage and tried with her rake to help brother in the combat. As she held up the handle the snake wound himself around it so tightly that he did not loosen his coils until he was dead. That snake measured between six and seven feet in length.

We knew nothing of this species of reptile until we came to Michigan. I have killed a great many of them, but have found that if one gets a rod or two the start, it is impossible to catch him. I well recollect having run after them across our clearing where we first settled. They would go ahead like a streak of blue. I make this statement of the reptiles, so that the people of Wayne County, or Michigan, who have no knowledge of such things may know something about the vexations and fearful annoyances we had to contend with after we settled in Michigan.

We were all pleased when we got into the new house. We had a sand door-yard, and lived near the center of our place. East of this house, on the little ridge, we raised our first patch of watermelons in Michigan. Father said they raised good melons on Long Island, where it was sandy soil, and he thought he could raise good ones there. He tried, and it proved to be a success; the melons were excellent. When they were ripe father borrowed the cart, picked a load of melons and just before sundown, started for Detroit. Mother and my little Michigan sister Abbie, went with us. I think it was the first time mother saw Detroit after she left it on the morning following her first arrival there. She wished to do some trading, of course. Father and I walked. We took a little hay to feed the oxen on the road. The next morning we reached Detroit. The little market then stood near where the "Biddle House" now stands, or between that and the river.

Father sold his melons to a Frenchman for one shilling apiece. The market men said this was the first full load of melons ever on Detroit market; at all events, I know it was the first load of melons ever drawn from the town of Dearborn.

Mother's youngest sister lived in the city, and was at the store of Mr. Cook, or "Cook & Burns," where we did some of our trading. Their store was on Jefferson avenue. Mr. Cook was an eccentric man, and had his own way of

recommending his goods, and one which made much sport. Auntie called for some calico. Mr. Cook took a piece off the shelf, threw it on the counter, threw up both arms, put his hands higher than his head, then picked it up again, shook it, and said: "There, who ever saw the like of that in Michigan? Two shillings a yard! A yard wide, foot thick, and the colors as firm as the Alleghany mountains!"

But an old colored woman came in who rather beat the clerk. She inquired for cheap calico; the clerk threw down some and told her the price. She said: "Oh, that is too much! I want some cheap." Then the clerk threw down some that looked old and faded. With a broad grin, showing her teeth and the whites of her eyes not a little, she said: "Oh, ho! my goot Lo'd, dat war made when Jope war paby!"

When father and mother had traded all they could afford it was nearly night, and we all got into the cart and started for home. We got upon the Chicago road opposite where the Grand Trunk Junction now is, and stopped. Mother thought she could not go any farther, and the oxen were tired. Father went into a log house on the north side of the Chicago road and asked them if they could keep us all night. They said they would, and we turned in. They used us first rate, and treated us with much respect. Next morning after breakfast we went home.

The old cow always wore a bell. Early in the spring, when there were no flies or mosquitoes to drive them up, the cattle sometimes wandered off. At such times, when we went to our chopping or work, we watched them, to see which way they went, and listened to the bell after they were out of sight in order that we might know which way to go after them if they didn't return. Sometimes the bell went out of hearing, but I was careful to remember which way I heard it last.

Before night I would start to look for them, going in the direction I last heard them. I would go half a mile or so into the woods, and then stop and listen, if I could hear the faintest sound of the bell. If I could not hear it, I went further in the same direction, then stopped and listened again. Then if I did not hear it, I took another direction, went a piece, and stopped again, and if I heard the least sound of it, I knew it from all other bells, because I had heard it so often before.

That bell is laid up with care. I am now over fifty years old, but if the least tinkling of that bell should reach my ear I should know the sound as well as I did when I was a boy listening for it in the woods of Michigan.

When I found the cattle I would pick up a stick and throw it at them, halloo very loudly and they would start straight for home. Sometimes in cloudy weather, I was lost, and it looked to me as though they were going the wrong way, but I followed them, through black ash swales where the water was knee deep, sometimes nearly barefooted.

I always carried a gun, sometimes father's rifle. The deer didn't seem to be afraid of the cattle; they would stand and look at them as they passed, not seeming to notice me. I would walk carefully, get behind a tree, and take pains to get a fair shot at one. When I had killed it I bent bushes and broke them partially off, every few rods, until I knew I could find the place again, then father and I would go and get the deer.

Driving the cattle home in this way I traveled hundreds of miles. There was some danger then, in going barefooted, as there were some massassauga all through the woods. As the country got cleared up they disappeared, and as

there are neither rocks, ledges, nor logs under which they can hide, I have not seen one in many years.

One time the cattle strayed off and went so far I could not find them. I looked for them until nearly dark but had to return without them. I told father where I had been and that I could not hear the bell. The next morning father and I started to see if we could find them. We looked two or three days but could not hear or find anything of them. We began to think they were lost in the wilderness. However, we concluded to look one more day, so we started and went four or five miles southeast until we struck the Reed creek. This was known as the Reed creek by us for the reason, a man by the name of Reed came with his family from the State of New York, built him a log house and lived there one summer. His family got sick, he became discouraged and in the fall moved back to the State of New York. The place where he lived the one summer was about two miles south of our house and this creek is really the middle branch of the Ecorse.

There was no settlement between us and Detroit river, a distance of six miles. We looked along the Reed creek to see if any cattle had crossed it.

While we were looking there we heard the report of a rifle close by us and hurried up. It was an Indian who had just shot a duck in the head. When we came to him father told him it was a lucky shot, a good shot to shoot it in the head. He said, "Me allers shoot head not hurt body." He took us to his wigwam, which was close by, showed us another duck with the neck nearly shot off. Whether he told the truth, or whether these two were lucky shots, I cannot tell, but one thing I do know in regard to him, if he told us the truth he was an extraordinary man and marksman.

Aroung his wigwam hung from half a dozen to a dozen deer skins on poles. His family seemed to consist of a squaw and a young squaw almost grown up. Father told him we had lost our cattle, oxen and cow, and asked him if he had seen them. We had hard work to make him understand what we meant.

Father took a silver half-dollar out of his pocket, showed it to the Indian, and told him he should have it if he would show us the cattle. He wiped out his rifle, loaded it and said, "Me show." He took his rifle and wiper and started with us; we went about half a mile and he showed us where he had seen them. We looked and found large ox's tracks and cow's tracks. I thought, from the size and shape of them, they were our cattle's tracks. The Indian started up the tracks, father followed him, and I followed father. When we came to high ground where I could hardly see a track the Indian had no trouble in following them, and he went on a trot. I had hard work to keep up with him. I remember well how he looked, with his bowing legs; it seemed as if he was on springs. He moved like an antelope, with such ease and agility. He looked as if he hardly touched the ground.

The cattle, in feeding round, crossed their own tracks sometimes. The Indian always knew which were the last tracks. He followed all their crooks, we followed him by sight, which gave us a little the advantage, and helped us to keep in sight. He led us, crooking about in this way, for nearly two hours, when we came in hearing of the bell. I never had a harder time in the woods but once, and it was when I was older, stronger, and better able to stand a chase. That time I was following four bears, and an Indian tried to get them away. I was pleased when we got to the cattle. Father paid the Indian the half-dollar he had earned so well, and thanked him most heartily, whether he understood it or not. Father asked the Indian the way home, he said, "My

house, my wigwam, which way my home?" The Indian pointed with his wiper, and showed us the way.

Father said afterward, it was strange that the Indian should know where he lived, as he had never seen him before. I never saw that Indian afterward.

The cattle were feeding on cowslips and leeks, which grew in abundance, also on little French bogs that had just started up. We hallooed at them very sharply and they started homeward; we followed them, and that night found our cattle home again. Mother and all the children were happy to see them come, for they were our main dependence.

The oxen having worked hard and been used to good hay, which we bought for them, grew poor when they were fed on marsh hay. Then Mr. Blare wanted to sell his part to father; then the cattle would not have so much to do. Father was not able to buy them, as his money was nearly gone. He said he would mortgage his lot for one hundred dollars, buy them back, buy another cow and have a little money to use.

Father went to Dearbornville and mortgaged his lot to Mrs. Phlihaven, a widow, for one hundred dollars, said to be at seven per cent, as that was lawful interest then. We supposed at the time he got a hundred dollars, but he got only eighty. Mrs. Phlihaven said as long as he would pay the twenty dollars shave money, and the seven dollars interest annually, she would let it run. And it did run until the shave money and interest more than ate up the principal.

Father bought the oxen back for the old price, forty dollars, and bought another cow, of Mr. McVay, for which he paid eighteen dollars, leaving him twenty-two dollars of the hired money.

It was now spring, the oxen became very poor; one of them was taken sick and got down. Father said he had the hollow horn and doctored him for that; but I think to-day, if the oxen had had a little corn meal, and good hay during the winter, they would have been all right.

After the ox got down, and we could not get him up, he still ate and seemed to have a good appetite. I went to Dearbornville, bought hay at the tavern and paid at the rate of a dollar a hundred. I tied it up in a rope, carried it home on my back and fed it to him. Then I went into the woods, with some of the other children, and gathered small brakes that lay flat on the ground. They grew on beech and maple land, and kept green all winter. The ox ate some of them, but he died; our new cow, also, died in less than two weeks after father bought her. Then we had one ox, our old cow, and two young cattle we had raised from her, that we kept through the spring. In the summer the other ox had the bloody murrain and died.

Then we had no team, no money to get a team with, and our place was mortgaged. Now when father got anything for the family he had to bring it home himself. We got out of potatoes; these he bought at Dearbornville, paid a dollar a bushel for them, and brought them home on his back. He sent me to the village for meal. I called for it and the grocer measured it to me in a quart measure which was little at the top, such as liquors are measured with. I carried the meal home. In this way we had to pack home everything we bought.

When potatoes got ripe we had plenty of the best. On father's first visit to Michigan he was told that the soil of Michigan would not produce good potatoes. We soon found that this was a mistake, for we had raised some good ones before, but not enough to last through the summer.

We still had wheat but sometimes had to almost do without groceries. We always had something to eat but sometimes our living was very poor.

Father and I went hunting one day. I took my shot-gun, loaded with a half a charge of shot and three rifle bullets, which just chambered in the barrel, so I thought I was ready to shoot at anything. Father went ahead and I followed him; we walked very carefully in the woods looking for deer; went upon a sand ridge where father saw a deer and shot at it. I recollect well how it looked; it was a beautiful deer, almost as red as a cherry. After he shot, it stood still. I asked father in a whisper, if I might not shoot. He said "Keep still!" Father loaded his rifle and shot again. The last time he shot the deer ran away. We went to the place where it had stood. He had hit it for we found a little blood; but it got away.

It is said "the leopard can not change his spots nor the Ethiopian his skin," but the deer, assisted by nature, can change both his color and his hide. In summer the deer is red, and the young deer are covered with beautiful spots which disappear by fall. The hair of the deer is short in summer and his hide is thick. At this time the hide is most valuable by the pound. His horns grow and form their prongs, when growing we call them in their velvet; feel of them and they are soft through the summer and fall, and they keep growing until they form a perfect horn hard as a bone. By the prongs we are able to tell the number of years old they are.

In the fall of the year when an old buck has his horns fully grown, to see him running in his native forest is a beautiful sight. At that season his color has changed to a bluish grey. When the weather gets cold and it freezes hard his horns drop off, and he has to go bare-headed until spring. Then his hair is very long and gray. Deer are commonly poor in the spring, and at this season their hide is very thin and not worth much. So we see the deer is a very singular animal. As I have been going through the woods I have often picked up their horns and carried them home for curiosities. They were valuable for knife handles.

When the old buck is started from his bed and is frightened, how he clears the ground. You can mark him from twenty to thirty feet at every jump. I have measured some of his jumps by pacing, and found them to be very long, sometimes two rods. How plump he is, how symmetrically his body is formed, and how beautiful the appearance of his towering, branching antlers! As he carries them on his lofty head they appear like a rocking chair. As he sails through the air with his flag hoisted, he sometimes gives two or three of his whistling snorts and bids defiance to all pursuers in the flight. He is able to run away from any of his enemies in a fair foot race, but not always able to escape from flying missiles of death.

Before the fawn is a year old, if frightened and startled from its bed, it runs very differently from the old deer. Its jump is long and high. It appears as though it were going to jump up among the small tree tops. The next jump is short and sometimes sidewise, then another long jump and so on. It acts as though it did not know its own springs or were cutting up its antics, and yet it always manages to keep up with the rest of the deer.

Father had killed some deer. He shot one of the largest red bucks I had seen killed. After this we wanted meat. Father said we'll go hunting and see if we can get a deer. He said I might take his rifle and he would take my gun. We started out into the woods south of our house; I went ahead. There was

snow on the ground, it was cold and the wind blew very hard. We crossed the windfall. This was a strip of land about eighty rods wide. It must have been a revolving whirlwind that passed there, for it had taken down pretty much all the timber and laid it every way. Nothing was left standing except some large trees that had little tops, which were scattered here and there through the strip. It struck the southeast corner of what was afterward our place. Here we had about three acres of saplings, brush, and old logs that were windfalls.

I think this streak of wind must have passed about ten years before we came to the country. It came from the openings in the town of Taylor, went a northeast course until it struck the Rouge, after that I have no knowledge of it. In this windfall had grown up a second growth of timber, saplings, and brush so thick that it was hard work to get through or see a deer any distance. We got south of the windfall and scared up a drove of deer, some four or five.

The woods were cracking and snapping all around us; we thought it was dangerous and were afraid to be in the woods. Still we thought we would run the risk and follow the deer. They ran but a little way, stopped and waited until we came in sight, then ran a little way again. They seemed afraid to run ahead and huddled up together, the terrible noise in the timber seemed to frighten them. The last time I got sight of them they were in a small opening standing by some large old logs. I remember well to this day just how the place looked. I drew up the rifle and shot. Father was right behind me; I told him they didn't run. He took the rifle and handed me my gun saying, "Shoot this." I shot again, this gun was heavily loaded and must have made a loud report, but could not have been heard at any great distance on account of the roaring wind in the tree tops. The deer were still in sight. I took the rifle, loaded it, and shot again; then we loaded both guns but by this time the deer had disappeared. We went up to where they had stood and there lay a beautiful deer. Then we looked at the tracks where the others had run off, and found that one went alone and left a bloody trail, but we thought best to leave it and take home the one we had killed. When we got home we showed our folks what a fat, heavy deer we had and they were very much pleased, as this was to be our meat in the wilderness.

A man by the name of Wilson was at our house, and in the afternoon he volunteered to go with us after the other deer. We took our dog and started, taking our back tracks to where we left; we followed the deer but a very little ways before we came across the other one we had hit; it had died, and we took it home, thinking we had been very fortunate. Here I learned that deer could be approached in a windy time better than in any other.

One warm day in winter father and I went hunting. I had the rifle that day. We went south, crossed the windfall and Reed creek, and went into what we called the "big woods." We followed deer, but seemed to be very unlucky, for I couldn't shoot them. We traveled in the woods all day and hunted the best we could.

Just at sundown deer that have been followed all day are apt to stop and browse a little. Then if the wind is favorable and blowing from them to you, it is possible to get a shot at them; but if the wind is blowing from you to them, you can't get within gunshot of them. They will scent you. They happened to be on the windward side, as we called it. I got a shot at one and killed it. It was late, and carelessly, I didn't load the rifle. It being near night, I thought I should not have a chance to shoot anything more.

It was my custom to load the rifle after shooting, and if I didn't have any use for it before, when I got near home, I shot at a mark on a tree or something. In that way I practiced shooting and let the folks know I was coming. In this way I also kept the rifle from rusting, as sometimes it was wet; when I got into the house I cleaned it off and wiped it out.

In a few minutes we had skinned the two fore quarters out. Then we wrapped the fore part of the hide around the hind quarters, and each took a half and started. It was now dark, and we did not like to undertake going home straight through the woods, so took our way to the Reed house, from which there was a dim path through to Pardee's, and we could find our way home.

We were tired and hungry, and our feet were wet from traveling through the soft snow. As Mr. Reed had moved away there was no one in the house, and we went in and kindled a fire in the fireplace. The way we did it, I took some "punk" wood out of my pocket, held flint stone over it, struck the flint with my knife, and the punk soon took fire. We put a few whittlings on it, then some sticks we had gathered in the way near by the house. We soon had a good fire, and were warming and drying our feet.

This "punk" I got from soft maple trees. When I wanted some I went into the woods and looked for an oldish tree, looked up, and if I could see black knots on the body of the tree, toward the top, I knew there was "punk" wood in it, and would cut it down, then cut half way through the log above and below the black knot, and split it off. In the center of the log I was sure to find "punk" wood. Sometimes, in this way, I got enough to last a year or two from one tree. It was of a brown color, and was found in layers, which were attached and adhered together. When I chopped a tree I took out all I could find, carried it home, laid it up in a place where it would get drier, and it was always ready for use.

We had to use the utmost precaution not to get out of this material. Sometimes I have known my little Michigan sister, Abbie, to go more than a quarter of a mile to the Blare place, to borrow fire; on such occasions we had to wait for breakfast until she returned. I do not know that the fire was ever paid back, but I do know that we had callers frequently when the errand was to borrow fire.

When I went hunting I was careful to take a piece of this with me. I broke or tore it off (it was something like tearing old cloth). With this, a flint and a jackknife, I could make a fire in case night overtook me in the woods, and I could not get out. Fire was our greatest protection from wild animals and cold in the night. This was the way we kindled our fire in the Reed house, before "Lucifer matches" or "Telegraph matches" were heard of by us, although they were invented as early as 1833. After we got a little comfortable and rested, and the wood burned down to coals, we cut some slices of venison, laid them on the coals and roasted them. Although we had no salt, the meat tasted very good.

Late in the evening we took our venison and started again. It was hard work to follow the path in the thick woods, and we had to feel the way with our feet mostly, as it was quite dark. We had got about eighty rods from the house when, as unexpected as thunder in the winter, broke upon our startled ears the dismal yells and awful howls of wolves. No doubt they had smelled our venison, and come down from the west almost upon us, and broke out with their hideous yells. The woods seemed to be alive with them. Father

said: "Load the rifle, quick!" I dropped my venison, and if ever I loaded a gun quick in the dark, it was then. I threw in the powder, ran down a ball without a patch, and strange to say, before I got the cap on, the wolves were gone, or at least they were still, we didn't even hear them run or trot. What it was that frightened them we never knew; whether it was our stopping so boldly, or the smell of the powder, or what, I cannot say; but we did refuse to let them have our venison. We got away with it as quickly as possible, and carried it safely home.

Another wolf adventure worth relating: I had been deer hunting; I had been off beyond what we called the Indian hill, and was returning home. I was southwest of this hill, and on the north side of a little ridge which ran to the hill, when two wolves came from the south. They ran over the little ridge, crossing right in front of me, to go into a big thicket north. I had my rifle on them. They did halt, but in shooting very quickly I did not get a very good sight; however, I knocked one down, and thought I had killed him. They were just about of a size, and when I shot, the other went back like a flash the way he came from. I loaded the rifle, but before I had it loaded the one I had shot got up and looked at me. I saw what I had done. I had cut off his lower jaw, close up, and it hung down. Another shot finished him quickly. He measured six feet from the end of his nose to the point of his tail.

I have seen many wolves, I have seen them in shows, but never saw any that compared in size with these Michigan wolves. It takes a very large, long dog to measure five feet. There was a bounty on wolves. I went down through the woods to Squire Goodel's, who lived near the Detroit river, got him to make out my papers, and got the bounty. These pests were more shy in the daytime. They were harder to get a shot at than the deer. There were many of them in the woods, and we heard them so often nights that we became familiar with them. When the "Michigan Central Railroad" was built, and the cars ran through Dearborn, there was something about the iron track, or the noise of the cars, which drove them from the country.

Some three or four years after we came to the country, there came a tribe, or part of a tribe, of Indians and camped a little over a mile southwest of our house, in the timber, near the head of the windfall, next to the openings. They somewhat alarmed us, but father said, "Use them well, be kind to them and they will not harm us." I suppose they came to hunt. It was in the summer time, and the first we knew of them, my little brother and two sisters had been on the openings picking huckleberries, not thinking of Indians. When they started home, and got into the edge of the woods, they were in plain sight of Indians, and they said it appeared as if the woods were full of them. They stood for a minute and saw that the Indians were peeling bark and making wigwams; they had some trees already peeled.

They said they saw one Indian who had on a sort of crown, or wreath, with feathers in it that waved a foot above his head. They saw him mount a sorrel pony. As he did so the other Indians whooped and hooted, I suppose to cheer the chief. Childlike they were scared and thought he was coming after them on horseback. They left the path and ran right from home into the brush and woods. When they thought they were out of sight of the Indian they turned toward home. After they came in sight of home, to encourage his sisters, my little brother told them he wouldn't be afraid of any one Indian, but he said there were so many there it was enough to scare anybody. When

they got within twenty rods of the house they saw some one coming beyond the house with a gun on his shoulder. One said it was William Beal, another said it was an Indian. They looked again and all agreed that it was an Indian. If they had come straight down the lane they would have just about met him at the bars, opposite the house (where we went through). There was no way for them to get to the house and shun him, except to climb the fence and run across the field. The dreaded Indian seemed to meet them everywhere, and if possible they were more scared now than before. Brother and sister Sarah were over the fence very quickly. Bessie had run so hard to get home and was so scared that in attempting to climb the fence she got part way up and fell back, but up and tried again. Sister Sarah would not leave her but helped her over. But John S. left them and ran for his life to the house; as soon as they could get started they ran too. Mother said Smith ran into the house looking very scared, and went for the gun. She asked him what was the matter, and what he wanted of the gun; he said there was an Indian coming to kill them and he wanted to shoot him. Mother told him to let the gun alone, the Indian would not hurt them; by this time my sisters had got in. In a minute or two afterward the Indian came in, little thinking how near he had come being shot by a youthful hero.

Poor Indian wanted to borrow a large brass kettle that mother had and leave his rifle as security for it. Mother lent him the kettle and he went away. In a few days he brought the kettle home.

A short time after this a number of them had been out to Dearbornville and got some whisky. All but one had imbibed rather too freely of "White man's fire water to make Indian feel good." They came down as far as our house, and, as we had no stick standing across the door, they walked in very quietly, without knocking. The practice or law among the Indians is, when one goes away from his wigwam, if he puts a stick across the entrance all are forbidden to enter there; and as it is the only protection of his wigwam, no Indian honorably violates it. There were ten of these Indians. Mother was washing. She said the children were very much afraid, not having gotten over their fright. They got around behind her and the washtub, as though she could protect them. The Indians asked for bread and milk; mother gave them all she had. They got upon the floor, took hold of hands and formed a ring. The sober one sat in the middle; the others seemed to hear to what he said as much as though he had been an officer. He would not drink a drop of the whisky, but kept perfectly sober. They seemed to have a very joyful time, they danced and sang their wild songs of the forest, then asked mother for more bread and milk; she told them she had no more; then they asked for buttermilk and she gave them what she had of that. As mother was afraid, she gave them anything she had, that they called for. They asked her for whisky; she said she hadn't got it. They said, "Maybe you lie." Then they pointed toward Mr. Pardee's and said, "Neighbor got whisky ?" She told them she didn't know. They said again, "Maybe you lie."

When they were ready the sober one said, "Indian go!" He had them all start in single file. In that way they went out of sight. Mother was overjoyed and much relieved when they were gone. They had eaten up all her bread and used up all her milk, but I suppose they thought they had had a good time.

Not more than two or three weeks after this the Indians moved away, and

these children of the forest wandered to other hunting grounds. We were very much pleased, as well as the other neighbors, when they were gone.

Father had a good opinion of the Indians, though he had been frightened by the first one, John Williams, and was afraid of losing his life by him. He considered him an exception, a wicked, ugly Indian. Perhaps he had been driven away from his own tribe, and was like Cain, a vagabond upon the face of the earth. He was different from other Indians, as some of them had the most sensitive emotions of humanity. If you did them a kindness they would never forget it, and they never would betray a friend; but if you offended them or did them an injury, they would never forget that either. These two traits of character run parallel with their lives and only terminate with their existence.

About two and a half miles southwest of our house there was a large sand hill. Huckleberries grew there in abundance. I went there and picked some myself. On the top of that hill we found Indian graves, where some had been recently buried. There were pens built of old logs and poles around them, and we called it the "Indian hill." It is known by that name to this day. The old telegraph road runs right round under the brow of this hill. This hill is in the town of Taylor. I don't suppose there are many in that town who do not know the hill or have heard of it, and but few in the town of Dearborn. I don't suppose there are six persons living who know the reason it is called "Indian hill" for we named it in a very early day.

Some twelve or fifteen years after this a man by the name of Clark had the job of grading down a sand hill nearly a mile south of Taylor Center. In grading he had to cut down the bank six or seven feet and draw it off on to the the road. He hired me with my team to go and help him. He had been at work there before and he showed me some Indian bones that he had dug up and laid in a heap. He said that two persons were buried there. From the bones, one must have been very large, and the other smaller. He had been very careful to gather them up. He said he thought they were buried in a sitting or reclining posture, as he came to the skulls first. The skulls, arm and thigh bones were in the best state of preservation, and in fact, the most that was left of them.

I took one thigh bone that was whole, sat down on the bank, and we compared it with my own. As I was six feet, an inch and a half, we tried to measure the best we could, to learn the size of the Indian. We made up our minds that he was at least seven or seven and a half feet tall. I think it likely it was his squaw who sat by his side. They must have been buried a very long time. We dug a hole on the north side of a little black oak tree that stood on the hill west of the road, and there we deposited all that remained of those ancient people. I was along there the other day (1875), and as I passed I noticed the oak. It is now quite a large tree; I thought there was no one living in this country but me, who knew what was beneath its roots. No doubt that Indian was a hunter and a warrior in his day. He might have heard, and been alarmed, that the white man had come in big canoes over the great waters, and that they were stopping to live beyond the mountains. But little did he think that in a few moons, or "skeezicks," as they called it, he should pass to the happy hunting ground, and his bones be dug up by the white man, and hundreds and thousands pass over the place, not knowing that once a native American and his squaw were buried there. That Indian might have sung this sentiment:

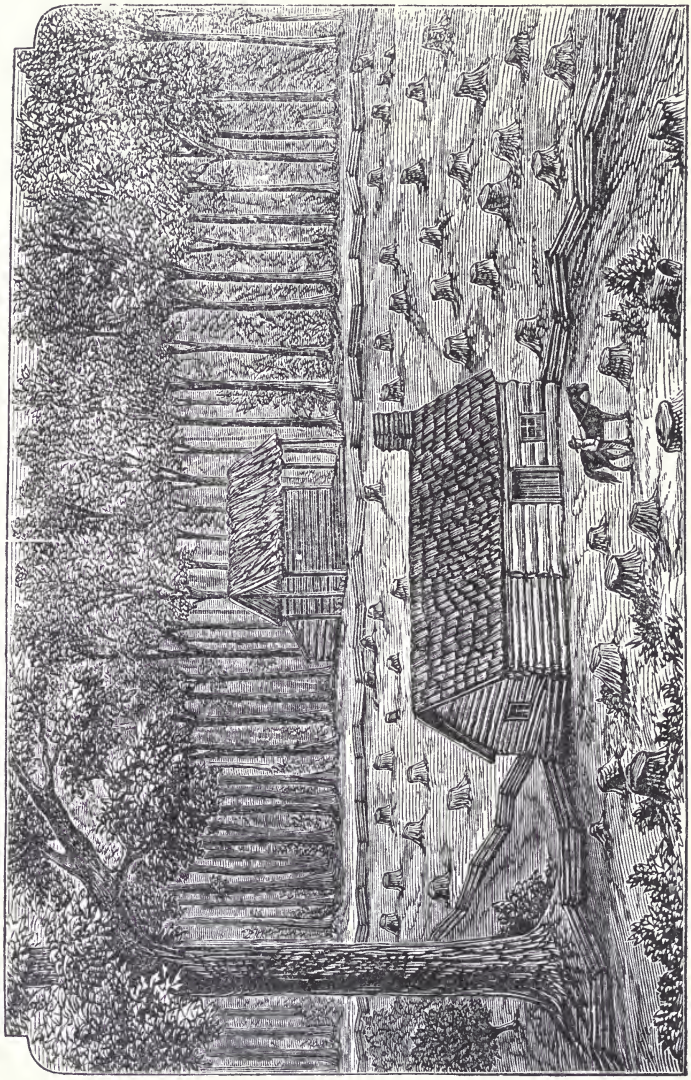
"And when this life shall end,
When calls the great So-wan-na,
Southwestern shall I wend,
To roam the great Savannah."—*Bishop.*

As I have been led away for some years, following poor Indian in his belief, life, and death, and in doing so have wandered from my story, I will now return to the second or third year of our settlement. I described how the body of our second house was made, and the roof put on. I now look at its interior. The lower floor was made of whitewood boards in their rough state, nailed down. The upper floor was laid with the same kind of boards, though they were not nailed. When they shrunk they could be driven together to close the cracks. The chimney was what we called a "stick" or "Dutch chimney." The way it was built: two crooked sticks, six inches wide and four inches thick, were taken for arms; the foot of these sticks were placed on the the inner edge or top of the second log of the house, and the upper ends laid against the front beam of the chamber floor. These sticks or arms were about six feet apart at the mouth of the chimney. Father cut a green black oak and sawed off some bolts, took a froe, that he brought from York State, and rived out shakes three inches wide and about an inch thick. Of these and clay he laid up the chimney. It started from the arms and the chamber beam. After it got up a little it was like laying up a pen. He spread on some clay, then laid on four sticks and pressed them into the clay, then spread on clay again, covering the sticks entirely. In this way our chimney was built, and its size at the top was about two by four feet. It proved to be quite a good and safe chimney.

The last thing before retiring for the night, after the fire had burned low and the big coals were covered with ashes, was to look up chimney and see if it had taken fire. If it had, and was smoking on the inside, father would take a ladder, set it up in the chimney, take a little water, and go up and put it out. This was seldom necessary, as it never took fire unless the clay cracked in places, or the weather wore it off.

Father drove into a log, back of the fireplace, two iron eyes on which to hang a crane; they extended into the room about one foot. Around and at one side of these he built the back of the fireplace of clear clay a foot thick at the bottom, but thinner when it got up to the sticks; after the clay dried he hung the crane. It is seen that we had no jambs to our fireplace. Father sometimes at night would get a backlog in. I have seen those which he got green, and very large, which were sometimes twenty inches through and five or six feet long. When he got the log to the door he would take a round stick as large as his arm, lay it on the floor, so that his log would come crossways of it, and then crowd the log. I have seen him crowd it with a handspike and the stick would roll in opposite the fireplace. He would tell us children to stand back and take the chairs out of the way, then he would roll the log into the fireplace, and very carefully so as not to break or crack the clay hearth, for mother had all the care of that, and wished it kept as nicely as possible. When he had the log on to suit him he would say, "There, I guess that will last awhile." Then he would bring in two green sticks, six or eight inches through and about three feet long, and place them on the hearth with the ends against the backlog. These he called his Michigan andirons; said he was proud of them. He said they were wood instead of iron, to be sure, but he could afford to have a new pair whenever he wanted them. When he brought

in a large forestick, and laid it across his andiorns, he had the foundation for a fire for twenty-four hours.



THE HOUSE BUILT IN 1836.

On the crane hung two or three hooks, and on these, over the fire, mother did most of her cooking. As we had no oven, mother had what we called a bake kettle; this was a flat, low kettle, with a cast cover, the rim of which turned up an inch or two, to hold coals. In this kettle she baked our bread. The way she did it: she would heat the lid, put her loaf of bread in the kettle, take the shovel and pull out some coals on the hearth, set the kettle on them, put the lid on and shovel some coals on to it. Then she would

watch it, turn it round a few times, and the bread was done, and it came on the table steaming. When we all gathered around the family board we did the bread good justice. We were favored with what we called "Michigan appetites." Sometimes when we had finished our meal there were but few fragments left, of anything except the loaf, which was four or five inches through, a foot and a half across, and four and a half feet in circumference.

Mother had but one room, and father thought he would build an addition at the west end of our house, as the chimney was on the east end. He built it with a shed roof. The lower floor was made of boards, the upper floor of shakes. These were gotten out long enough to reach from beam to beam and they were lapped and nailed fast.

This room had one window on the west, and a door on the east, which led into the front room. In one corner stood a bed surrounded by curtains as white as snow; this mother called her spare-day bed. Two chests and a few chairs completed the furniture of this room; it was mother's sitting room and parlor. I remember well how pleased she was when she got a rag carpet to cover the floor.

Now I have in my mind's eye a view of my mother's front room. Ah! there is the door on the south with its wooden latch and leather string; east of the door is a window, and under it stands a wooden bench, with a water pail on it; at the side of the window hangs the tin dipper. In the corner beyond this stands the ladder, the top resting on one side of an opening through which we entered the chamber. In the center of the east end burned the cheerful fire, at the left stood a kettle, pot, and bread-kettle, a frying pan (with its handle four feet long), and griddle hung over them. Under the north window stood a table with its scantling legs, crossed, and its whitewood board top, as white as hands and ashes could scour it. Farther on, in the northwest corner stood mother's bed with a white sheet stretched on a frame made for that purpose, over it, and another at the back and head. On the foot and front of the frame were pinned calico curtains. They were pinned back a little at the front, revealing a blue and white coverlet, of rare workmanship. In the next and last corner stood the family cupboard. The top shelves were filled with dishes, which mother brought from the State of New York. They were mostly blue and white, red and white, and there were some on the top shelf which the children called their "golden edged dishes."

The bottom of the cubbord was inclosed; by opening two small doors I could look in. I found not there the luxuries of every clime, but what was found there was eaten with as much relish as the most costly viands would be now. It was a place I visited often. In hooks attached to a beam overhead hung two guns which were very frequently used. A splint broom and five or six splint bottomed chairs constituted nearly all the furniture of this room. Before that cheerful fire, in one of those chairs, often sat one making and mending garments, little and big. This she did with her own hands, never having heard of a sewing machine, as there were none in existence then. She had to make every stich with her fingers. We were not so fortunate as the favored people of ancient times; our garments would wax old.

Mother made a garment for father to work in which he called his frock. It was made of linen cloth that she brought from the State of New York. It was like a shirt only the sleeves were short. They reached half way to his elbows. This he wore in place of a shirt, when working hard in warm weather. Southeast of the house father dug into the ground and made him

an out door cellar, in which we kept our potatoes through the winter without freezing them. We found it very convenient.

Father wanted a frame barn very much but that was out of his reach. We needed some place to thresh, and to put our grain and hay, and where we could work in wet weather; but to have it was out of the question, so we did the next best thing, went at it and built a substitute. In the first place we cut six large crotches, went about fourteen rods north of the house, across the lane, dug six holes and set the two longest crotches in the center east and west, then put the four shorter ones two on the south and two on the north side so as to give the roof a slant. In the crotches we laid three large poles and on these laid small poles and rails, then covered the whole with buckwheat straw for a roof. We cut down straight grained timber, split the logs open and hewed the face and edges of them; we laid them back down on the ground, tight together and made a floor under the straw roof.

This building appeared from a distance something like a hay barrack. Now we had a sort of a threshing floor. Back of this we built a log stable. So the north side was enclosed, but the east and west ends and the south side were open. We had to have good weather when we threshed with our flails, as the snow or rain would blow right through it. It was a poor thing but the best we had for several years, until father was able, then he built him a good frame barn. It stands there on the old place yet (1875). When I got a nice buck with large horns I cut off the skull with the hide, so as to keep them in a natural position, and nailed them on the corners of our threshing floor in front. The cold and storms of winter did not affect them much. There they remained, mute and silent, to guard the place, and let all passers by know that a sort of a hunter lived there. Father had good courage and worked hard. He bared his arms and brow to the adverse winds, storms, disappointments, cares and labors of a life in the woods. He said, if he had his health, some day we would better off. In a few years his words of encouragement proved true. He fought his way through manfully, like a veteran pioneer raised up from poverty to peace and plenty. This he accomplished by hard labor, working days and sometimes nights.

One time father wanted to clear off a piece of ground for buckwhat by the first of July. He had not much time in which to do it. We had learned that buckwheat would catch and grow very stout on new and stumpy ground. Sometimes it filled very full and loaded heavy. It was easily gathered and easily threshed, and helped us very much for our winter's bread. One night after supper father sat down and smoked his pipe; it was quite dark when he got up, took his ax in his hand and went out. We all knew where he had gone. It was to put up his log heaps, as he had some burning. Mother said, "We will go and help pick up and burn." When we started, looking toward the woods, we could see him dimly through the darkness. As we neared him we could see his bare arms with the handspike in his hands rolling up the logs. The fire took a new hold of them when he rolled them together. The flames would shoot up bright, and his countenance appeared to be a pale red, while thousands of sparks flew above his head and disappeared in the air. In a minute there was an awkward boy at his side with a handspike, taking hold and doing the best he could to help, and there was mother by the light of the fires, who a short time before in her native home, was an invalid and her life despaired of, now, with some of her children, picking up chips and sticks and burning them out of the way.

We were well rewarded for our labor. The buckwheat came up and in a little time it was all in bloom. It put on its snow white blossoms, and the wind that caressed it, and caused it to wave, bore away on its wings to the woods the fragrance of the buckwheat field.

As will be remembered by the early settlers of Michigan, bee hunting and wild honey constituted one of the comforts and luxuries of life. Father being somewhat expert in finding bees, found a number of trees, one of which was a large whitewood and stood full a mile or more from home. One day he and I cut it down. It proved to be a very good tree as far as honey was concerned. We easily filled our buckets and returned home, leaving a large quantity in the tree, which we intended to return and get as soon as possible. When we returned we found, to our surprise, that the tree had caught fire and was burning quite lively where the honey was secreted. The fire originated from the burning of some straw that father had used in singeing the bees to prevent their ferocious attacks and stinging. We found that the fire had melted some of the honey and that it was running into a cavity in the tree which the bees had cleaned out. It looked as nice as though it had dripped into a wooden bowl. Father said there was a chance to save it, and we dipped out a pailful of nice, clear honey, except that it was tinged somewhat in color, and made a little bitter by the fire.

This formed one of the ingredients used in making the metheglin. We also secured some more very nice honey. Father said, judging from the amount we got, he should think the tree contained at least a hundred pounds of good honey; and he said "This truly is a goodly land; it flows with milk and honey." He also said, "I will make a barrel of metheglin, which will be a very delicious drink for the family and a kind of a substitute for the luxuries they left behind. It will slake the thirst of the friendly pioneers who may favor us with a call in our new forest home; or those friends who come to talk over the adventures of days now past, and the prospects of better days to come."

But in order to make the metheglin, he must procure a barrel, and this he had to bring some distance on his back, as we had no team. When he got the barrel home, and ready to make his metheglin, he located it across two sticks about three feet long and six inches through. These he placed with the ends toward the chimney on the chamber floor, and on them next to the chimney, he placed his barrel. He filled it with metheglin and said that the heat of the fire below, and warmth of the chimney above, would keep it from freezing. Being placed upon the sticks he could draw from it at his convenience, which he was quite sure to do when any of the neighbors called. Neighbors were not very plenty in those days and we were always glad to see them. When they came father would take his mug, go up the ladder and return with it filled with metheglin. Then he would pour out a glass, hand it to the neighbor, who would usually say, "What is it?" Father would say, "Try it and see." This they usually did. He then told them: "This is my wine; it was taken from the woods and it is a Michigan drink, the bees helped me to make it." It was generally called nice. Of course he frequently, after a hard day's work, would go up in the chamber, draw some and give us all a drink.

One way the bee-hunter took of finding bee-trees was to go into the woods, cut a sapling off about four feet from the ground, square the top of the stump, and on this put a dish of honey in the comb. Then he would take his ax, cut and clear away the brush around the place so that he could see the bees fly and be able to get their course, or line them. This he called a bee stand. In

the fall of the year, when there came a warm, clear, and sunny day, after the frost had killed the leaves and flowers, and the trees were bare, was the best time to find bee-trees. Sometimes when father and I went bee-hunting he took some old honeycomb, put it on a piece of bark or on a log, set it on fire, and dropped a few drops of anise on it from a vial. If we were near a bee-tree in a short time a lone bee would come. When it came it would fly around a few times, and then light on the honeycomb in the dish which it had scented. No doubt it had been out industriously hunting, and now it had found just what was desired. Very independently it would commence helping itself, and get as much as it could possibly carry off to its home. Then it went and no doubt astonished some of its comrades with its large load of wealth. It was obtained so quickly and easily, and there was plenty more where it came from. Then some of the other bees would accompany it back, all being very anxious to help in securing the honey they had found ready made. In a short time there were several bees in the dish, and others were coming and going; then it was necessary for us to watch them. It required strong, sharp eyes to get their line. They would rise and circle around, higher and higher, until they made out their course, and then start like a streak straight for their colony. After we had staked or marked out the line, the next thing was to move the honey forty or fifty rods ahead. At this the bees sometimes appeared a little suspicious. It was sometimes necessary to make a few of them prisoners, even while they were eating, by slipping a cover over them, and moving them ahead on the line. This made them a little shy, however, but they soon forgot their imprisonment. They had found too rich a store to be forsaken. After a little while they would come flocking back and load themselves as heavily as before. If they flew on in the same direction it was evident that the bee-tree was still ahead, and it was necessary to move the honey again. Then if the bees flew crooked and high and zigzag, it was plain to the bee-hunters that they were in close proximity to the bee-tree. When the hunters could get sight of the bees going back or up towards the tree tops it was an easy matter to find the bee-tree, as that would be between the two stands, or right in the hunter's presence.

The little bees had, by their unceasing industry and through love of gain, labored hard extracting their sweet and had laid it up carefully. Now they pointed out their storehouse by going directly to it when anxious eyes were watching them. The little aeronautic navigators could be seen departing from and returning to their home. Sometimes they went into a small hole in the side of the tree and at other times they entered their homes by a small knot-hole in a limb near the top of the tree. I saw that a swarm which father once found went into the tree top more than eighty feet from the ground. At that distance they did not appear larger than house-flies.

The first thing that father did after finding a bee-tree was to mark it by cutting the initials of his name on the bark with his pocket-knife. This established his title to the bees. After that they had a legal owner. The mark on the tree was one of the witnesses. I knew a man who happened to find a bee-tree, and said that he marked it close down to the ground and covered the mark with leaves so that no one could find it. That appeared more sly than wise, as it gave no notice to others, who might find the tree, of his ownership, or of its having been previously found.

Father got our road laid out and districted for a mile and a half on the north and south section line. One mile north of our place it struck the Dear-

born road. Father cut it out, cut all the timber on the road two rods wide. After it was cut out I could get on the top of a stump in the road, by the side of our place, and look north carefully among the stumps, for a minute, and if there was any one coming on the road, I could distinguish them from the stumps by seeing them move. In fact we thought we were almost getting out into the world. We could see the sand hill where father finally bought and built his house. Father was path-master for a number of years and he cross-wayed the lowest spots and across the black ash swales. He cut logs twelve feet long and laid them side by side across the center of the road. Some of the logs that he put into the road on the lowest ground, were more than a foot through; of course smaller poles answered where the ground was higher. We called this our corduroy road.

In doing our road work, and others doing theirs, year after year, in course of time we had the log way built across the wettest parts of the road. When it was still I could hear a cart or wagon coming or going, rattling and pounding over the logs for nearly a mile. But it was so much better than water and mud that we thought it quite passable. We threw some clay and dirt on the logs, and it made quite an improvement, especially in a dry time. But in a wet time it was then, and is now, a very disagreeable road to travel, as the clay gathers on the feet of the pedestrian, until it is a load for him to carry. This gave it, in after times, the name of the "Hardscrabble Road." When it was wet it was almost impossible to get through with a team and load. At such times we had to cross Mr. Pardee's place and go around the ridge on a road running near the old trail. Now the "Hardscrabble Road" is an old road leading to the homes of hundreds. Sometimes there may be seen twelve or fifteen teams at once on the last half mile of that road, besides footmen, coming and going all in busy life. They little know the trouble we once had there in making that road.

Father had very hard work to get along. He had to pay Mrs. Phlihaven twenty-seven dollars every year to satisfy her on the mortgage, as he was not able to pay the principal. That took from us what we needed very much. If we could have had it to get clothes it would have helped us, as we were all poorly clad. Some of the younger children went barefooted all winter a number of times. I often saw their little barefooted tracks in the snow.

As we had no team we had to get along the best we could. Father changed work with Mr. Pardee; he came with his oxen and plowed for us. Father had to work two days for one to pay him. In this way we got some plowing done. There was a man by the name of Stockman, who lived near Dearbornville. He had a pair of young oxen. Being a carpenter by trade he worked in Detroit some of the time. He would let father use his oxen some of the time for their keeping, and that he might break them better, as they were not thoroughly broken. They would have been some profit to us if they had not crippled me.

One day I was drawing logs with them. I had hitched the chain around a log and they started. I hallooed "Whoa!" but they wouldn't stop. They swung the log against me, caught my leg between the log they were drawing and the sharp end of another log, and had me fast. It cut the calf of my leg nearly in two, and tore the flesh from the bone, but did not break it. I screamed and made an awful ado. Father and Mr. Purdy heard me and came running as fast as they could; they took me up and carried me to the house. It was over three long months before I could take another step with that leg. This accident made it still harder for father. I know I saved him a good

many steps and some work. I am sure he was pleased when I got over my lameness so I could help him again.

Finally father got a chance to work by the day for the government, at Dearbornville. He received six shillings a day in silver. He said he would leave me to do what I could on the place, and he would try working for Uncle Sam a part of the time. In haying and harvesting he had to work at home. He cut all the grass himself and it grew very stout. We found our land was natural for timothy and white clover. The latter would come up thick in the bottom, of itself, and make the grass very heavy. It was my business to spread the hay and rake it up. In this way we soon got through with our haying and harvesting. We had already seeded some land down for pasture. We went to Dearbornville and got hayseed off of a barn floor and scattered it on the ground; in this way we seeded our first pasture. Father sometimes let a small piece of timothy stand until it got ripe, then took his cradle, cut it and I tied it up in small bundles and then stood it up until it was dry. When dry it was threshed out; in this way we soon had plenty of grass seed of our own without having to buy it. We began to have quite a stock of cows and young cattle. We had pasture for them a part of the time, but sometimes we had to let them run in the woods. At night I would go after them. When I got in sight of them I would count them, to see if they were all there. The old cow (which had been no small part of our support and our stand-by through thick and thin) would start and the rest followed her. When they were strung along ahead of me and I was driving them I would think to myself: Now we've got quite a herd of cattle! From our first settlement mother raised every calf.

Father worked for the government what time he could spare. He had to go two miles morning and night. He carried his dinner in a "little tin pail with a cover on it." When the days were short he had to start very early, and when he returned it would be in the evening. I recollect very well some things he worked at. The arsenal and other buildings were up when we came here. They built a large brick wall from building to building, making the yard square. The top of the wall was about level. I think this wall was built twelve or fifteen feet high, inclosing three or four acres. There thousands of soldiers put on their uniforms and with their bright muskets in their hands and knapsacks strapped upon their backs drilled and marched to and fro. There they prepared themselves for the service of the country and to die, if need be, in defending the old flag of stars and stripes which waved there above their heads. Little thought they that the ground under their feet, so beautiful and level inside that yard was made ground, in some places for six or eight feet deep, and that it was done at Uncle Sam's expense for the pleasure of his boys in blue. It was their school yard in which to learn the science of war. My father helped to grade this enclosure. They drew in sand from the sand ridge back of the yard, from where the government barn now stands, with one-horse carts.

After father finished working there, he sold some young cattle and managed in some way to buy another yoke of oxen. We had good hay for them. Father went to the village and bought him a new wagon. It was a very good iron axletree wagon, made in Dearbornville by William Halpin. We were very much pleased to have a team again and delighted with our new wagon.

We had very good luck with these oxen and kept them until we got a horse team, and in fact longer, for after I left my father's house (and I was twenty-

two years old when I left) he had them. Then he said his place was cleared up, and the roots rotted enough so that he could get along and do his work with horses. He sold his oxen to Mr. Purdy, and they were a good team then.

In the spring of the year when the ice broke up in the creek, the pike (or pickerel) came up in great abundance from Detroit river, and were easily caught. At such times the water was high in the creek, often overflowing its banks. Sometimes the Ecorse appeared like quite a river. We made a canoe of a whitewood log and launched it on the Ecorse. Sometimes we went fishing in the canoe. At such times it needed two, as the pickerel were fond of lying in shallow water or where there was old grass. By looking very carefully on the surface of the water I could see small ripples that the fishes made with their fins while they were sporting in their native element. By having a person in the back end of the canoe pole it carefully toward the place where I saw the ripples, we would get up in plain sight of them, and they could be either speared or shot.

I think the most successful way was shooting them; at least I preferred it. If the fish lay near the surface of the water, I held the gun nearly on it, and if it was six inches deep I held the gun six inches under it, and fired. In this way, for the distance of two or three rods, I was sure to kill them or stun them so that they turned belly up and lay till they were easily picked up with a spear. In this way I frequently caught a nice string. I have caught some that would weigh eight pounds apiece. Sometimes I stood on a log that lay across the creek and watched for them when they were running up. I recollect one cloudy afternoon I fished with a spear and caught as many as I wanted to carry to the house. Sometimes they would be in a group of three, four, or more together. I have seen then, with a big fish below, and four or five smaller ones above him, swimming along together as nicely as though they had been strung on an invisible string, and drawn along quietly through the water. I could see their wake as they were coming slowly up the creek keeping along one side of it. When I first saw them in the water they looked dark, I saw it was a group of fishes. It looked as though the smaller ones were guarding the larger one, at least they were accompanying it. They appeared to be very good friends, and well acquainted, and none of them afraid of being eaten up, but any of them would have eagerly caught the smaller ones of another species and swallowed them alive and whole. I do not know that they devour and eat their own kind; I think not often, for nature has given the pickerel, when young and small, the ability to move with such swiftness that it would be impossible for a larger fish to catch them. They will be perfectly still in the water, and if scared by anything they start away in any direction like a streak. They go as if it were no effort and move with the rapidity of a dart. I have cut some of the large pickerel open and found whole fish in them, five or six inches long.

But I must finish describing that group of fishes! As they were swimming up, the smaller ones kept right over the large one. I stood until they got almost to me and I killed four of them at once and got them all. It is known that it is not necessary to hit a fish with a bullet in order to get it. It is the force of the bullet, or charge, striking the water that shocks or stuns him, and causes him to turn up.

These fish ran up two or three weeks every spring. Then those which were not caught went back again into the Detroit river. Father made him what he called a pike net, which had two wings. By the time the fish were running

back, the water was settled into the bed of the creek. Then father would set his net in the creek, stretch the wings across and stake it fast. The mouth of the net opened up stream. This he called a funnel; it was shaped like the top of a funnel. It was fastened with four hoops. The first one was about as large around as the hoop of a flour barrel, the next smaller, the third smaller still, and the last one was large enough for the largest fish to go through.

When the net was fastened around these hoops it formed a tunnel about four feet long. Then we had a bag net eight or ten feet long. The mouth of this was tied around the first or large hoop of the funnel, so when the fish came down and ran into that they could not find their way out. Father said when the fish were running back to Detroit river, it was right to catch them, but when they were going up everybody along the creek ought to have a chance. I never knew him to put his net in, so long as the fish were running up. When they got to going back, as they most all run in the night, in the evening he would go and set his net, and next morning he would have a beautiful lot of fish. In this way, some springs, we caught more than we could use fresh, so salted some down for summer use. They helped us very much, taking the place of other meat. For years back there have hardly any fish made their appearance up the Ecorse. Now it would be quite a curiosity to see one in the creek. I suppose the reason they do not come up is that some persons put in gill nets at the mouth of the Ecorse, on Detroit river, and catch them, or stop them at least. It is known that fish will not run out of a big water, and run up a small stream, at any time except in the night.

These denizens of the deep have their own peculiar ways, and although man can contrive to catch them, yet he cannot fathom the mysteries that belong alone to them. Where they travel he can not tell, for they leave no track behind.

It is seen that I used a hunter's phrase in my description of holding the gun while shooting fish. The hunter will readily understand it as given. If he has seen a deer and it has escaped him, and you ask him why he didn't shoot it; he almost invariably says, "I couldn't get my gun on it before it jumped out of my sight." To such as do not understand that phrase I will say, the expression is allowable, as the bullet or charge of shot flies so swiftly (even in advance of the sharp report of the gun). The distance of twenty rods or more is virtually annihilated: Hence the expression, "I held the gun on it," though it was rods away. If he sighted his gun straight toward the object he wished to hit, whether it was in the air, under the water, or on the ground, he would claim that he held his gun on it.

I said that the bullet flew in advance of the report of the gun. That is true on the start, or until it struck an object, if the object was at a reasonable distance; but if the distance proved too far, it of course would fall behind the sound. The bullet is the bold, fearless, and often cruel companion of the report of the gun, and loses in its velocity the farther it flies, being impeded and resisted by the air, and at last is left flattened and out of shape, a dead weight, while the report of the gun passes on very swiftly, and dies away in the distance, to be heard no more. I have often heard the reports of guns very plainly that were fired at ducks on Detroit river, six or seven miles away. With what velocity their sounds approached me, I leave Dr. Derham to determine. According to his calculation it must have been at the rate of eleven hundred and forty-two feet per second. It has also been ascertained with what velocity the ball leaves the gun and pierces the air. The fol-

lowing is the practical result ascertained by the experiments of Mr. Robins, Count Rumford, and Dr. Hutton: "A musket ball, discharged with a common charge of powder, issues from the muzzle of the piece with a velocity between sixteen and seventeen hundred feet per second."

I often rode in my canoe when I did not go fishing. I took one ride in it that I shall always remember; at least the remembrance of it has forced itself upon my mind a number of times in the days gone by, and I expect to think of it a few times more. Of course my oldest sister, Rachel, who is now Mrs. Crandell, of Dearborn, became acquainted with the young ladies of the neighborhood. One fine afternoon in the spring of the year, when the water was high, two of her friends came to see her. They were considered very fine young ladies. One was Miss Lucy Lord, the other I will call nameless, but she is an old resident and lives near by. If at any time this should meet her eye, she will vouch for the truth of it. They came to spend the afternoon with sister.

Of course (as all young men do, I believe) I felt a little flattered, and thought no doubt one object of their visit was to see me. Whether my humble self was once in all their thoughts when they were making their toilet that day or not, I gave them the credit of it. I though I had never seen one of them, at least, look any better than she did that afternoon. Her hair was arranged very nicely, and she was very graceful. Of course when my sister told me they wished very much for a boat ride, I could not very well refuse to go with them. I hoped to let them see with how much skill I could manage my canoe. But alas for my skill! The flat was covered with water from our little ridge to the creek, a distance of twenty rods. It looked like a large river. The canoe was anchored near the ridge; the young ladies got in and we started from the landing. I had to look out for the stumps and hummocks so as not to run against them, nor run my boat aground. I had my passengers aboard and I stood in the hind end of the canoe, and with a hand pole I set it along with greater rapidity than it could have been paddled. We glided over the water on the flat, amid the joyful acclamations and gleeful laughter of my fair companions. One said, "I haven't had a boat ride before in Michigan." Miss Lucy, who sat on the bow end of the boat, waved her handkerchief and said, "Oh, bless me! isn't this pleasant, sailing on the water!" Another said, "How nice we go!" Of course I propelled along with considerable speed. I thought I had one of the nicest, prettiest, and most intelligent load of passengers that had ever been in my canoe, or on that water, and I would give them a nice ride.

At last we got round as far as the creek. There the water ran more swiftly than it did on the flat. I told the young ladies I thought we had better not try to navigate that, but they all said, "Let us ride up the creek!" I thought I was master of the situation and could manage the canoe. I did not want to tell them that I was afraid, for fear they would say I was faint-hearted. I thought that would be very much against me, and as I had such a brave crew, I made up my mind to go up the strong current. I turned the bow of the boat up against the current, as much as I could with one hold, but could not get it straight against the current. It shot ahead its length or more, then I moved my hand pole to get a new hold. Now we were over the creek and the water being four or five feet deep, it was impossible for me to get my pole down to the bottom again in time to save us. While I was trying to do

that, the current being stronger than I supposed, turned the boat sidewise. I saw that we were gone for it. The girls sprang to one side of the boat and down we went, at one plunge, all together into the water. My craft was foundered, filled with water and went down—down the stream. Miss Lucy Lord was the heroine of the occasion; luckily, she saved herself by jumping, though she got very wet. She got on to a little hummock on the bank and was on terra-firma.

As soon as I took in the situation, I exerted myself to save the rest of the crew. The nameless girl's head came in sight about the same time my own did. As soon as she could halloo she said, "Lord have mercy! Lord help!" Miss Lucy held out her hand and said, "Come here and Lord will help you." I helped her and my sister to the bank as quickly as possible. I had to be very lively in securing the white pocket handkerchief that had been our flag while sailing.

After they got fairly out they started like three deer, as three dears they were, for the house, each one for herself. The way they made three wakes through the water was something new to me. I had never seen the like of that before. Miss Lucy went ahead full of life. They went through the water from one to two feet deep all the way to the ridge. There were father, mother and all the rest, to witness their safe arrival on the shore, and join them in their merry, though I think sad laugh. I knew it would all be laid to me. After I watched them to the house and knew they were very jolly, I started for the canoe. It had gone down in the water to a large log that lay across the creek and and lodged against it.

I was wet as I could be, and I jumped in again, drew it from the log, and pulled it along full of water up the creek, until I got where the bank was a little higher. Then I drew the front end up and the water ran over the back end. When it was so that I could tow it, I took it across the flat in front of the house, and left it there in its place. Then I went into the house. They had coined a brand new title for me; they called me "Captain." They said I had come near drowning my passengers. Mother said it was not safe for young ladies to ride with me on the water. Father said he thought I was not much of a sailor, that I did not understand navigation; and I made up my mind that he was correct, and that I was not much of a waterman.

Our prospects began to brighten a little, and it is needless for me to attempt to describe what our feelings were, when we got a strip of the primeval forest cleared away. Our clearing now extended across the two lots, being half a mile east and west. It was about eighty rods wide on the west side, running this width to the east a little over half way, and it was forty or fifty rods wide on the east line. It contained about sixty acres, mostly logged and cleared off, but a few logs remained lying on some of it.

We had burned the wood all up on the ground; as there was no market for it, it was worthless. We burned up out of our way enough timber to have made five thousand cords of cord-wood. I cut one whitewood tree that was about a foot through at the butt, and measured eighty-three feet to a limb. It ran up as straight as a liberty pole. I think our larger timber was about one hundred feet high. It was to me a little singular that the smaller timber should run up so tall, equally as high as the large timber.

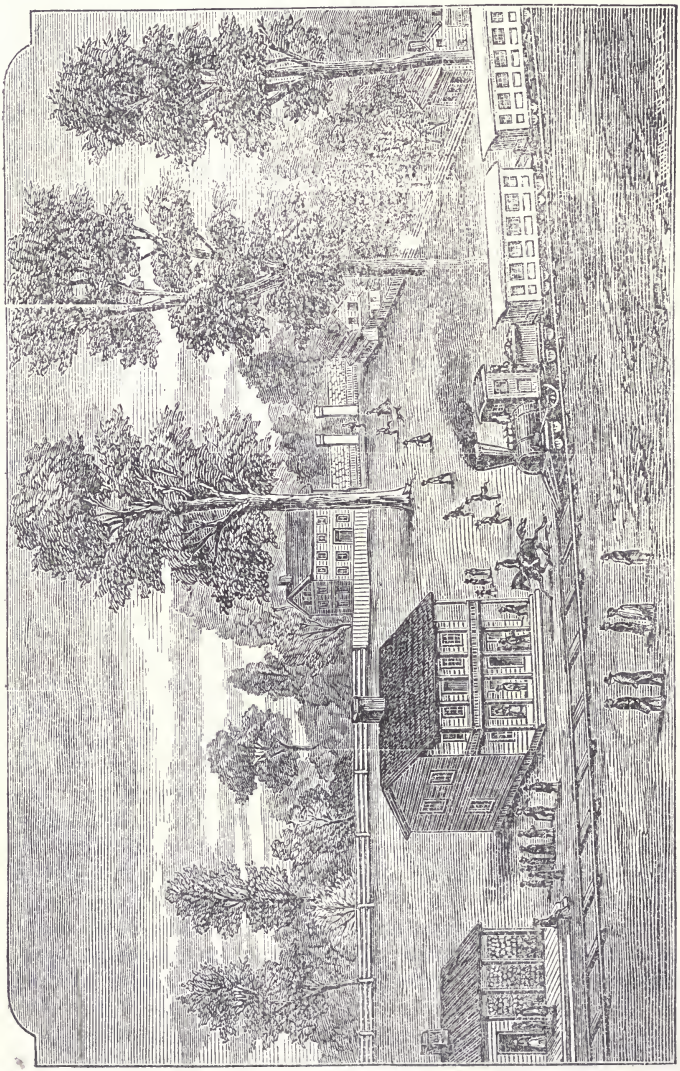
Now finally I thought we had quite a clearing. I could stand by our house, and look to the west, and see Mr. Pardee's house and the smoke of his chim-

ney. I could see Mr. Pardee and his sons when they came out in the morning and went to their work. I could look to the east and there, joining ours, was the clearing and house of Asa Blare, and he could be seen. Then it began to seem as if others were living in Michigan, for we could see them. The light of civilization began to dawn upon us. We had cleared up what was, a few years before, the lair of the wolf and the hunting ground of the red man.

Father said: "Now our best wood is worth something, as the road," which is now the Michigan Central Railroad, "has got as far as Dearborn, and they are building it farther west." He thought we could cut some of our best timber into cord-wood and sell it to the managers of the road, and make something from it. We drew some of the first cord-wood that they used on the railroad, and continued to furnish a share of it for years. We had learned what day the first steam car was expected out to Dearborn. I went to see it, as it was to be there at a certain time of day. I was in time and with others waited anxiously for its appearance. While we were waiting I heard that there was to be a race from Conrad TenEyck's, a distance of one mile, to Dearborn. William Cremer, a young man who lived at TenEyck's, had made up his mind to have the race on his own hook and let the people of Dearborn see him come in. He got his sorrel, white-faced pony, had him saddled and bridled, and waited in readiness, so that when the iron horse came opposite he could try him a race to Dearborn, and likewise try the speed of his pony. I don't suppose the railroad men knew anything about his arrangement. As the TenEyck tavern, where he started, stood within twenty rods of the railroad, no doubt some of the railroad men saw him when he started. Toward the village the roads ran nearer and nearer together for about a hundred rods, then came side by side for short distance. As he had a little the start, and came to the narrows first, he must have been in plain sight of the men on the cars. It is easy to imagine how the puffs of the iron horse scared the little sorrel and gave him, if possible, more speed. The passengers who saw him might have thought it was another "train band captain, John Gilpin," running after his wife. Nearly all of the people of Dearborn (who were but few at that time) had gathered in front of the arsenal, in the Chicago road, at the side of the Dearborn House and were anxiously waiting. From this point we could see half a mile down the Chicago road east, and we could see the smoke of the engine beyond the TenEyck place.

The time appointed was up, and we were very impatient, waiting and looking for the least sign of the approach of the long-talked-of cars. As we were waiting some one said the cars would stop for Mr. TenEyck, as he was the richest and most influential man there was in the town, and the road ran a long way through his farm. Some one said, "Of course, they will stop and take him on." At last we could hear a distant rumbling, like the sound of a thousand horses running away, and we saw the smoke. As they came nearer we saw a long string of smoke disappearing in the air. The cars were approaching us rapidly, and stopped for no one. When they got opposite Mr. Thompson's tavern, sure enough, there on the Chicago road came William Cremer, like a streak, with his hat off, waving it in his hand, looking back over his shoulder at the cars, hallooing like a trooper, and his horse running for dear life. He had beat them for the mile. Of course, before Cremer got up to us, we all started for the railroad, which was about twenty-five rods to the south, to see the iron horse come in. He came prancing and pawing upon the iron track, and he disdained to touch the ground. His body was as round

as a log. His bones were made of iron, his veins were filled with heat, his sinews were of brass, and "every time he breathed he snorted fire and smoke." He moved proudly up to the station, little thinking that he had just been beaten by a Dearborn horse. "With his iron reins" he was easily controlled and held in subjection by his master. His groom pampered and petted him, rubbed him down, oiled his iron joints, and gave him water to drink. He fed him upon the best of cord-wood, as he relished that very well, and devoured it greedily. The contents of his iron stomach seemed to be composed of fire. While he was waiting he seemed to be very impatient, letting off and wasting



FIRST RAILROAD CARS IN WAYNE COUNTY, MICH.—DETROIT TO DEARBORN, 1837.

his breath, and seeming eager for a start. He was sweating profusely. The sweat was falling in drops to the ground. When all was ready, the cry was, "All aboard!" and away he went snorting at every jump.

I went home and told the wonderful story of the sight I had seen. There was but little talked about at our house, except the cars, until the whole family had been to see them. We thought, surely, a new era had dawned upon us, and that Michigan was getting to be quite a country.

Father commenced chopping cord-wood and he said I could draw it as fast as he could chop it. I was so much engaged that, when the moon was in its full, I often started with my load of wood a little before plain daylight. Of course I felt cheerful, I thought we were doing some business. Sometimes I walked by the side of the team and load and sometimes behind them. Hallooing at my team, driving them, singing, whistling and looking into the woods occasionally, occupied my time until I got to Dearbornville.

One morning I met William Ozee. I told him I had seen two or three deer as I was coming along. I told him where they stood and looked at me and the team, until we were out of sight, and that I thought they were there yet. He said he would attend to them. He had his rifle on his shoulder, and said he would go for them. I saw him afterward and he said he had taught them better than to stand and look at anybody so impudently as that. He had killed some of them.

I made up my mind that if I could get a good rifle, I could make as much, or more, with it than father and I both could make cutting and drawing wood. Father said I might have a new one made. Accordingly I went to John W. Alexander and selected a rifle barrel from a pack of new barrels that he had. I tried to select as soft a one as I could, as I considered those the best in frosty weather. I selected what I thought was about the right calibre, and told him I wanted him to make it with a raised sight so I could shoot any distance. I told him to make one for me that couldn't be beat. He said he would try and do it for twenty dollars. I told him I wanted him to make it as quickly as he could; in a short time he had it done. I thought it was a beautiful rifle. The name of the maker was inscribed on the barrel. I took it home feeling very good. I tried it shooting at a mark; shooting the distance of ten rods at a mark the size of a two shilling silver piece. With a rest, when there was not much wind, I could hit it every time and did do it five or six times in succession. Frequently when shooting, the bullet holes would break into one another, and sometimes two bullets would go into the same hole. The only way I could tell where the last shot struck was by plugging up the old holes. Often the little white paper would fly away, the pin in the center having been shot away.

I made up my mind I had a splendid rifle, one that it would be hard to beat. That same rifle now stands in my bedroom. It was made over thirty-five years ago, with the bright name of John W. Alexander on it. He is now an old resident of Dearborn, a useful and ingenious man, and fills a prominent place in society; if he were gone it would be difficult to find a man capable of filling his place.

But I must return to my drawing wood. The place where we heaped it was on the north side of the railroad, about fifteen rods east of where the post-office is now kept. The woodyard, including the depot, I should judge, was not more than one hundred feet square. Here we piled our wood, sometimes ten feet high. We were to have seven shillings a cord for it, and if we chopped

and hauled three cords a day we thought we did well. I drew it as fast as I could; sometimes I got to Dearborn just as the old Solar made his appearance in the east. The Lunar had already done her work toward helping me, veiled her face and disappeared. When we had drawn a lot of wood in, father had it measured up and got his voucher for the amount. One time when he went to Detroit to get his money I went with him. We went on the cars. The Depot and railroad office, where father did his business, stood where the City Hall now stands. I thought the railroad was a splendid thing. We went in so much nicer, easier, and quicker than we could have gone on foot, or with our ox-team.

Now we were going to get some money of the railroad officers, I thought we would have money to pay the interest on our mortgage and help us along. Father got his pay in Michigan State scrip, a substitute for money. It was good for its face to pay State taxes; but to turn it into money father had to sell it for six shillings on a dollar. Here it will be seen, that what we really received for our wood, was a little over sixty-five cents per cord, and that when we drew in three cords a day (which was as much as father could chop, and all that I and the team could draw) we made a little over a dollar and ninety-five cents per day.

I began to think myself rough and ready and was able to grapple with almost anything and do a good day's work. Father, I and the team all worked hard and with the wood thrown in we all together did not make two dollars a day.

As father had a small job in the building of the railroad and some of the time I was with him, I will describe as well as I can how the railroad was built. They first graded the road-bed and made it level, then took timbers as long as the trees would make them, hewed them on each side and flattened them down to about a foot in thickness, then laid them on blocks which were placed in the bed of the road. They were laid lengthwise of the road, far enough apart so that they would be directly under the wheels of the cars, and the ground graded up around them. In this manner they continued until the road-bed was finished.

The next thing was to get out the ties. These were made from logs nine feet long, which were split open through the heart, then quartered and split from the heart to the center of the back, until the pieces were about six or seven inches through on the back. Then the backs of the ties were hewed flat, making them about three square, when they were ready to be used on the road. They were placed back down across the bed pieces and spiked fast to them. They were laid about three feet apart the length of the road. Over those sills, in the upper edge of the ties, they cut out two gains. In those gains they laid two stringers running directly over the sleepers. These stringers were sawed out about four by six inches square. They were laid in the gains of the ties, spiked fast and wedged with wooden wedges. Then the woodwork was finished and everything ready for putting on the iron. They used the strap rail iron. The bars were two inches and a quarter wide and half an inch thick. These bars were laid flat on top, and next to the in-edge of the stringers and were spiked fast to them. In this way our railroad was built.

The strap iron which they used first proved to be very poor iron. In after years, if a spike came out or the bar cracked off at the spike hole, the bar would turn up like a serpent's head and if not seen in time it was liable to throw the train off the track and do damage. I was at Dearborn at one time

when an accident of this kind happened to a freight train, a little west of the village. There was considerable property destroyed, barrels broken in pieces, and flour strewed over the ground, but no lives were lost.

Father said the railroad was a good thing for us and our country, and that they would soon have one, and the cars running on it to the State of New York. Then I reiterated my promise to mother. Time sped on; days, months, and some years had passed since the first of the Michigan Central Railroad was built, and the cars running east and west loaded with passengers and freight, when one morning I heard a strange noise. It was terrible and unaccountable to me, as much so as it would have been if I had heard heavy thunder at mid-day from a clear sky. I heard it from the direction of Dearbornville; it appeared to originate there, or in the woods that way. I heard it two or three times, several days in succession.

Father, mother, and in fact, none of us were able to think or imagine what it could be. It came through the woods as swift as lightning and its shrill and piercing voice was more startling than thunder. It echoed and re-echoed across our clearing, from woods to woods and died swiftly away in the distance. What on earth could it be? Could it be the voice of a wild animal? That seemed impossible, it was too loud. I thought such an animal would need lungs as large as a blacksmith's bellows, and a voice as strong as a steamboat, to have raised such an unearthly yell.

It was enough to scare all the bears and wolves to death, or at least, enough to make them hide away from the voice and face of the dragon. But there was a man who lived one mile south of Dearbornville, by the name of Alonzo Mather; he was a little more sensible and courageous. He thought he knew what made the strange noise. When he came out of his house one morning, all at once the terrible sound broke upon his ear. He had heard it two or three times before, about the same place in the woods, toward Dearbornville. He said to his hired man, a Mr. Whitmore, who was utterly astonished and seemed to be all in a fright, "Hear that! I know what it is. It is a bear, and he lives right over there in the woods. I have heard him two or three times in the same place. Don't say a word to any one; nor let the hunters know anything about his being there and I'll shoot him myself." He took down his rifle immediately, and started on the double quick, followed by the hired man, who could help him in case of trouble.

He went through the woods looking carefully in every direction, scanning the old logs and large hollow trees and searching from top to bottom to see if he could find a hole large enough for a bear to crawl in. In this way he looked all around, near the railroad, where he thought the noise originated, but could not find a track or sign of Mr. Bruin, for the bear wasn't there; so in disgust he gave up the hunt.

About the next day after Mr. Mather's hunt, he and all the rest of us learned what had caused the excitement. It was a new invention, the steam whistle of the cars; something we had never heard before.

The mortgage which had hung so long over us, chilling our hopes, was at last removed, May 1st, 1841. After the mortgage was on the place it hardly seemed to me as if it was ours. It was becoming more and more valuable all the time, and I thought it was dangerous to let the mortgage run, as the old lady might foreclose at any time and make us trouble and expense. The mortgage was like a cancer eating up our substance, gnawing day and night as it had for years. I made up my mind it must be paid. I knew it caused

mother much trouble and although father said very little about it, I knew that he would be overjoyed to have it settled up. I told him I thought I had better hunt during one fall and winter and that I thought I could in that way help him raise money to pay the mortgage. I was about twenty years old at that time and thought I had a very good rifle and knew how to use it.

I went to my friend Wm. Beal, and told him I had concluded to hunt through the winter. I asked him if he didn't want to join with me and we would hunt together, at least some of the time. He said he would. I told him I thought we could make more money by hunting than we could in any other way, as deer were worth, on an average, from two and a half to five dollars a piece at Detroit, and we could take them in very handily on the cars.

We found the deer very numerous in the town of Taylor, next south of the town of Dearborn. Sometimes we went and stayed a week. We stopped nights with an old gentleman whose name was Hodge. He always appeared very glad to see us, and gave us a hearty welcome. As he and his old lady lived alone, no doubt they were glad of our company. They must have felt lonesome, and they knew they would be well rewarded with venison and money for the trouble we made them. Mrs. Hodge took as much pains for us, and used us as well as mother could have done. We carried our provisions there on our backs—flour, potatoes, pork, and whatever we needed. We carried pork for the reason we relished it better a part of the time than we did venison. Mrs. Hodge prepared our meals at any time we wanted them. Sometimes we ate our breakfast before daylight, and were a mile or two on the runway of the deer when it became light. The woods and oak openings abounded in deer, and we had very good luck as a general thing. We made it a rule to stay and not go home until we had killed a load, which was not less than six. Then we went and got father's oxen and sled to go after and bring them home. After we brought them home we took the hind quarters, the hide, and sometimes the whole deer, to Detroit and sold them. In this way we got considerable money. In fact my pocketbook began to pod out a little. Of course, we saved enough of the fore-quarters for our family use, and for our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hodge. But we couldn't afford to let them have the saddles; we wanted them to sell, as we were going in for making money.

It would be impossible for me to delineate the occurrences incident to my hunting days. The story told in full would fill a volume, but if it were not in connection with my father's family, and how we got along when I was at home with him, I should not mention it at all. As it is, I try to describe one day's hunt after deer, which might be called a successful day, and another hunt after bears, which was not successful, and one or two deer fights. My comrade and I started from father's very early one morning. A nice tracking snow, three or four inches deep, had fallen during the fore part of the night. In the morning it was warm and pleasant. When we came near the head of the windfall, we found the tracks where three large bucks had been along. It is not common that those large deer go together. They are generally scattering, one or two, or with other deer, but in this case it seemed three old bucks had agreed to go together. We followed them about half a mile to the west, until they crossed what is now the old telegraph road in the town of Taylor, south of where Mr. Putnam lives. We thought the deer went into a large thicket that stands there yet. We made up our minds they were lying in that thicket. William said he would go around and stand on the ridge, beyond the thicket, in a good place to see them when they were driven out.

I told him I wanted him to be sure and down with one, so that I could see how they looked. I stood where he left me about half an hour, to give him plenty of time to get around, then I started along slowly, on the tracks.

I followed them about ten or fifteen rods when I found, that instead of going into the thicket where we supposed, they had turned into a little thicket near a fence and clearing that had been made at an early day. I little thought they were lying there, but sure enough, in a minute, they jumped up and away they went, one after the other, toward the big thicket. They seemed desirous of making all the sport of me they could; as they were running across a little opening they showed me their white flags. I shot very quickly at the middle one. I told him by the report of my rifle, which rang out clear on the morning air, that I wanted him to stop, and he struck his flag.

They were running from me a little diagonally, and were about twenty-five rods off, when my bullet struck his side, it being partly toward me. They ran right into the big thicket where we first supposed they lay. I loaded my rifle and went where they were running when I shot. I saw that the blood flew in small particles on the snow and I was sure he was ours. He ran for one breath, got out of my sight and fell dead, having made his last tracks, being shot through the lungs.

I hurried across to my friend Beal and told him I had shot a noble buck. That he was running away from me and that I would not allow him to do so. The other two had gone out of the thicket, over the ridge, so far east that he didn't see them at all. We hurried back to where the one we had got lay, took out his entrails, climbed up a sapling, bent down the top and fastened the gambrels of the old buck to it; then sprinkled powder on his hair, so as to keep the ravens from picking him, let go the sapling and it straighted up with him so that he was out of the way of the dogs and wolves. Then we started as quickly as possible after the other two. They went a south-west direction about eighty rods, then turned south-east and went straight for the Indian hill, went over it and took their course nearly east. They had ceased to run and were walking. There was another large thicket east of us, which was about half a mile through and we thought possibly they might stop in that before they went through into the woods. It was agreed that I should go around that time, to the lower end of the thicket, and stand. He was to try and drive them through if they were there. I went south to what we called the south branch of the Reed creek. It was frozen over and there were three or four inches of snow on the ice; I went on it without making any noise. I ran down a little over half a mile very quickly; when I was below the thicket I turned north, went through the brush that grew on the bank of the creek, up to a little ridge where it was open and stopped by the side of a tree, which was about twenty or thirty rods from where I turned north.

I stood there but a very short time before I heard and saw some partridges fly away, and I knew they had been disturbed by something in the thicket. Then I saw the two deer coming just as straight toward me as they could run, one right after the other. When they got within about eight or ten rods of me I had my rifle ready. They saw me and as they went to jump sidewise, my rifle spoke to another one and the voice of it forbade him going any farther. That was the second word my rifle had spoken that morning.

The deer turned and ran in a semi-circle half round me in plain sight, then off out of sight, over the ridge where Doctor Snow's farmhouse now stands, in

the town of Taylor. In a few moments out came my comrade; I asked him what the report of my rifle said, as it burst through the thicket by him and echoed over the Indian hill. He said he thought it spoke of luck. We followed the old buck a little way over the ridge and came to where he had made his last jump. He was a beautiful fellow, equally as fine as the first one.

Then we thought we had done well enough for one day, we had each of us one. So we cut a wooden hook, put it into his under jaw, both took hold and drew him up where the other one hung. We put them together and started slowly for home. We were following along an old trail and had drawn both deer about half a mile together, when we came to where five or six deer had just crossed. They were going southeast and we were going northeast. While we were looking at the tracks two men came in sight. One was Mr. Arvin Sheldon, the other Mr. Holdin. We knew them very well and knew that they were good hunters. They looked at our deer and said that we must hang them up; said they would help us. So we bent down two saplings and hung the deer up side by side, then we started with them. It was early in the day, perhaps about ten o'clock. We followed the deer beyond what is now Taylor Center, and into the west woods two miles from there. Near Taylor Center, Holdin left us. He thought there were too many of us together, and went off to try his luck alone and followed another flock. We found that these deer were very shy and it seemed impossible for us to get a shot at them.

After we got into the west woods we were bound to stick to the same ones. It was late in the afternoon, and as we were getting so far from home, we thought we had better use a little stratagem. We would go very slowly; it was agreed that I should follow the tracks and that the other two should be governed by my movements. One was to go to my right, and keep as far off as he could and see me, through the woods; he was to keep a little ahead of me. The other was to manage in the same way at my left. When we started we were something in the shape of a letter V, only spread more. If I went fast they were to go fast, and if I went slowly they were to do the same. They were to watch me and look out ahead for the deer. We traveled some little distance in this way when I saw a deer standing about thirty-five rods off. It was a long shot, but I drew up my rifle and fired. Mr. Sheldon had two dogs with him and when I shot they broke from him and ran after the deer we had been following. They went yelling after them, out of hearing. It was always my practice, after I shot, to stand in my tracks and load my rifle, keeping my eye on the place where the deer were. When I shot, my comrades started for me and soon we three friends were together. Sheldon remarked that he guessed I hadn't hit that one. I asked him why. He said the dogs had already gone out of hearing and that if I had killed one, they would have stopped. I left the tracks and walked along in the direction of where the deer had stood, watching upon the snow and brush to see if I could see any signs where the bullet had struck a bush or twig, until I came to the place where the deer had stood. It proved to be not one of those we had been following, but an old buck that had just got up out of the bed where he had been lying and was standing over it when I fired. I looked and saw some short hair lying on the snow, and told Mr. Sheldon that that looked as if I had made a square shot and that the dogs had gone after the well ones we had been following, that this one was an old buck which we hadn't disturbed before. I thought perhaps he had got up to see the flock that we were following go by.

We didn't follow him more than ten rods before we found where he lay last. He was a very large buck, a full mate for either of those we already had.

A little ways back we had crossed a coon's track, and we knew that he had been along in the latter part of the night, as it snowed in the earlier part of the night. We thought he hadn't gone far, so we agreed that Sheldon should follow his tracks and find his tree (at that time coon skins were valuable), while we went back about a mile to a lone settler's, by the name of Plaster (who lived on the openings), and borrowed an ax. When we came back to the woods we were to halloo and he was to answer us. We had to do what we did very quickly, as it was getting near night. When we had borrowed the ax and were nearly back to the woods again, we heard the report of Sheldon's rifle as it rang out of the timber clear and sharp, and died away in the oak openings. When we got into the woods we hallooed for him, he answered, and we went to him; he had found the tree. We asked him what he had shot at; he said at a deer, but missed him. We cut down the tree, and were rewarded by getting four coons. Afterward I sold the coon skins in Detroit for a dollar apiece. That Mr. Arvin Sheldon is now an old resident of the town of Taylor and lives two miles southwest of me.

After we got the tree cut down and the coons secure, it was between sundown and dark. We were six or seven miles from home, and then had to take the ax home. Late that evening, when I got back under the old paternal roof, there was one there who was very tired, but the excitement of the day helped him a little. By hunting (and it was hard work for me, as I made a business of it) I accumulated a considerable sum of money. Father had earned and saved some money, so that with what I had, he made out enough to pay off the mortgage to Mrs. Phlihaven and had it cancelled. Then his farm was clear. If I had not felt anxious about it myself, the joy expressed by the other members of the family, when they knew that the mortgage was paid, would have been a sufficient reward for all the labors I had performed, for all the weary walks, the running and racing done, while upon the chase, both day and night.

It is a little singular that an animal as mild and harmless as the deer ordinarily is, should, when cornered or wounded, have such courage that he will fight man or dog in his own defense, jumping upon them, striking with his feet. As their hoofs are sharp they cut to the quick; at the same time they are hooking with their horns. I will relate one or two incidents—one of which came under my own observation:

I was out hunting with R. Crandell. We were near the Reed creek when he shot a buck. The deer fell. Crandell thought he was sure of him, and handed his rifle to me. I told him to stand still and load his gun, but he ran like an Indian; he took long steps. When he got up near, the old buck had gotten a little over the shock the bullet gave him and he got up, turned upon Crandell, raised the hair upon his back so that it stood forward. Then the scene changed; Crandell ran and the deer ran after him. He came very near catching Crandell and must have done so if he had not dodged behind a tree, and around it he went and the deer after him. Crandell said he called upon his legs to be true to his body then if ever; and I thought, judging from the way those members of his organism were carrying him around that tree, that they were exerting every nerve to save him. He hallooed every minute for me to shoot the deer. But the race was so amusing I did not care to hurry having never seen such an exhibition of Crandell's speed before. Soon, how-

ever, I thought it necessary, and I shot the deer. Crandell said I had laughed enough to kill myself. He appeared to be displeased with me; said I was too slow, and might have released him quicker.

Some two or three years after this, Crandell had another hunt with a Mr. Holden, of Dearbornville, the incidents of which are given in his own words: "Being anxious for a hunt, Holden and myself started out for a deer hunt on our southern hunting grounds. After traveling about three-fourths of a mile from Dearbornville, Holden, being a little way from me, started a buck, he running directly south; I told Holden where to go on a certain road newly cut out, and stand and I would drive the deer to him from the east. As expected, I soon started him, and Holden's dog followed the deer straight to him. In about three minutes whang went Holden's gun; I ran with all my might. The dog had stopped barking and I knew the deer was ours. But when I got to the road, I heard Holden hallooing loudly for help. The deer had jumped across the road into the old tree tops and the dog caught him. Holden saw that the deer was getting the better of the dog, laid down his gun, took out his knife and went for the deer. When he got up to the deer the deer paid all his attention to him instead of the dog. The deer had gotten Holden down between two logs and stood on him, stamping and hooking him desperately. Holden said: 'For God sake, kill him or he will kill me.'

"I was so much excited I was afraid to shoot for fear of killing Holden or the dog, but I shot and the deer fell lengthwise on Holden. I rolled him off and Holden got up, all covered with blood from head to foot, with his clothes torn into shreds. He looked at himself and said despondingly, 'What a spectacle I am!' I peeled some bark, tied his rags round him, patched him up the best possible and we started for home through the woods, got as near his home as we could and not be seen, then I left him, went to his house and got him some clothes, took them back to him and helped him put them on. When clothed he went home a bruised and lacerated man."

One day in winter my brother-in-law, Reuben Crandell, and myself started to go hunting deer, as we supposed. We went south across the windfall, started a flock of deer, and were following them. We had a good tracking snow, and thought it was a good day for hunting. We followed the deer south across Reed Creek, and saw a little ahead of us quite a path. It appeared as though a herd of ponies had passed along there (then there were plenty of French ponies running in the woods). When we came up to the trail or path that we saw they had made in the snow, we discovered it was four bears which had made the path. They had passed along a little time before, for their tracks were fresh and new. There seemed to be a grand chance for us, and we started after them. We either walked very fast or ran, sometimes as fast as we could stand it to run.

In this way we had followed them several miles, and expected to see them every minute. We were going a little slower, when I looked to one side of us, and there was an Indian on a trot, going in the same direction that we were. I told Crandell that he had seen our tracks, and knew that we were after the bears, and that he was trying to cut us off and get the bears away from us. Just then I saw the bears and drew up my rifle and shot at one as he was standing on a log. The Indian turned and ran up to the bear tracks to see, probably, if I had killed one. I told Crandell to go on with him and not let him get the start of us, and I would load my rifle as quickly as possible and follow. When it was loaded I broke for them. I could just see Crandell putting in

the best he could, and trying to make two-forty time; but he was alone—the Indian had left him. When I came up with Crandell I asked him where the Indian was. He said, "Yonder he goes, almost out of sight." I asked him what he let him get ahead for; he said that he could not keep up with him, and that he had told him two or three times to stop and wait for me, but he would not pay the least attention to what he said. I told him to keep on the tracks as fast as he could and I would try to stop the Indian.

I saw that the four bears' tracks were all together yet, and Crandell said I didn't hit one when I shot. I thought it was singular, and that perhaps my bullet had struck a bush or twig, glanced off, and saved Mr. Bruin's hide. Now it looked as though the Indian was going to get our bears away from us sure enough; and now for a chase that is more excitable than is often seen in the woods.

The Indian was on a good lope after the bears, and I on a good run after him. I had the advantage of the Indian, the bears would run crooked. Sometimes they would run on a large log and follow it its whole length, right in another direction from the way they had been going. The Indian had to follow their tracks; I followed him by sight, and cut off the crooks as much as I could. In this way I ran at least half a mile after leaving Crandell, and was cutting off and gaining on the Indian fast, and had got near enough to have hallooed at him and told him to stop. But I thought that would do no good, that it was necessary for me to overtake him, and I was bound to stop him. I had got up to within fifteen rods, and as good luck would have it, the bears turned from an easterly course around to the northwest. The Indian turned also, and I struck across the elbow and came to the tracks ahead of him. I stood facing him when he came up, and informed him that the bears were ours. I told him that he should not follow them another step, and to wait, right where he was, until the other man came up. I am sure the Indian thought the white man had outrun him, and may be he did not think how it was done. He stood there perfectly still, and I guard over him. I thought he looked ugly and mad; he would hardly say a word. In two or three minutes Crandell came up, puffing and blowing like a porpoise. The sweat was running off him in profusion, and while wiping it from his brow with his hands, he said to the Indian: "You would not stop when I told you to, if I had got a good sight of you I would have shot you." Of course Crandell only said this because he wanted to scare the Indian, as he had no thought of shooting, or hurting him in the least.

We started slowly off on the bear tracks and left the Indian standing and looking at us. I told Crandell I thought the Indian was scared and very mad at us for his threatening to shoot him, and my stopping him; that if he got us both in range, it might be possible he would shoot us. I told him to walk at least a rod one side of me, so as not to get both in range of his rifle, and I thought he would not dare to disturb us. As we walked away I would once in a while turn an eye over my shoulder and look back to see the Indian. He stood there like a statue until we were out of sight, and I never saw that Indian again.

As soon as we were fairly out of sight of him we walked fast, and finally tried running, some of the time as long as we could stand it. One of the bears was large, another about the common size, and two were small; the small ones followed behind. They were a fine sight passing through the woods, but they led us a wild chase. Late in the afternoon they crossed the

Reed Creek going north, partly in the direction of father's home. Crandell said, "Now I know where we are. I can follow up the creek until I get to the Reed house, and then take the path home. I am so tired I cannot follow the bears another step." So he sat down to rest. I told him to come on, it was necessary for us to have two or three of those bears, and I thought if we could kill one of the large ones the small ones would be likely to hang around until we could shoot them. But I could not get him to go another step. He said he was going home, and I told him I was going to follow the bears. I went after them as fast as it was possible, and after a while came in plain sight of them. The large one was standing with his fore feet upon a log, broadside to me, and looking back at me. I thought Crandell would see how much he missed it leaving me. I drew up my rifle and fired, "ping went the rifle ball" and it made the woods ring, but away went the bears. I expected to see the bear drop, or at least roll and tumble. I loaded my rifle and went up to where Mr. Bruin had stood. I looked to see if I had not cut off some of his hair, but could see no signs of having touched him with the bullet. I followed along a little ways, and made up my mind I had not hit him. I thought it strange; it was a fair, broadside shot, not more than twenty or twenty-five rods off, and what the reason was I had missed him I could not tell. I followed them on, very much discouraged and miserably tired. After a little they were making almost straight for father's clearing. I followed them into the windfall within half a mile of home. It was then about sundown, and as their tracks turned off I thought I would leave following them until next morning, and would then start after them again.

As I came in sight of our clearing I thought as usual, I would fire off my rifle at a mark which was on the side of a tree about ten rods off; I drew it up and shot. My parents knew by the report and sharp song of my rifle that I was coming; it was my parting salute to the forest. As the sound of it penetrated the lonely gloom and died away in the darkness of the woods I looked at the mark on the tree to see where my bullet had struck. I had shot nearly a foot right over it. Then I looked at the sight of my rifle and found that the back sight had been raised clear up. Strange to say, I had not noticed it before. No doubt it was done by one of my little sisters or John S. They must have taken it down and been fooling with it on the sly. Then I knew the reason of my bad luck. I think a more tired and discouraged hunter than I was, never crawled out of the woods. With my hitherto trusty companion I had met with a signal defeat. I had carried it hundreds of miles on my shoulder and was not afraid to face anything in the woods day or night; but this time it failed me and the bears escaped.

The report of my rifle that evening seemed changed as if the very sound told of my bad luck. I made up my mind as I went into the house, that the next morning we would raise as many men and as many dogs as there were bears and try them again. Of course I was too tired to notify any one that night myself, so John S. went down to Mr. Purdy's. I knew he had a large dog which he called Watch, that was not afraid to tackle anything that ran in the woods on four legs. I told J. S. to tell Mr. Purdy that I had been following a pack of bears, and that I wanted him to come early the next morning, and be sure and bring his dog to go with me after them. We had a good dog, and I sent Crandell word to be ready with his dog. James Wilson volunteered to go with us and take his dog; they were to be on hand at daylight in the morning. After we got together ready to start after the bears I told them that I thought

the dogs would at least tree the small bears. We all started for the bear tracks. We took my back tracks; when we got to the tree I showed them the shot I had made the night before, and told them the reason I was not able to take one or more of those bears by the heels the day before, and then I might have examined them at my leisure.

We followed my tracks until we found where I left the bear tracks, then we followed them. I supposed they were so tired they would lie down and rest, probably in the windfall. But they were too badly scared for that. They seemed to have traveled all night. We followed them across the north part of the town of Taylor, through the oak openings, into what we called the west woods and into the town of Romulus. They had given us a wide range before we came up to them, but here in a swamp or swale, between two sand ridges, we found them. They saw us first and ran. As soon as we saw we had started them we let the dogs go. They started with a rush.

We could hear them yelp, yelp, yelp, while they were on the tracks and heard them when they came up to the bears. Then there was a wonderful confusion of voices. We could hear our dogs and they seemed to be struggling hard for their lives.

When the dogs got to the bears we were about half a mile from them. We hurried through the brush and over the logs, as fast as possible, to help our canine friends, for we supposed that they were in a life and death struggle.

When we were about half way to where the battle raged most furiously, it was all at once still; we could not hear a sound from them any more. We went a little farther and met old Watch, and some of the other dogs crawling back. Watch, by his wounds, gave a good report of his courage himself. He was bleeding; had been wounded and torn badly. He was hurt the worst of any of the dogs. Before we reached the battle ground we met the last one; he was not hurt at all, he had kept a proper distance. But they were all badly whipped or scared. They had got enough of the bears.

When we got to the battle ground we could see where they had fought, clinched, and rolled over and over. The blood of the dogs was sprinkled all around on the snow. We saw that it was the large bears which did the fighting. They would not leave the small ones but fought for them.

That day we saw where the bears had done some marking of dogs as well as trees. We found that the dogs had separated the bears, some having gone one way and some another. The grit had been taken out of us as well as out of the dogs, and the bear hunt had lost its charms for us. We were a long ways from home and we thought it best to get our wounded dogs back there again, if we could. We gave up the chase and let those bears go. I felt the effects of the previous day's chase and tired out more easily; I wished I had let the Indian have the bears to do what he was a mind to with, and that I had never seen them.

I presume there are now many persons in Wayne county who little think that thirty-three years ago, 1842, there could have been four wild bears followed in different towns in that county, for two days, yet such was the case. This was about the last of my hunting. My attention was called to other business of more importance which I thought it was necessary for me to attend to, so I hung up my rifle and have not used it to hunt with in the woods, six full days since. That Indian who wanted the bears was the last Indian I ever saw in the woods hunting for a living. I don't think there is a wild deer in the town of Dearborn at this day and but very few, if any, in Wayne

county. I heard that there was one bear killed by a man near the mouth of the Ecorse, last fall, 1874. He was a stranger and no doubt, far from his native home. He was the first one I have heard of being seen in this county for years.

Father's farm improved with astonishing rapidity and became quite a pleasant place. Some of the stumps rotted out, some we tore out and some were burned up. In these ways many had disappeared and it began to look like old land. It was rich and productive and in truth, it looked as level as a house floor. Some seasons it was rather wet, not being ditched sufficiently to take the water off. Yet father raised large crops of corn, potatoes, oats, and wheat.

Father built him a good frame barn and was getting along well. He bought him a nice pair of black horses which proved to be very good and serviceable. It began to seem like home to mother. She, too, possessed very good conversational powers. Her conversation was always accompanied with a style of frankness and goodness peculiar to herself, which gained many friends who became warmly attached to her, enjoyed her hospitality, witnessed her good cheer, as they gathered around her board and enjoyed luxuries, which in some of the years past we had not been able to procure. The learned and illiterate, the rich and the poor, shared alike her hospitality. No one ever asked for bread at her door, who was refused, if she had it, even to the poor Indian. We had many comers and goers, and I think there were but few in the town of Dearborn who had more friends than father and mother.

Several years after we planted the first thirteen apple trees, father set out a little orchard of fifty trees, west of them. Some of these proved to be very good fruit, and supplied us with better apples of our own raising (and in fact some earlier apples) than we had been used to getting from along the Rouge. Then it could be said of us that we sat under our own vine and apple tree and ate the fruit of our hands, without any one to molest us or make us afraid. And it could be said of father, that he made the place where the wilderness stood to blossom as the rose. Everything seemed to work together for our good, and all nature seemed more cheerful.

Now the pioneer felt himself safe. He could retire to his bed in his log house, and quietly rest in sleep without dreaming any more of the red man's approach, or having by his own strong arm to defend his family. Now he need have no fear of Mr. Bruin entering his pig-pen and carrying off his pig, as he did ours one night some years before. He tore the hog so badly that it died, although it was rescued by father and his dog. The bear escaped to the woods. Now how changed the scene with us. We could retire and sleep soundly, feeling as secure as if we had gone to bed way down in the State of New York. We could leave the leather string of the door-latch hanging out for any one to enter, as nearly all the early settlers were friends. The ax was now left stuck in the wood block on the wood pile. The rifle hung in its hooks, not to be disturbed. In other nights of our first settlement, father did not feel safe; the string of the door-latch was taken in, the door was fastened and blockaded on the inside, his ax and rifle were placed with care back of the curtains at the head of his bed. None of us knew what might happen before the light of another morning, for we were in a wilderness land and neighbors were far apart. How different a few years have made it! Now nature seems to smile upon us, and the evening, when it comes in its beauty, seems to offer us quiet and repose, rest and security.

Sometimes I would rise early in the morning and go out of the door just at daylight. I could hear the notes of the little songsters just waking, singing their first songs of the morning. I would listen to see if I could hear the gobbling of the wild turkeys. I hardly ever failed to hear them, sometimes in different directions. I frequently could hear two or three at once. The old gobblers commonly selected the largest trees, in the thickest woods, with limbs high up, for their roosts and as soon as it came daylight in the east, they would be up strutting and gobbling.

They could be heard in a still morning for a mile or two. The gobbling of the turkey, the drumming of the partridge upon his log, the crowing of our and the neighbors' roosters, and the noise of the woodpeckers pounding the tops of old trees were the principal sounds I could hear when I set out with my rifle in hand. I made my way through the prickly ash brush, sometimes getting my clothes torn and my hands and face scratched, when going into the dark woods in the early morning. I went for the nearest turkey that I heard, often wading through the water knee deep, the woods being nearly always wet in the spring.

If the turkey did not happen to be too far off and I got near it before it was light, and got my eye on it before it saw me and flew away, I would crawl up and get behind some tree that came in range between me and it so that it could not see me. I had to be careful not to step on a stick, as the breaking of a stick or any noise that I was liable to make would scare the turkey away. If I had the good luck to get up to that tree without his discovering me, I would sit or stand by it and look with one eye at the old turkey as he gobbled, strutted, spread his wings, then drew them on the limb where he stood and turned himself around to listen and see if there was anything new for him to gobble at. If he heard the distant woodpecker pounding away with his beak, on the old hollow top, he would stretch up his neck and gobble again as cheerfully as before. Then I would put my rifle up aside the tree to see if it was light enough for me to see the sights on it. If it was not I would have to take it down and wait a few minutes for it to get lighter.

I felt very uneasy and impatient while waiting, and wanted to take that turkey by the legs and carry him home over my shoulder. When it was light enough so I thought it was dangerous to wait, as the turkey might discover me or fly off his perch, then I would draw up my rifle by the side of the tree and shoot at him. Sometimes the old turkey would retain all his feathers, fly away and leave me to wade back to the house, thinking to myself I had had a hard job for nothing. The great trouble in shooting wild turkeys on the roost, in the spring of the year and in the early morning, is in not being able to see the sights on the rifle plain enough. Of course I was sometimes rewarded for my early rising and wet feet, by a nice turkey to take home to father and mother for dinner.

This style of hunting for the wild turkeys was known by the settlers in an early day. Another way I had of capturing the turkeys by shooting them, was by the use of a small instrument that I almost always carried in my vest pocket when in the woods. It was made from the hollow bone of a turkey's wing. I called it a turkey call. By holding the end in my hand and sucking it right, it would make a noise, or squeak, very similar to the turkey's voice. Sometimes, when I heard one gobbling in the woods, I would go as near as I could and not let him see me, and hide myself behind an old log, or root where a

tree had been blown down, take the hollow bone out of my pocket and call. I have seen them come up on the run, sometimes one, and at other times more. While lying in ambush once I shot two at the same time with one rifle bullet and got them both.

I have often shot at a flock in the woods. They would scatter and fly in all directions. I would run ahead near where I thought they lighted, hide and call. If a lone turkey heard the shrill note, he would answer and was easily decoyed up to me. In this way I was very sure to get him.

Father made one of the luckiest shots at wild turkeys of which I ever knew. They had a notion of coming into his buckwheat field and filling their crops with buckwheat, sometimes two or three times a day. Father discovered them in the field; he went away round and approached them from the woods, on the back side of the field, where they came in. The turkeys discovered him through the brush and fence and huddled up with their heads together. He said they were just getting ready to fly. He shot amongst them with a shot gun and killed four at once. There are at the present time, 1875, scattering wild turkeys in the town of Dearborn, but they have mostly disappeared. Tame turkeys in abundance have long since taken their place.

When I was twenty-one we had a good young team of our own, and father made it a rule to go to Detroit once in two weeks, with butter and eggs. When we had other farm products he went oftener. Every other Friday was his market day for butter and eggs. His butter was contracted at Detroit by the season for one shilling a pound, and father thought that did very well. By starting early he could go and do his marketing and return by noon. How different from what it was when it took us two nights and a day and sometimes more, to go to Detroit and back. Father had to sell his produce cheap; when we had commenced raising and had some to sell, all appeared to have an abundance to sell. Detroit market then seemed rather small, not having its outlets for shipping, and everything we had to sell was cheap. We also bought cheap; we got good tea for fifty cents a pound, sugar was from six to ten cents per pound, and clothing much cheaper than it was when we came to Michigan.

We could buy brown sheeting for from six to eight cents per yard. Very different from what it was, when everything we bought was so dear, and when we had so little to buy with. One day father and I went to Detroit with a large load of oats. We drove on to the market and offered them for sale; eighteen cents a bushel was the highest offer we could get for them and father sold them for that price. We fattened some pork, took it to Detroit and sold it for twenty shillings per hundred. In days back, father had often paid one shilling a pound for pork and brought it home on his arm in a basket over two miles. Now we were able to sell more than we had to buy. The balance of trade was in our favor and of course we were making some money; laying up some for a rainy day, or against the time of need.

I told father, as we had a good team, it would be handy if I got me a buggy. I could take mother at her pleasure, and it would be very handy for me to go around with, so I went and bought one. It was a double buggy with two seats. After the buggy was bought, when mother and my sisters wished to go to meeting or to visit friends, I would hitch up the team and take them in what I thought pretty good style. We had what I called a gay team and in fact, a good rig for the woods of Michigan. I took care of the team, and when I went out with them I tried to make those horses shine. I trimmed

their head stalls with red balls, as large as hens' eggs, and from them hung scarlet ribbons six inches long. When I came home in the evening between sundown and dark, through the woods, the little blacks made the evening breeze fan my passengers and we left the little musical songsters in the shade. I now worked very hard and helped father all I could in fixing up his farm. He had everything around him that was necessary to make him and mother comfortable.

About this time I formed a more intimate acquaintance with a young lady, Miss Traviss; although her name was very familiar to me and sounded very beautiful in my ear, some how or other I wished to have it changed. After I made this acquaintance I thought I would go to Detroit to spend the next "Fourth" and see what they were doing there and try city life a little. As one of my sisters wanted to go, I gave Miss Traviss an invitation to go with us, which invitation she accepted. So when the morning of the "Fourth" came, we started for town. We put up at the "Eagle Tavern" on Woodbridge street and spent the day very patriotically. At dinner we had the first cherry pie that some of us had eaten since we came to Michigan. We visited all the sights we could hear of, and honored almost every display with our presence. When the salute of the day was fired, of course we were there; they fired one big gun for Michigan. As the cannon thundered forth its fire and smoke, it seemed to fairly sweep the street with its tremendous force; it was terrible and grand. It seemed to bid defiance to all the world. It was the salute of the cannon of American freemen. We thought we would go over to Canada to see what was going on there. When we were across, we observed that the people didn't seem to be paying any attention to the "Fourth." But we felt very much like holding Independence, and thought we would take a walk down toward Sandwich. Of course, I was seeing all I could of Canada, but Miss Traviss took the greater part of my attention. The more I enjoyed her company, the more I thought, in view of future life, that it was necessary for me to make a private bargain with her.

We sailed back to Detroit, the beautiful "City of the Straits." We all felt as though we were at home, in our own country, and thanked our stars that we did not live in Canada; that we lived in the land of the free, and that our flag, the old star-spangled banner, waved over the "home of the brave." We went back to the "Eagle tavern." I told the hostler I wanted my team. In a very few minutes he had it ready, and we were on our way home, enjoying our evening ride. I was very attentive and vigilant in the presence of my company.

When we were home we told our parents all the incidents of the day. We had had a good time and had enjoyed ourselves very much. Then I attended to hard work and farming, and think it would have been difficult to find a man who would have performed more labor than I did until I was past twenty-two years old.

In the meantime I was having an eye out, and thinking of domestic affairs and life. I will not tell what old folks would call it, but I call it falling in love with Miss Traviss. I made a private bargain with her and got the consent of her father and mother, which was a hard job for me, although they acquiesced willingly. It was also approved by my parents. We had it ratified by a minister, and afterward I heard her called by others Mrs. William Nowlin. She had taken a new name upon herself. I left my father's home to build up one

for myself and another, and never more to return to my father's house and call it my home.

IN 1843.

When I commenced for myself, father gave me a strip across the two lots on the south end of his farm, south of the Ecorse, containing forty-two acres, and lying on the town line between Dearborn and Taylor,—thus fulfilling (as far as I was concerned) what he had said long before; he wanted land for his children. I supposed at the time I should build a house, live there, and make it my home. I had a chance to trade it off even, for eighty acres of land lying half a mile west of it, subject to a mortgage of one hundred and fifty dollars. I made the trade, paid the mortgage, and afterwards built on the place the house in which I now live.

Father bought back the forty-two acres which he had given me, and he easily paid for it—two hundred and fifty dollars. Then he had the old farm together again, with money left, which he had saved by his frugality and industry. He made up his mind that he would buy another place which was offered for sale, out one mile toward Dearbornville, beyond the clay road. It had a good barn on it and a comfortable farm-house. He moved there in 1848, and lived on one of the most beautiful building places in the town of Dearborn, and on the corner where three roads met.

About this time my second sister became acquainted with a young man, by the name of Michael Nowlin, and married him. She was more lucky than most young ladies; she did not have to change her name, only from Miss to Mrs. Nowlin. She went with her husband to live near Romeo, Macomb county, Michigan. He was a farmer there. Father did not like to have one of his children so far away. I told him it would be well for him to let my brother-in-law and sister have ninety acres of the old farm, which would make them a good home. So he offered it to them, and they came and settled on it, and lived where I had lived so long before, with my father and mother, brother and sisters, in the woods of Michigan.

Father let them have it on easy terms, and gave Sarah what he considered was her portion, as far as he was able. My brother-in-law easily met the payments, paid for his place, and had a good farm. Being a good business man, he soon had his farm clear and things comfortable around him. But he was not entirely satisfied with the place, though it was the best of land, and he was a man capable of knowing and appreciating it. He thought he was laboring under some disadvantages. In the spring of the year the clay road was very bad, and he had hard work to get out and in. School privileges were also poor, not such as he desired for his children, and he made up his mind to sell his place. He sold it in two parts, at a good advantage, the last piece for over a hundred dollars an acre. He bought him a nice house and lot in the city of Ypsilanti, is nicely situated there, and has given his children a liberal education. So ninety acres, of what was once my father's old farm, were disposed of.

After I had left home, a few years passed, and my brother, John Smith Nowlin, was married, and started out in life for himself. Father let him have the west seventy acres of the old farm. Being the youngest son, father desired to see him settled comfortably in life near him. He gave him the place so cheap, and on such easy terms, that he was able to pay for it in a short time, right off of the place, with the exception of what father gave him

as his portion. Father said he gave him his part. He soon had as nice a little farm as any one need wish to own in the State of Michigan, and he had it clear from debt. After my brother-in-law moved away my brother became lonesome, dissatisfied, and was not contented with so good a place. He sold it in two pieces, and bought a farm out within half a mile of Dearbornville, beyond father's. He moved on to it, and lives there now, right in sight of of the village.

It is not my intention to delineate at any length, the circumstances of any of the family, unless in connection with my father and mother, or the old place where we first settled in the wilderness, where I labored so hard in my young life, and took so much interest in my father's getting along during his trying days in the woods of Michigan.

I was along there, by what was father's old place, one day this winter, 1875. I looked at the barn and saw that it was getting old. I noticed the two little orchards; some of the trees had disappeared, and others looked as if they were dying with old age. I saw young orchards on the place, which were set out by others, who knew but little of us. I thought things looked strange; that there was not one of the Nowlin name who owned a foot of the old farm. I suppose to this day no part of it, nor the whole of it, could be bought for less than one hundred dollars an acre, probably not for that.

I counted five dwelling houses that have been built on it; three very good frame houses, well painted and built in good style, the other two houses are not so nice. I noticed there were four good frame barns on it. The old place is inhabited by an industrious race of men. It is divided up into German farms.

I follow father, in my mind, to his last farm which he bought in 1849, where he lived out his days. It was not cleared up as he wished to have it, and he continued to labor as hard as ever before, trying to fix it up to suit him and to get it in the right shape for his comfort and convenience. The soil was as good as the place he left. He raised large crops on it. One day I went to father's and inquired for him. Mother said he was down in the field cutting corn. I went to him; he had a splendid field of corn and was cutting it up. The sweat was running off from him. I told him it was not necessary for him to work so hard, and asked him to let me take his corn-cutter, as though I was going to cut corn. He handed it to me, then I said I am going to keep this corn-cutter: I want you to hear to me. Let us go to the house and get some one else to cut the corn; so we went to the house together.

But it was impossible for me or anybody else to keep him from hard labor, although he had plenty. He had become so inured to hard work that it seemed he could not stop. He finally got all of his farm cleared that he wanted cleared. A few of the last years of his eventful life, he let some of his land to be worked on shares and kept his meadow land and pasture. He needed all of that, for he kept quite a stock of cattle, sheep, and horses, and took care of them himself, most of the time, up to his last sickness.

He was a great lover of good books, and spent much of his leisure time reading. He did not often refer to the hardships which he had endured in Michigan; but often spoke of the privations and endurance of others. Thus, in his latter days, not thinking of what he had done, he seemed to feast on

NOTE.—Since this was written I have learned that I made a slight mistake in regard to the forty-two acres of the old farm, which father gave me, as it passed through other hands before my brother and brother-in-law came in possession of it; but it was finally divided as I have stated.

the idea that America had produced such and such ones, who had been benefactors and effectual workers for the good of our race.

Most of those men who came here in the prime of life about the time that father came are gone. The country shows what they have done, but few consider it properly. Some know what it was then and what it is now, and know also that it has arrived at the exalted position it now occupies through the iron will, clear brain, and steady, unflinching nerve of others.

Who can think of what they have done and not feel their heart beat high with gratitude, admiration and love to the Giver of al good, in that he ever raised up such glorious people as some of the Michigan pioneers were? So enduring, so self-sacrificing, so noble—in fact, every element necessary to make beings almost perfect seemed concentrated in them. I do not say it would be right for me to wish the pioneer to live forever here, and labor and toil as is the common lot of man. He might be surrounded by friends and loved ones and plenty of this world's goods, and have time to look back upon his past life and see what he has been through and accomplished. He had gone into the forest, built him a house, cleared up a farm, and lived where a white man had never lived before.

When I was quite young, a few years after our settlement, I think in 1838, Mr. Elijah Lord came and settled about a mile and a half northwest of father's. He came down with his oxen by father's place to get small, hard maple trees out of the woods, that he wanted to take home and set out on his place. He was then about a middle-aged man. He set out the trees on both sides of the road running through his place, for about eighty rods, in front of his house. I asked him if he expected to see them grow up; he said he did not set them out for himself, but for the benefit of other people, for the good of the generations that would follow him.

Some years after that, I visited Mr. Lord in his last sickness. He looked very much older than he did when he planted the trees. He looked careworn and sad; his locks were gray and he was very feeble. He was fighting his last battle of life, and he soon went to that bourne whence no traveler returns. He was a good man, a deacon of the Presbyterian church at Dearbornville at the time of his death.

The hard maple trees which he set out, are grown up to be large trees. When leaved out, they have the most beautiful tops, with the most perfect symmetry that could be imagined. They make splendid shade for the road. In summer weather, when the rays of the sun were very hot, thousands have enjoyed walking under their protecting boughs. The poor horses and cattle that travel that road alike enjoy the benefit of those trees. The farmer as he is going or coming from market and stops his team to rest under their shade, enjoys their cooling and refreshing influence. The pedestrian who sits down by the fence to rest his weary limbs, takes off his hat and with his handkerchief, wipes the perspiration from his brow, as he fans himself with his hat and talks to his neighbor about the price of things and the beautiful shade that is around and over them. Neither of them know anything about the benevolent man who, over thirty-five years before, set out the maple trees whose shade they enjoy and which protects them from the scorching rays of the sun, and makes them so comfortable.

Now, in looking at the shortness of human life, which is compared to a hand's breadth, or to the vapor which appears in the morning, is seen but a

little while, and then vanishes away to be seen no more; and thinking that the pioneers stopped but so short a time to enjoy the fruits of their toil and the labor of their hands, I would exclaim again in language similar to that of the good man of old, "O, pioneers, pioneers, live forever!"

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud.
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To report every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all like a bird on the wing.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

—*Selected.*

It appears to me that it will be interesting to men who in the future shall live along the Ecorse and enjoy their beautiful homes and farms, to know who were the brave, sacrificing, benevolent men who first settled the country, and were a few of the many who have made the State of Michigan what it will be to them.

I give together the names of some of those early worthies whom I have mentioned before in this sketch. They were the first settlers in the southeast part of the town of Dearborn. Their names are arranged according to the time of their settlement along and near the Ecorse, with the years and seasons of their settlement in the wilderness:

Joseph Pardee—Fall of 1833.
John Nowlin—Spring of 1834.
Asa Blare—Fall of 1834.
Henry Traviss—Summer of 1835.
George Purdy—Fall of 1835.
Elijah Lord, about 1837 or 1838.

Let these bright names be imperishable! Let them be indelibly written, in letters of gold, on leaves as white as snow and live in the light. Let them be

handed down through future ages, in the archives and annals of the country, until the end of time.

Of the six whom I have mentioned here, only one survives. That one is Mr. George Purdy. He lives on the Ecorse yet and owns a good farm. (1875.)

I have said that I tried to persuade father to take life more easily, and not to labor so hard himself on the new place he had bought. It was a new place to him; but in an early day it was the oldest place south of Dearbornville. The first log house built south of Dearbornville, in the town of Dearborn was built on it by John Blare in the year 1832 or 1833. It was one mile south of Dearbornville. So there was a house standing there when we were slowly making our way to Michigan. When we came, it was the first house south of Dearbornville. Mr. Joseph Pardee, who crossed Lake Erie with his family the fall before, when father came viewing, built his house a mile south of that. These two houses were the first ones south of the village of Dearborn, in the town of Dearborn. When we came in and built, our bark-covered house was the next.

It was at this house of Mr. J. Blare that the Indian, John Williams, threw his knife on the floor and commanded Asa Blare to pick it up. There he sat in his chair, flourished his knife, looked at its frightful edge and told what it had done. If the Indian told the truth, it had cleaved the locks and taken off the scalps of six of the Anglo Saxon race—somebody's loved ones. It had been six times red with human gore, and was going to be used again, to take off one more scalp, one of the few who were then in the woods.

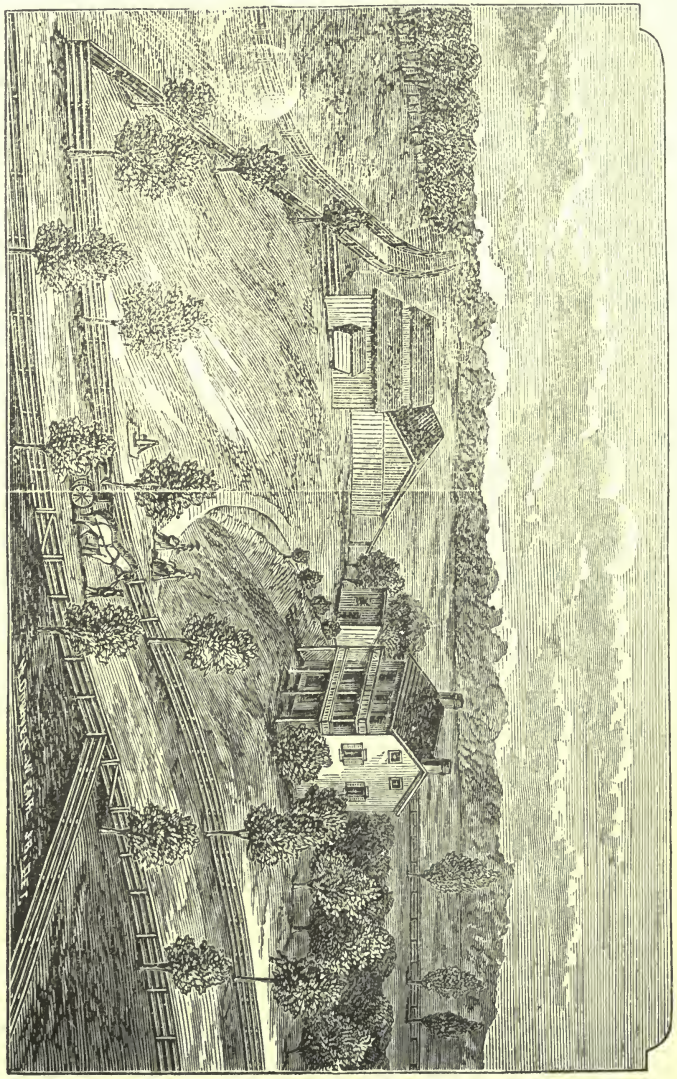
This house of Mr. Blare's has long since been torn down and has disappeared. I could now go within five rods, and I think less, of where the house stood. When Mr. Mather bought the place he built him a frame house across the road, beyond where Blare's house stood. It was built on a hill, on five acres of ground, that he owned there by itself as a building spot.

Mather sold these two places to Barnard and Windsor, and father bought the places of them, and moved into the Mather house. Father talked, from an early day, that when he got able to build a house, he would like to build it of brick or stone. He said if he had stone, he could build a house for himself. I have no doubt that he would have built his house himself, if he had had the stone, as old as he was, when he got the money to do it with.

The practice of laying stone in his early life, made him want to build a stone house in Michigan. If he had settled in another part of Michigan, he might have done it; but he found that stone were hard to get here, being too far away. So he made up his mind he would build him a brick house. He said brick buildings were safer in regard to fire, and were more durable, that they did not require so much repairing, were warmer in winter and cooler in summer than wooden buildings.

So he went at it, and built him a good, substantial, plain, brick farm-house in 1854. Not so palatial as some might admire, but a good, substantial house; a brick basement under the whole of it, with two stories above. He set it right facing the "Hardscrabble road" and right in front of his dooryard was the junction of three roads. He lived on the corners and by looking south, he could see to the place where he first settled in Michigan, from his own door. He built across the front side of his house a double stoop or piazza running the whole length of the front. There he could sit in the cool of the day, and rest himself, accompanied by some of his family. Two of my sisters yet lived at home; the rest of the family had gone for themselves. While

sitting there he could see people passing and repassing, coming and going in every direction. What a contrast it was to our early life in Michigan. Now he could sit on his veranda in the twilight, when it was pleasant, and when the shadows of evening were spread over the face of nature, he could peer away into the distance to the south and southwest, for a mile or more, and see lights in different places glistening and shining like stars through the darkness. They were the lights of lamps and candles, burning in his distant neighbor's dwellings and shining through their windows. He could go to his north window and see lights all along, from his house to Dearbornville, for he



HOUSE BUILT 1854.

was in plain sight of the village. Now he lived in what might be styled, if not an old country, a thickly inhabited part of the country.

A few years before, when father and I were out and could not get home until after dark, we frequently walked through the woods a mile or two without seeing a light. When we came to our clearing we could see one light, and that was mother's lone light in the window waiting for us. It was three or four years after we settled in Michigan, before the light of any neighbor's window could be seen from our house. Father's situation was very different when he was comfortably settled in his new house. When he had it built he told me he lacked a very little of paying for it. I asked him how much he needed. He said, "Not more than a hundred dollars." I told him I could let him have it as well as not. So I gave it to him and he sat down and wrote me a note of a hundred dollars, ten per cent interest per annum. I told him I didn't want any note. He said I must take it if he took the money. So I took the note, looked at it, saw that it was upon interest, and told him that I would not take any interest of him. But I took the note home and laid it away. I was pleased to think that father had so good a house, and was so well situated. He built him a very strong house, and located it upon a commanding eminence overlooking the country in every direction. From its very solid appearance, shortly after it was built it was called "Nowlin Castle;" it is now known to many by that name.

Time passed on until about five years were counted after father built, when he came down one day on foot to see me. He brought in his hand a little leather bag of silver money—mostly half dollars. He said he had come down to pay me that note, that he didn't need the money at all, and he wanted me to take it out of his way. I looked up the note, sat down by the table, turned out the money and counted it. I saw there were just fifty dollars; then I looked at the note, and saw it had been given about five years before.

I told father that I had said I shouldn't take any interest of him, but it had run so long, I didn't know but what it would be right for me to have the interest. I couldn't quite afford to give so much. The fifty dollars was just enough to pay the interest, and I could endorse it on the back of the note. I turned a little in my chair to look at father, as he sat off at one side and said but little to me, to see what I could make out in mind reading. I found that I failed; I could not make out by what he said, nor by his silence, what he thought of me. Then I told him that I had a little job or two on hand, which I wanted him to help me about. I asked him if he would help me. He said he would if I didn't bother him too much. I told him I wanted him to have his stoop painted over; it would preserve and make the wood last longer, and make it look better. And I wanted him to go to Detroit for me, as soon as he could conveniently, and get some oysters and other good things, and bring them home with him. Then I wanted him to invite all of his children to come and take dinner with him and mother and enjoy the day together. Besides I wanted him to take the fifty dollars towards paying the expenses, and also take that note out of my way, toward what I was owing him.

In a few days after that I was invited up to the castle to spend the day. We were all there—father, mother, brother, sister, and our companions. We had a good dinner. The table was spread with the bounties of life. We passed a very pleasant day, and listened to father's stories of wars, and stories connected with his early life. He would relate them as nobody else could. He told us stories that I had often heard him relate before. Still there was

a charm in his manner of telling them, and they seemed to be always good and new; his old stories were certainly as attractive, interesting, and pleasing as ever before.

It would make almost any one laugh who listened to them, though he always looked rather grave while repeating them. It pleased him to think that they all enjoyed them so much; but what pleased him still more was that his children were all alive at home. As they were most all singers, sometimes he would set them singing for him songs new and old, as he was no singer himself.

Mother was a beautiful singer. He often got her to sing for him, and sometimes asked her to sing his favorite song, which was styled "The Star in The East." I have heard her sing it for him at different times, ever since as long ago as I can remember hearing her sing. It was a beautiful piece, connected with the Messiah's advent, which happened over eighteen hundred years before. One verse of it was this:

"Cold on his cradle the dew drops were shining,
Low lies his head, with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining.
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all."

I told mother she must get ready, and in the fall we would go back to the State of New York. I asked father to go with us, and tried to get him to say he would go. But he thought he would have to stay at home and take care of things while we were gone. Mother concluded she would go, and said she would get ready for the journey and we would go and see the old native places and old friends, and make the visit we had talked about so long. The thought of Lake Erie had always been a dread to mother, whenever we spoke of going back. But now we could go back very easily, and in a very short time with the cars on the Great Western Railway; I told her it would be as easy for her as though she were sitting in a parlor. I encouraged her all I could, for she was getting quite old and feeble, and it looked like a big undertaking to her. I said, to encourage her, that she would be able to stand it first rate, and the trip no doubt would do her good. I think the thought of going was pleasing to her.

But we met not many more times at my father's house, under so favorable and happy circumstances, nor gathered around his board with everything in such good cheer and prospects so bright.

Mother's maiden name was Melinda Light. Her mother died when she was quite young. She and father were married when she was about nineteen years old. She took one of her youngest brothers to live with her, and she acted more the part of a mother than a sister to him. She sent him to school and gave him a good education. His name was Allen Light, and he was thoroughly qualified to officiate in the capacity of a pedagogue. He taught a number of terms, prudently saved his wages and bought father's little farm, before we left the State of New York. He married a young woman who had some capital of her own, before we came away, and they settled on father's old place, and lived there when we came to Michigan. For this uncle I did some or my first working out, mostly picking up stone; he gave me a shilling a day. I worked for him until I had what I thought was quite a purse of money, and I brought some of it to Michigan.

Mother visited the east in 1861. I went with her, accompanied by my wife and brother John S. As the train we wished to take did not stop at Dearborn I had a hired man, with my team, take us to Detroit. Father went with us

to Detroit, and to the Michigan Central depot. We went aboard the railroad ferry boat, and were soon across the river and on the cars on the "Great Western Railway." We were soon receding very fast from Michigan, going across lots and down through the woods of Upper Canada. I tried to see as much as I could of the country while we were swiftly passing through it. I told mother we would manage it so as to see the whole route, either going or coming, by daylight. I didn't see anything in particular to admire in Canada until we got down near London and beyond. Then I saw some good country, and I thought it would compare favorably with Michigan land. On our arrival at Albany we went to a restaurant for breakfast, and especially to get a good cup of tea for mother. (It had been rather a tedious night for her.) Then we went on board a ferry boat and crossed over the North river, then took the "Harlem Railroad" for Pattison, where we arrived about noon. This was within three miles of where mother was brought up and I was born. We hired a livery team to take us to Uncle Allen Light's. In going we passed by a school-house where I learned my "A, B, Abs."

Mother's heart beat high with emotions of joy as she neared her much beloved brother's dwelling. She had always thought of him as the young man she left thirty years before; but she found that the frosts of thirty winters had changed his locks as well as hers.

Uncle was overjoyed to see mother after so long a separation; and mother was delighted to see him and aunt Betsey. The light of other days, youth and happy associations of life flashed up before them in memory clear and vivid, which touched the most sensitive chord of their hearts, and caused them to vibrate in love for one another. They visited as only two who love so well and have been separated so long, can visit. Minds less sensitive than theirs cannot imagine with what degree of intensity of spirit and feeling they told over to each other, first some of the scenes of their youth, which they enjoyed together so many years before, then the absence of loved ones dear to them both. A father, two brothers, and a sister had departed their life since mother moved to Michigan. Ah! what changes thirty years had produced! Their voices, which mother had heard so often there, she never would hear again, and the smile of their countenances would never greet her more. They were gone, and their places left vacant. A great many former acquaintances of mother had also disappeared. They talked about the hardships they had endured while apart, and of some things they had enjoyed, which were as bright spots, or oases in the desert of their separation.

Now as I was there, I wished to visit the place where I had been in days of yore, in my childhood. The places had changed some, but I could go to every place I remembered. The distance from one place to another didn't seem more than half as far as I had it laid out in my mind.

The country seemed very rough to me. What we used to call hills looked to me like small mountains. I supposed the reason was because I had been living so long in a level country. The rocks and stones appeared larger and the stones seemed to lie thicker on the ground than I had supposed. The ledges and boulders appeared very strange to me, I had been gone so long. I found that the land was very natural for grass, where it wasn't too stony. It produced excellent pasture upon the hillsides, good meadow on the bottom and ridges, where it was smooth enough and not so stony but that it could be mowed.

Having had a very pleasant visit at our old home we began to want to get

back to Michigan, so we agreed to start. On our arrival at Detroit we went to the "New York House," and shortly after took the cars for Dearborn. We arrived there about ten o'clock in the evening. Mother walked home to the "Castle," a mile, very spryly. She seemed to feel first rate. She was pleased to get home. Father and the family had retired for the night when we got there, but father soon had a light and a fire and was ready to listen to our stories. We told him how near we had come losing mother. That uncle had offered to give her a farm if she would come back, live on it and spend her days by him. We told him what farm it was; he knew the place, as he was well acquainted in that country. We told him if she went back they could go together and he could carry on the farm. But the inducement was far too small for them to entertain the thought of going, for a moment. Michigan was their home, had won their affections and was their favorite place.

I told father that he must go and visit his native place, see how rough it was, and I would go with him. I thought it would appear rougher to him than he expected or could imagine. He said he would like to go back sometime and see the country once more. He kept putting it off from year to year. It is said, "Procrastination is the thief of time." He never went. He bought him eight acres more land joining his two places. He paid for it seventy dollars an acre and had some money left.

Part of the eight acres was a ridge covered with chestnut trees. Father enjoyed himself there very much, a few of the last years of his life, picking up chestnuts. He was a man a little over six feet tall. He walked straight and erect until the sickness which terminated his existence in time, at the age of seventy-six years, in the year 1869. The rest of the family and I missed him very much. Our counselor and one of our best friends was gone. He had fought his last battle and finished his course.

Mother survived him. She gave each of the children a silver piece (they were all old coins of different nations and times, each worth a dollar or more) which father had saved in an early day.

After father's death mother still lived at the "Castle" and my sister Bessie, who took all the care of her in her old age that was possible, staid with her. All the rest of the children did every thing they could for her comfort. She felt lonesome without father, with whom she had spent nearly fifty years of her life. She lived a little over three years after he was gone and followed him. She was seventy-one years old, in 1873, when her voice was hushed in death, and mother too was gone.

We laid her by father's side in a place selected by himself for that purpose. It is a beautiful place, about a mile and a half southwest of where they lived, and in plain sight of what was their home.

Long before this there was a voice of one often heard in prayer in the wilderness, where we first settled, and that voice was mother's.

Father and mother believed in one faith, and mother from her youth. For years they tried to walk hand in hand, in the straight and narrow path, looking for and hastening to a better country than they had been able to find on this mundane sphere.

DEATH OF DR. JAMES H. JEROME.

James H. Jerome, M. D., died in the seventy-first year of his age, in the city of Saginaw, State of Michigan, Aug. 8, 1883, of inflammation of the liver, after an illness of about three months.

Funeral services were held at his late residence on the following day, when his remains, accompanied by his family, were borne away to his family burying place in Trumansburg, New York.

Dr. Jerome was a man of vigorous intellect, keen perceptions, retentive memory, and independent character, and his manners of mingled courtesy and dignity marked him as an old school gentleman, alive to the issues and important questions of the day and age in which he lived.

He helped to organize, in 1866, the Michigan State Medical Society, did much to shape its policy, was twice elected its president, and did as much as any other member to promote its interests.

His high sense of honor, especially among his professional brethren, and his stout opposition to every infringement of the code of medical ethics, both in the society and out of it, made him an enemy to pretenders of every description.

His domestic relations were characterized by deep affection, and his genial smile was the sunlight of the household where his loss is most keenly felt. His intercourse among his friends was of the most cordial character, his hospitality ample, and his friendship deep and lasting. Quick to oppose what he thought wrong in a friend, as in others, he reminds us of the proverb: —

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."

His funeral was attended by about twenty-five physicians from different parts of the State who came hither to pay their last tribute of respect, and to assist in perpetuating his memory.

Following the funeral services, the physicians in atendance met at the parlors of the Taylor House, in Saginaw, and organized by calling Dr. H. Tupper to the chair, and choosing Dr. Geo. E. Ranney, secretary. The life and character of Dr. James H. Jerome was then reviewed by a number of speakers who had known him best.

On motion of Dr. Ranney, the chairman was requested to appoint a committee of three, making Dr. C. V. Tyler chairman, whose duty it should be to present, in the form of resolutions, the sense of the meeting concerning the life and character of the deceased, and furnish a copy of the same to the family, also copies to the local press and to the Journal of the American Medical Association. The motion prevailed, and the chairman appointed such committee, which committee has, so far as practicable, embodied the views and feelings of those present in the following preamble and resolutions:

WHEREAS, We, professional associates of the late Dr. James H. Jerome, assembled to do our last sacred duty to his remains, feel, intermingling with our sorrow and regret, great admiration for his brave and true qualities of head and heart, his loyalty to the interests of his profession, his animated conversation, his vigor in debate, his joyful and happy countenance, his cordial salutation and welcome, which none of us can ever forget; therefore,

Resolved, That while we bow with submission to the rulings of a Divine hand in removing from us a beloved member, our hearts are deeply stricken, and we will hold his character in grateful remembrance and endeavor to emulate his example.

Resolved, That our sympathy and condolence are herewith tendered his sorrowing family in this their great bereavement.

The meeting then adjourned.

GEO. E. RANNEY,
HENRY B. BAKER,
Committee.

GEO. E. RANNEY, *Secretary.*

A MISSIONARY AMONG THE INDIANS.

REMINSICENCES OF REV. M. HICKEY AS A MINISTER AND MISSIONARY OF THE MICHIGAN ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

By previous appointment, in the month of June, in the year 1847, Rev. A. M. Fitch, Presiding Elder of the Marshall district, and Rev. George Bradley, Presiding Elder of Grand River district, and myself, all of us members of the Michigan Annual Conference of the M. E. Church, with John Kahbeeje and Samuel Kirkland, interpreters (both Indians), we met at Grand Rapids for a tour to the "Clay Banks" on Lake Michigan, to visit Pasha-se-gah's Indian band, to offer to them the Gospel, and counsel them to let us establish a Mission School among them. My interpreter and myself left our horses in pasture with a Methodist farmer a few miles from Grand Rapids till we should return.

Rev. A. M. Fitch, aided by the Christian ladies of the Grand Rapids Methodist Episcopal church, especially Mrs. Atwater, fitted us out with a chest of provisions for the trip, consisting of boiled ham, baked fowls, bread, butter, cheese, pickles, cake, tea, coffee, preserves, and such delicacies as those ladies were competent to prepare for a week's trip on the frontier. We took the little steamboat for Grand Haven at nine o'clock A. M. The scenery down the Grand River was very fine. We saw ever and anon one or two Indian tents on the banks of the river as we passed along. When we got near Grand Haven the river was very crooked, and the country very marshy. The town of Grand Haven was composed of only a few wooden buildings, and the soil seemed to be mainly sawdust and sand. We stopped there for the night.

Next morning after some delay, we procured a sail and row-boat (small one at that), and started for the "Clay Banks," forty miles down the Lake Michigan shore, towards Mackinaw. With oars and sails we coasted along against head winds as best we could, to the mouth of Muskegon river. Our boat was too small for us, and we concluded to cross over Muskegon lake, a distance of five miles, to a Mr. Latterett's, an Indian trader (a Frenchman who had married an Indian woman, and raised a family of half-breed children). He had been located on Muskegon lake for many years. Mr. Fitch, Bradley, and myself rowed our boat across the lake to see if we could get a better boat—a Mackinaw boat—of Mr. Latterett. We left our interpreters at the ferryboat-house—a small frame house with a family living in it, who kept a ferryboat to carry parties across the Muskegon river as they might come along. Mr. Latterett gave us the loan of his boat; or I think we were to pay him two dollars for

its use to the "Clay Banks" and back. Here comes in a little episode in my own history, very fresh, every time memory runs over the reminiscences of this trip, viz.: The boat of Mr. Latterett was lying half a mile beyond his house, on the beach of the lake, half or two-thirds full of water—kept in this way to preserve it, when not in use, as no boat-houses, along this coast at least, were then in use. Mr. Fitch proposed to start back at once across Muskegon lake in the boat we came over in. He could row it back alone, and Mr. Bradley and myself go up and bail out Mr. Latterett's boat and follow on after him. He said he would have the teakettle boiled and supper ready by the time Mr. Bradley and I arrived back at the ferry-house where we left the interpreters. We agreed. Mr. Fitch pushed off and rowed back. He had not gone far when a fresh head wind met him. Mr. Bradley and I baled out our boat and pulled away with our oars for the ferry-house across the Muskegon lake, but we had not pulled far before we overtook Mr. Fitch, and he requested us to take his boat in tow. We did, but the wind blowing very fresh, this did not work well, and as Mr. Fitch had the sick headache he could not row much. We now had about three miles further to row to reach the ferry-house, and Mr. Fitch proposed to take my place and he and Mr. Bradley would pull ahead with the Mackinaw boat, and let me take his boat and come on as best I could.

On account of Mr. Fitch's sick headache I consented, and we changed places at the expense of my blistered hands, and a steady, hard pull at the oars, with a head wind for two and a half hours, to gain three miles. But I was young and strong, and pulling off my coat I "rowed for dear life." When I was within half a mile of shore I hoped the Indian interpreters would take the other boat and come out and help me; but they sat on the shore and waited my arrival, Indian like. We stopped here for the night; we could not sleep much on account of the musquitoes. Early next morning we pulled from Muskegon lake into Lake Michigan, bought a long piece of marline of a vessel, and John Kahbeeje, one of our interpreters, and myself went ashore, and with this marline attached to the Mackinaw boat, with Messrs. Fitch and Bradley and the other interpreter, a student from Albion seminary, who was a cripple in one leg, and had to use crutches, who was good to row, but could not help tow.

Kahbeeje and I pulled along, wading sometimes in the water along the beach, with a head wind against us. We run into the mouth of White river, went ashore, built a fire, made coffee, and took our breakfast; after which we started on for "the Clay Banks,," which we reached about one o'clock, P. M. We found the Indians at home, with both their chiefs. The chief greeted us, and called his men together. We furnished the tobacco for the first talk, or council. The Indians, in Michigan at least, so far as my knowledge of their habits and customs extends, always expect when visited by the white men on public or religious matters, the white men calling the council will produce the tobacco for the smoke of the pipe of friendship and peace, and I have visited the Pottawattomies, Ottawas, and Ojibwas, or Chippewas.

Mr. Fitch and Bradley opened to them the object of our visit, viz.: "We had come among them prompted by the Great Good Spirit to do them good; that many of their red brothers over on the other side of the State, on the Flint, Shiawassee, Tittabawassee, and Saginaw rivers, and on the Saginaw bay, and also their Pottawattomie brothers in the interior of the State near Battle

Creek, had left off their old pagan ways, had gone to farming, had taken the white man's schools, and the white man's religion, and we had come prepared to start a school among them, and to teach them the Christian religion, which we believed would be better for them to believe and embrace, both for this life and the next; that we were acting in conjunction with the best wishes of their Great Father at Washington, the President of the United States, and we desired them to council over our proposition, and give us an answer."

They boiled for us some very fine, fresh whitefish for our dinner. They then requested us to retire for an hour or two, down on the beach of the lake and they would council together, and when they got ready they would call us in and give us an answer to our proposals.

We retired and after about two hours they sent for us to come in and they would give us an answer. We all entered the chief's wigwam, viz., Fitch, Bradley, myself, Kahbeeje, and Kirkland (the interpreters). After we were seated a few moments, the chief, a youngerly man, perhaps forty-five years old, arose, shook hands with us all personally, after the old Indian custom, and made a smooth speech declining to take the white man's school, or religion, or mode of farming, preferring to live as their fathers had, by hunting and fishing, for the present at least. He further said they had sought to live on friendly and neighborly terms in the past with their white friends, and should seek to do so in the future, and sat down. This was the first chief; *Pah-sha-se-gah* was his Indian name, which interpreted, means "the sun shines through a hole in the sky."

After the close of the first chief's speech, the second chief, an old man very fleshy and corpulent, his age I think was 90 or 95 years, made a very scathing speech in which the whole band of Indians present seemed to heartily join or unite. His speech, as nearly as I can recollect, was as follows:

"My white brothers, you say the Great Good Spirit has sent you here to talk to us, and to pursuade us to take the white man's religion, and the white man's school for our children, and to live as the white man does, by ploughing and farming. Now I don't believe *you at all,* because I am an older man than either one of you—pointing to us. And I know just as much about the Great Good Spirit as you do, especially about his *will* concerning the Indians. You say the Great Spirit sent you here to visit us, and to ask us to leave off our ways and the ways of our grandfathers, and take the white man's ways, religion, and school for our children. Now my reasons for not believing that the Great Good Spirit sent you *is this,* I have lived a great many years in this country or land, from the head of this Lake Michigan, round to Mackinaw and Detroit to the mouth of the Detroit river, then straight across the country to Chicago, or where Chicago now is. I have traveled over this land a great many times. When I was a small boy I went with my father, in a canoe, along the shore of this Lake Michigan round to Mackinaw, to Saginaw, to Port Sarnia, down the river to Detroit, then on down the river to Lake Erie, along that lake to the River of Thundering Waters—Niagara. And everywhere I went there were plenty of Indian villages, with plenty of Indians, and Indian corn fields, and Indian burying grounds with large and small Indian graves. The Indian canoes were almost the only boats on all these lakes and rivers. The woods were full of wild game for us. Our people were then very numerous all over this country, and it was our country, and we were happy. We visited, hunted, and had our great festivals. When I was a boy only once in

a great while did we see any pale faced people, and they were French people, but you white men came and bought our lands for a very small price, and when we could not agree with you, you fight us, and we fight you, and sometimes both white man and Indian get killed, and you come on more and more from toward the rising sun; you were so many. Then when you could not kill us all off with gun and powder, then you make peace with us, and you want more land, and you get more, and you pay us very little for it. Then you build fences across our trails, you plow up our corn fields and grave yards. You have had no respect nor care for *our dead!* Then your fur-traders and others came among us, and brought the "*fire-water,*" or whisky, and bought our furs with it, made us drunk and foolish, and we died with this treatment of yours. And you have crowded what few of us that are left out of the woods right here on this bank, and are just ready by your coming settlements of white people to crowd us into this lake. And now you come to us, when there are only a handful left, and say to us, that the Great Good Spirit has sent you to us to persuade us to 'take the white man's religion, his ways, and his schools for our children.' Now I have no faith in you; I don't believe he sent you, for if he wanted us Indians to take your white religion, why did he not send your fathers before you to persuade us, when we were a strong and great people filling all this land with our villages, and our hunting grounds with our camping tents, and all these lakes and rivers with our canoes, and not wait till we are almost all gone? The smoke from our wigwams is almost gone out and we are now weak, and you want us to change our religion. No; we shall live and die as our fathers did. We have no ill feelings toward you, but we don't believe you, and shall not take your school or religion."

When the old chief had finished his speech, in which all his band heartily agreed with him, we concluded that we could do nothing more with them, at present at least. This was Friday afternoon, the sun only half an hour high, and we desired to get back to Grand Haven the next morning in time to take the steamer for Grand Rapids, so we could be at the Rapids over the Sabbath. The question with us was, how it could be done? and in open council we asked the Indians. The chiefs said four of their men could tow us there—forty or fifty miles—by sunrise next morning, if we could make a bargain with them. After a few moments' consulting, four strong Indians said they could and would do it for ten dollars. We had most of our chest of provisions and plenty of tobacco, and we agreed to pay them ten dollars and let them have all the food they wanted to eat during the night and all the tobacco they could smoke during the trip.

We got aboard our boat. Mr. Bradley was to steer the boat. Mr. Fitch was sick with headache, and he took the blankets and camped on the bottom of the boat. Our interpreter did the visiting with the Indians. Two of the four Indians came aboard with us. The other two with a marline fixed a rope harness over their shoulders and fastened the other end to our boat. I, with a long pole, stood in the bow of the boat to take our soundings, as pilot, and thus arranged we started for Grand Haven. Every two miles the two Indians towing along on the beach would call out, and wade out and come aboard, and the other two who had been riding would leap out and put on the harness and tow us along. They did not stop for rivulets, creeks, or rivers, but would wade right through. I as pilot, with my sounding pole, gave orders to the steersman to lay out from the shore when I found the water too shallow. Ever and anon we would interrogate the Indians how far we had come, and whether

they would reach Grand Haven by sunrise to-morrow, and invariably they would reply, *"We shall!"* Thus from sundown to sunrise we rode in our boat, and just as the sun was rising we reached and entered the mouth of Grand river at Grand Haven. We paid the four Indians the ten dollars for their night's work, and we went aboard the steamboat for Grand Rapids. We spent the Sabbath at the Rapids. The population then, I think, was about seven thousand. Grand Rapids in those days was one of the centers where the Indian agent paid the Indians their annuities.

Mr. Fitch and Bradley on Monday left for their homes; also the interpreter, Samuel Kirkland, left for Albion school. The other interpreter and myself on Monday took our horses, some provisions in our saddle bags, some corn in bags for our horses, and started north, to visit a band of Indians on Muskegon river, forty miles from Grand Rapids. The first twenty miles was through new settlements. The last twenty miles we rode without seeing a house. Just as the sun was setting we struck the table lands on the Muskegon at Mr. Brook's saw-mills.

I found Mr. Brooks very much of a gentleman. He invited us to stop with him for the night, which we did. His mill was running. He showed me his boom full of the finest lot of pine logs I ever saw before or since. At his place the town of Newaygo has since sprung up, and I think is the county seat of that county. He was a New England man. His lumber he rafted down the river and shipped it to Chicago; his supplies he brought up the Muskegon river on flatboats, poled up the stream by his men. This was a very wild and new locality. The band of Indians we came to see were located five miles below, in a bend of the Muskegon river. Before retiring for the night we had worship. Mr. Brook's antecedents were Congregationalist, and while we knelt in prayer he rose and stood during worship. It was stated to me that this prayer was probably the first audible prayer by any Protestant in this locality.

Next morning I and my interpreter rode down along the river on the Indian trail to the Indian village. We found it quite difficult to descend the hill in the narrow trail to the flats where the Indian village was, as the rains had washed the dirt out of the trail, and left it with plenty of rolling cobble stones. My interpreter had a large, gentle horse; I had a very spirited French horse, which was more difficult to manage. Once down on the flats, there was no way out only by this narrow and deep trail, as the village was in the shape of an ox-bow; the Muskegon river forming the bow, and the high hill down which we came, the only way of egress with horse. It was nearly noon when we reached the chief's wigwam; he and his Indians were strangers to us. After the usual salutations, the chief invited us to stop with them till the next day. We accepted the invitation.

There was a good feed of wild grass for our horses. Here my interpreter being an old gentleman, and shrewd withal, played in cool Indian style, one of the cutest jokes on me, and one of the severest on my fine French horse, which I thought would cost the life of my horse, and leave me to get home on foot, or by public conveyance, at least from Grand Rapids, forty-five miles away. The only place our horses could escape from the river bottom during the night was by the narrow trail we came down. We proposed to put some poles and brush across this and spancel the fore legs of our horses, and thereby keep them safely from running off during the night. The chief furnished us both with spanceling ropes, i. e. ropes made of bark. My interpreter and I

led our horses to where there was good feed. I had not owned this high-spirited French horse long and he had never been spanceled. My interpreter handed me one of the spanceling ropes, and said, "Mr. Hickey, you spancel your horse first," and he kept hold of his horse's halter and let him eat around. I was somewhat verdant and did not suspect any mischief. I had often spanceled Indian ponies, but had never spanceled m yown horse. I proceeded and tied the spanceling rope strong, and then pulled off his halter. My horse evidently had never been spanceled before. He started to move off as though his legs had not been tied; but at once found he could not. This enraged and frightened him, so that for near one-half hour he was up and down, trembling, sweating, foaming, and bounding, tearing the earth and grass for rods around, and my interpreter ever and anon saying, "Don't be scared, Br. Hickey; your horse will get used to it after a little." My horse became so frightened and fatigued that finally he allowed me to come near him. The foam and sweat was running off him as rain. After a little he quieted down, but for days he showed the results of that strain and scare. Now comes in the joke of my cool interpreter. I said, "Br. Rah-bee-je, now spancel your horse." He replied, with a peculiar twinkle in his cool eye, "Why, there is no need of spanceling my horse at all; yours can not get away and my horse way off here, won't go off alone and leave yours. They now are both safe for the night." And they were.

We found this band of Indians under the influence of the Roman Catholic religion. They were hospitable, and were content, and we did not seek to unsettle them. Next morning we left this band of Indians and started for Wah-be-ga-kake's band, on the Maple river, in Clinton county. We rode back through Grand Rapids per the mouth of Flat river, Ionia village across North Plains per the mouth of Fish Creek, on the Indian trail, up on the Maple River crossing or fording the same at Maple Rapids, to "*Benedict Plains.*" This Benedict settlement was about three miles from the Indian Village, of which Wah-be-ga-kake was chief. I had visited this band once or twice before. We stopped with a white family by the name of Ladd, with whom we left our horses. This kind family urged me to preach in their house that night after I got back from visiting the Indians, though they were not professed Christian people. Mr. Ladd proposed to stop his plow (as he was ploughing out his corn), and send his boy on horseback for miles around, and invite the people in the new settlement to come out and hear me preach. He said, "You will have a good congregation; my family are not church members, yet we would like to hear a sermon." I said "very well; you have been hospitable to us and I will come to-night and preach here in your log house;" and he started his boy off, and he rode and left word for miles around, so that some people came eleven miles that afternoon, for the meeting that night. After my day's work over at the Indian village, I returned and found the log house crowded with people. I preached a plain, practical, gospel sermon. The congregation were hungry for the *word*, and appeared to enjoy the sermon well.

I proposed after the sermon, that they sing some familiar hymns, and then have a conference meeting, which they did, and in the wilderness I found the Great Shepherd, the Lord Jesus Christ, had sheep from different folds: Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and Congregational; and among the number who spoke was a lady, who had, with her husband and children, come seven miles with an ox team to that meeting. She said in her remarks she held her membership in a Baptist church in Oakland county, Mich.; that

when a girl, she knew the young missionary that had preached to them to-night; that when he was a small child she had cared for him; that she lived a number of years in his father's family, in Wayne county, New York; that her name then was Harriet Kelley, now it is changed. Her testimony was very affecting to all present; to none more so than to myself. The people seemed unwilling after the meeting closed at 11 P. M., to start away, and they staid and visited until two in the morning.

Now, as to my visit with my interpreter at Wah-be-ga-kake's band: Three miles from Mr. Ladd's, unbeknown to myself, or to the interpreter, or to any of the white people in that locality, an Indian was to be tried in an Indian court, or council, for murder, on this day. This band of Indians had from forty to fifty families that belonged to it. As I and the interpreter entered the village all was very quiet. We went directly to the chief's house. It was a large block, or log house, with door and windows. My interpreter knocked, and the door was opened. We entered, and at once walked across the floor to the opposite side, and as we approached the chief every man, woman, and child laid down spoon, knife, or dish, and looked sullen at us. My interpreter being a man of years, and also of extended experience, took things as cool as was the reception to us, which, I assure you, was cool enough to produce a chill over a timid person. The chief spoke coldly and with chieftain dignity, as he shook hands with my interpreter. "An-ge-bi-yang?" which interpreted is, Where did you come from? My interpreter said: "No-d-ge;" interpreted means, From every place but this. The chief further said: "Wah-gah-nan-dush?" Interpreted, "What do you want?" We said: "We want nothing; only we have come to you and your people, as we are traveling through roads and Indian trails, and visiting different bands of Indians, we have come to see you and your people." The reason of this coolness and sharp interrogations from the chief was, he feared we had come as spies on the trial of this Indian murderer, who was to be tried in their Indian court in this village that afternoon for murdering a few months before one of the chiefs. The facts of the murder are these: The chief who was murdered and a number of Indians had been down to Ionia village hanging around the town in a drunken condition for two or three days, and they all left for home but this chief and this young man who murdered him. They stayed a number of hours after the others left. They finally started on the trail leading by the mouth of Fish creek. They traveled till dark, both quite drunk. Finally they concluded to lay out all night in the woods. They snuggled down on the ground together, with but one blanket between them, and fell asleep. Both got chilly and cold. The chief pulled the blanket all off the young Indian, who growled and pulled it back in part over him. Cold and chilly they snuggled up closer together again, and fell off into a drunken sleep. After a while the young man awoke and the chief had all the blanket wrapped around him, and persisted in keeping it. There had been an old family feud, which had produced two or three murders in years past, and the young man said: "I guess you want to die;" took out his hunting knife from its case, and coolly placed the point over the chief's heart, and plunged it into the chief, and there and then killed him. (I understood that the white people arrested him, and had him in jail at DeWitt in Clinton county for a number of weeks, but could not get any evidence against him, and let him go.)

I now give you the unwritten law, as I learned it while five years among them as missionary—told me by chiefs and interpreters. When murder is com-

mitted among them in times of peace, the murderer, as soon as he has committed the deed, flees at once to the chief and band of Indians that is nearest kinsman to himself, and stays there with that chief until that chief secures a chief's court or council for the trial of the murderer. In the meantime the murderer must not go away from that chief's wigwam until the court meets, unless the chief goes with him.

The chief to whom this murderer fled lived fifty or sixty miles northeast of the place where the murder was committed, at the village of "*Shin-gwah-koos-king*," alias, "*The village of little pine trees*," located on the Pine river, thirty-five miles from Saginaw (where St. Louis, Gratiot county, now is). The name of the old chief who lived at this Indian village was "*Pa-mah-se-gah*," alias, "The sun shines among the clouds." To him this murderer fled. He was a chief of much dignity and influence among the chiefs of the Saginaw and Grand river Indians, and was blood relation to this murderer. He took a deep interest in securing the council or court for the trial of this criminal, and the feasts attending such a court, which I will here explain. The place where the court is to be held is the Indian village nearest to the place where the murder was committed. This village was on the Maple river two or three miles above Maple Rapids. The parties composing such a court or council are: 1st. The family of the murdered man; 2nd. All his relatives and his wife's relatives; 3rd. The Indian chiefs who are related to both parties; 4th. The murderer himself; 5th. The medicine man, or the Great Spirit's Mediator, who acts officially: 1st. As a friend of the murdered; 2nd. As the friend of both parties; 3rd. As the agent who presents the gifts to the bereaved family; 4th. Who particularly reveals what the mind of the Great Good Spirit is in settling the question whether the murderer's life is to be spared, or whether he is in open court to be tomahawked. There are also three speakers on each side to conduct the arguments. The chief, who is the nearest kinsman to the murderer, calls the court in conjunction with the medicine man and fixes the time of holding it. The court or council is held in a new wigwam, built of poles and covered with bark, for that especial occasion, in which no one has ever slept, eaten, or lived. The wigwam on this occasion was built down in the cornfield, with capacity to hold one hundred and fifty or two hundred persons. When the time is fixed for holding the court, secret notices are sent to all the relatives and friends on both sides, who at once begin to make preparations for the feasts which are to occur in the forenoon in the village where the court is held. The things prepared and brought by the friends are dried berries, meats, maple sugar, flour, etc. It is really two feasts, the chiefs and relatives of the murdered man meet at one wigwam and eat together, and the medicine man, chiefs and relatives of the murderer meet with him at another wigwam and feast or eat together. This party have prepared and brought the presents to buy off the life of the murderer, which are to be given by the medicine man, during the trial in open council, to the family of the murdered chief.

I will here say, I have met many missionaries, Indian traders, and others, who had been at many gatherings of Indians, but I never yet conversed with a white man who had been present at an Indian court for the trial of a murderer; and what I here write is what I heard, saw, and had explained to me by my interpreter and the chiefs who were here present at this trial. After the feasts are over, then the plaintiff, i. e. the family, chiefs, and relatives of the murdered man, march slowly, in single file, to the new wigwam (and as it is all closed up with bark except the west end, and that is also except a wide

doorway for entrance) and they enter as though they are going to a funeral; all parties dressed in their regalia—blankets, leggins, moccasins, tastily worked with beads and colored porcupine quills, silver bands on their arms, colored turbans on their heads, with various feathers of wild birds in their hair. The blankets of the Indians were white, red, and blue. Their shirts were mostly turkey-red calico. The women had broadcloth blankets, many of them blue, and skirts of the same material. On entering the court wigwam, the most distant relative walked in first—walked along on the north side to the east end and half way across the wigwam, and sat down on the ground with his back against the wigwam, and thus were this party all seated. The wife and children of the murdered chief sat next to the door. The eldest son, a lad sixteen years old, sat first at the entrance. Wah-be-ga-kake, the chief of this village, was a relative of this party, and by his urbanity I and my interpreter were invited to witness the council.

The ranking chief of the other party was Pa-sha-se-ga. They came down the hill, and with a slow, firm step made a semicircle in front of the tent, and entered very quietly, and coolly shook hands with each of the other party, and saying in a low, subdued tone of voice, Bushoo, *i. e.*, How do you do? and were seated on the ground on the opposite side of the wigwam. The murderer was a very sullen, morose, forlorn picture of human depravity. He followed the medicine man, and they were the last to enter the court. The criminal's face was blackened with charcoal to show his sorrow, with his blanket and leggings torn full of holes to excite the sympathy of his opponents. The medicine man took his seat in the center of the wigwam, with the criminal on one side of him, and the presents or gifts on the other, to be given at the proper time to the bereaved family. In front of the wigwam were gathered one hundred or more Indians who had come to witness the trial. They formed a semicircle, and were mostly seated on the ground, so they could all look in the wide door of the wigwam. All was quiet as the chamber of death. Perhaps five minutes elapsed after all were seated, in silent reflection before any action occurred. Then one of the speakers on the side for the criminal arose and opened the case, by stating the facts of the murder, and making a full confession of the crime, as follows: "My brothers, we are met here in this new wigwam to sit in council on this great trouble that is in all our hearts. This foolish young man killed one night down near the mouth of Fish creek, in the woods by the side of the trail, your second chief, who was a strong-minded, good man. When we his relatives heard this bad news we all felt very sorry in our hearts, and we do to-day; and we are met here now to show you our sorrow, and to try and buy of you the life of this foolish young man that killed your chief. That chief was a good counselor, a good hunter, and we feel sorrow deep down in our hearts, on account of this trouble." This speech was short. The speaker, as he closed, had the endorsement of all on his side of the case by the Indian assent—*Ah!* The medicine man now arose and carried across the wigwam some new Indian Mackinaw blankets, and laid them down in front of the bereaved family, which consisted of the widow, one son 16 years old, and four smaller children. The family sat perfectly still and kept cool. I think there were two blankets apiece for each member of the family. The medicine man returned to his seat. Following this act an Indian speaker arose and spoke on the other side of the case, setting forth in his remarks the excellent characteristics of the murdered chief. "He was a good hunter, and provided food for his own family; he was a good husband and father, and as such

always cared for his own wigwam. Now, he being dead, this boy 16 years old has to hunt and get food for his mother and these other children alone; and his place in the Indian council is vacant; and this makes us all feel very sorrowful; (pointing over to the family) our brother is not there; his body is in the cheba-wah-ge-mugh (*i. e.*, in the grave yard), and his spirit has gone to the great hunting grounds beyond the setting sun; and we all mourn. These presents you bring his family do not bring back our brother." At the conclusion of this speech all the relatives of the bereaved family responded and endorsed the speaker by the Indian "*Ah!*"

Then followed another speaker from the side of the criminal, who was very eloquent in his address. He said: "My brothers, you are like the eagle who from the top of the tall tree over the ledge of rocks on the bank of the lake, with his sharp eagle eye, sees way down on the bank of the lake a small living animal; quick as he sees the animal he wants it for food, and suddenly from his high peak, darts as an arrow shot from the bow, and before the animal can hide, or get away, the eagle takes it up in one of his claws, and with ease flies up, up, up, towards the sun. The little animal struggles and struggles to get away, but the eagle continues to fly upward. The eagle now has a great white heart of pity, or compassion, and he looks as he flies more slowly, down at this poor little animal struggling to get away, and thinks that it wants to live. Then the eagle in his great white heart says, "I will let you live;" and immediately turns its flight slowly and gently downward with his extended wings on the air, to the place from where he took the animal up and lets it go, saying to the animal, 'This world is large enough for us both to live in.' So you, my brothers, like the eagle, you have this man in your power, and you have a great white heart, and you can live and let this young man live, too. As that little animal in the eagle's claw, as the eagle flew up towards the sun, felt dizzy, so does this young man feel dizzy in this council and in your power, and you can lower him down easy to the place among you where he was before he killed our brother, and I hope you will do it and let him live." All on his side responded Ah! and the speaker sat down.

The medicine man took some pieces of blue broadcloth and walked across the court and laid them on the pile of blankets, for the widow and children. Another speaker spoke especially in behalf of the children of the murdered chief with much pathos, and was endorsed by the Ah!! from his side of the council.

The third speaker for the criminal made a very strong plea for pity and forgiveness to be bestowed on the prisoner, on the ground that all the criminal's relatives had joined in purchasing these presents and bringing them into this council for the medicine man to present to this bereaved family, and buy off the life of this foolish young man. Now, if we did not forgive him, and want you to forgive him and let him live, we should not have bought these gifts, and brought them here; but this shows to you our sorrow for the death of the chief, and our love for the life of this our brother who killed him, and we want you to forgive this bad deed of this young man.

This speech brought out the unanimous vote of all on his side, expressed by the same "Ah." The speaker sat down amidst deep, suppressed thoughts on the part of the whole council, though there was no demonstration of emotion by any one. The medicine man arose and took more presents of broadcloths, wampum, beads, and tobacco, and coolly carried them over and laid them with the other gifts. This last speech produced profound respect for the

speaker upon the whole court, and especially upon the witnesses outside of the wigwam. The speaker seemed to have electrical eloquence for the occasion; and while he was speaking I felt my hair rise on my head, his voice was so full of native pathos. And the effect was such that, before the sixth and last speaker commenced, there was a silent pause for five or eight minutes. The sixth speaker addressed the council from the side of the bereaved family. He was the finest looking Indian of the six speakers, and made the most eloquent speech in the trial. He said: "Brothers, the great good spirit created us all to be brothers and to live in peace, and always to be friends and not enemies; and when we do differently it always brings trouble. Now this trouble that has brought us together from our different villages which are along the rivers, even over as far as the Saginaw river, and taken our time getting ready to come to this council, and the time we are here holding this court, and the time it will take us to go home, is all because this young man killed our brother and chief. Look at this family—this woman and children. Husband dead; father in the grave. This young son has now to use the gun to get meat for his mother and brothers and sister, and we, his relatives, have deep sorrow in our hearts. When we visit his wigwam it is lonesome because he is not there, and every fall when our Great Father at Washington sends us presents and money at the Indian payments, his wigwam will then be lonesome, and his name on the paper or pay roll will not be there, but 'dead' will be written opposite his name, all because this young man killed him that night when they were sleeping together in the woods with only one blanket. This sorrow we all feel will go with us when we travel on the trail with our ponies, when we are alone hunting in the woods. Whenever we think of our dead brother, or of this young man, we will find this deep sorrow in our hearts. These blankets, broadcloths, wampum, and all these presents to buy off the life of this young man, do not give back to us the life of our chief; and if he was living he could hunt and trap, and get furs and buy these things that you bring to this council to buy off the life of this murderer. If the chief was living his family could have his company, his care, and his life to defend them. We all feel this deep sorrow in our hearts, and we shall never see him again in our councils on this earth, nor until we go to the Great Spirit's hunting grounds beyond the setting sun." As this speaker closed, all on his side of the court responded "Ah!"

The prisoner remained silent and motionless during these speeches, except his breathing. He never looked up at all, but kept his seat near the mediator, in the center of the council. Now the medicine man arose deliberately, and took other presents, such as wampum, beads, tobacco, and a jug of "fire-water," or whisky, and carried them over and laid them in front of the widow and children with the other presents, and with becoming official dignity, returned to his seat beside the criminal.

All eyes now in the court, and of those standing outside, were turned towards this medicine man, who deliberately prepared and did his official part in the trial, which seemed to be the HINGE on which the result of the trial hung. He took from his fawn-skin tobacco pouch a plug of Cavendish tobacco, and with his knife from his belt cut off small pieces of tobacco and filled his large redstone Mississippi pipe, and attached the long, artistically carved stem to the bowl of the *red council pipe*. He took a flint and a piece of punk and steel from his pouch, with which to strike fire to light the pipe. Now being ready, he rose very deliberately and addressed the court as follows:

"Brothers, we have met here before the Great Spirit, who sees us all, who knows why we are met, who sees right down into our hearts, who knows what your tongues have talked, and what your hearts have thought, and he knows what these presents are that I have carried over and given to this family, to make peace for this trouble. Now, if you all are true to each other, and intend to settle this trouble, and let this young man that has brought this trouble in our wigwams and hearts *live*, then I will have to strike this flint once only, with this steel, to light this pipe of peace; but if some of you have kept back in you hearts, thoughts and feelings contrary to peace, as you on both sides have talked, then I will have to strike this flint more than once to bring the fire to light this pipe of peace;" and they all on both sides of the court, responded "Ah!" This is the first time *they all* in the council said *ah* together.

A pause for a minute and every eye in the council, and of the witnesses outside, was turned upon the "Mus-kah-ke-ne-ne-ne," or the medicine man, or mediator, and now, for the first time since the council commenced, the murderer lifted his eyes from the ground and fixed them on the right arm of the medicine man, as he deliberately lifted it up at full length for the blow. Now, as with electric might fell the steel *click* against the flint, tightly grasped in the left hand of the medicine man, the punk closely held contiguous to the flint. All eyes are now on the punk,—a second more, and the murderer's eyes fell to the ground again. The next moment smoke from the ignited punk rises, and with the burning punk the pipe of peace is lighted. The medicine man takes a few whiffs from the pipe, and then quietly walks across the tent and brings it down and presents it to the son of the murdered chief. Once, but he took it not; twice, in due deliberate form was the pipe offered him, but not a motion or a muscle does he move. A third time it is presented, and when the medicine man was about to take it away from him, his mother quietly touched his arm, and with a look of earnestness, prompted him to smoke. He took the pipe and gave one whiff, and returned it. The widow next was presented with the pipe. Up to this stage in the proceedings no emotions have been exhibited by any one on either side. All the proceedings have been conducted with the most profound propriety; but now, as this widow takes hold of that pipe and takes but one whiff of smoke, she gives vent to the pent up feelings of a broken, grief-stricken spirit in a wail of sorrow, as mother and widow, while tears gush down her cheeks as evidence of her deep loneliness and mourning for her murdered husband; at the same time, by this act of smoking, she said to one and all present, I forgive this murderer.

The medicine man goes on from *one to one*, and each takes a whiff. There are sitting two young men midway around the circle of the court, who are cousins to the murdered chief. They had intimated that they could not forgive the criminal. The unwritten law on that point, as told me by their senior chief, is, "if any relative of the murdered chief cannot forgive the murderer, then in open council, in the presence of all the parties, when the pipe of peace is presented, the relative who cannot smoke the pipe, may rise up, and in the presence of all, kill the murderer with his tomahawk." Now, when the medicine man stood in front of these two cousins, and presented the pipe to the first one, there evidently was much suppressed anxiety among the chiefs and friends on the side of the murderer, as this young man sat coolly, when the pipe was presented to him once, twice, and even thrice. The medicine man evidently took in the whole situation, for he presented the pipe now

more deliberately to this young Indian, than he had to any one in the court. This Indian showed he was in a profound study; what should he do; take the pipe and forgive, or rise now with tomahawk and kill the murderer? The third time the pipe is presented, and when lifted up and away from him just the length of his arm, he reached and took it, and took one whiff of smoke; his brother by his side did the same, and the deep, silent suspense was over. The pipe then was presented to each one in the court, except the murderer, and all smoked but him; he was not allowed. The court is now closed; one by one the chiefs and friends of the murderer arose and shook hands with the other side, and went out as they came in, and the trial is over.

The widow and her children took the presents and packed them up and all prepared to return to their homes. A little scene now followed, which was related to my interpreter by the chief Pa-sha-se-ga, before we left the village, *i. e.* after the council closed. All the Indians went up on the hill and gathered about the trader's house (Mr. Aikin's), when the young man, the murderer, called the chief Pa-sha-se-ga, one side from the rest of the Indians, and said to him, "Now the office of this chief I killed is vacant, and you and the other chiefs, before you part and go to your homes, I wish you would hold a council and give to me his office as chief." The old chief answered this presumtuous murderer as follows: "You must behave yourself. This is the second time we have been called together on your account, to make peace among ourselves. The first time was when you struck one of our Indians with an ax, and you intended to kill him, but only cut off the top of his shoulder. Now, we shall never give you any office, and we shall never call another council, or court, to save your life. Now you must be a quiet, peaceable Indian, and cause us no more trouble." This request of this pardoned criminal, to be elected chief in the place of the chief he had killed, revealed the low estimate of human life and the ambitious pride of his depraved heart; but the prompt rebuke and stern admonition of chief Pa-sha-se-ga to this impudent murderer, made him pledge "that he would behave himself in the future and cause no more trouble to the chiefs or bands of Indians of his blood or kindred. The chief said: "Very well; here then let this matter of your wanting office rest."

Thus ended the most thrilling criminal court trial I ever witnessed. I and my interpreter shook hands with the chiefs and head men and left for Meshimnekahwing. I did not preach to them at this time, for they were most of them anxious to leave for their homes.

M. HICKEY.

DETROIT, June 5th, 1882.

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